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GENERAL INTELLIGENCE IN AMERICA.

THE amount of General Intelligence, intelligence among the lower as well as the higher orders of society, noticeable in America is a marvel, especially to a traveller from a dark Asiatic country. But why talk of orders and grades in a country where "one man is as good as another and a great deal better"? In America there are no boys and girls, and no lower orders of society. No boys and girls! what can my meaning be! why it is simply this—Children, as soon as they can articulate words and talk decently enough, are treated in America as if they were ladies and gentlemen; not girls and boys. In one of the rising cities I visited, and in the house of a kindhearted, humble-minded minister of the gospel a little girl, not higher than the table, was introduced to me as Miss So-and-So! and her bearing towards me showed clearly enough that she felt proud of the distinction thus conferred upon her, and was determined moreover to act the part of a lady of calm, dignified manners. Children in America are systematically taught good manners, as well as other more important things; and as a consequence they behave as if

they were something more than mere boys and girls. And so children in America are prematurely developed ladies and gentlemen, and the stranger cannot but admire their orderly behaviour, even though he may be disposed to smile at the airs they sometimes put on. In America moreover there are no lower orders of society. All are ladies and gentlemen, young and old, rich and poor, the President and his wife in the White House and the humblest cobbler and his own dear *lassie* in a hovel. At a place in the neighbourhood of New York city, I accompanied a gentleman, belonging to a very respectable and influential family, into the workshop of a common Hatter; and the first thing the man did was to stretch out his hand, all smutched, and shake that of my companion with astonishing familiarity. I was then introduced, and the shaking operation was repeated in the same manner. But this was not all. Pointing to a large, corpulent woman in soiled clothes engaged in what may be called a dirty portion of the job, her hands all black and her face not free from the black marks of her work, he said, "this *lady* does the cleaning." My oriental, old world sense of propriety was shocked; but I had not been in America long ere I was forced to acknowledge that if broad intelligence were looked upon as the essence of genteel breeding, the poor day laborers I came across could not legitimately be debarred from its privileges and honors. Nay I may go further and state that the terms, Ladies and Gentlemen, can be much more appropriately applied to many of the representatives of the working classes in America, than to ignorant and conceited dolts who in other countries are never tired of boasting of their pedigree. Of this fact I was assured while going round a Book Binding Establishment along with a factory girl at Cincinnati. I made her acquaintance in a religious meeting the singing of which she conducted along with a number of other ladies, and promised to visit her in her factory on the following day. I fulfilled my promise and stood before her while she was engaged, with her apron

and sleeves on, dressed in a fashion very different indeed from that in which she had appeared on the previous night, in her humble work of folding up sheets of Newspapers by means of an iron contrivance. She took me round, showed me the various processes of binding, printing, engraving and other work done, and explained each with commendable intelligence. She then introduced me to some of her lady friends engaged as she was ; and their conversation, together with their respectable appearance and pleasant and yet refined manners, convinced me that if any young women in this world deserved to be called Ladies, these certainly did. I was surprized, and somewhat humiliated to find among these "factory girls" an amount of intelligence and good breeding I had not noticed among many of my own class, the educated natives of India.

This marvellous measure of intelligence is to be traced to the action of two revolutionizing forces, Schools and Newspapers and to these I wish in this paper to call attention. I must first speak of schools, the existence of which makes the general appreciation, if not the very existence of Newspapers a possibility. There is a school in America within the area of almost every square mile of territory in it ; and if I had spent my life there I could not possibly have seen all its Educational institutions. Nor am I in possession of documents, such as may enable me to present a correct estimate of the merits and demerits of the system of National Education of which the Americans are so justly proud. I can only do one thing, viz give an idea of the whole by presenting a glimpse of one of its most important parts. I visited the Educational Institutions at Cincinnati, where I spent a month ; and as the system at work there may be represented as the grand National system in miniature, the reader will have in my account of what I said of it a telescope through which he may behold the entire galaxy of schools at work in America to diffuse light and intelligence.

The school system of Cincinnati may be represented as a

pyramid rising on a broad basis of. Primary schools to its crowning apex of a University, which in the variety of the subjects taught, and the strictness of its examinations, is scarcely surpassed by any within the borders of the Union. The Primary, better known by the name of District Schools, are 32 in number, 26 for white children and 6 for the colored. The number of pupils attending these institutions was about the time when I visited them 24,553, males 11,308 and females 10,245. The number of Teachers was 64 males and 452 females, or about 16 Teachers per school, each teaching about 40 pupils on an average. The average daily attendance was about 96 per cent, better than realized in any school in India. These thirty-two schools are each divided into Five Classes called Grades, beginning with H and going up to D the highest. The subjects, taught in Grade H or the last class are Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Spelling, Singing, Grammar, Object Lessons and Drawing. Instruction in German is also imparted when desired by the parents of the pupils. In Grade G composition is added to these subjects, and in Grade F particular attention is paid to Grammar, as in Grade E Geography is specially taught. In these classes instruction in Grammar and Geography is imparted orally rather than through the medium of text-books. But in Grade D suitable text-books on these subjects are introduced and taught. A great deal of attention is paid in all these classes to Object Lesson, which is nowhere better taught than in American schools, nay nowhere so well taught as in American schools. You enter one of their class rooms, and you see nice little seats arranged behind nice little tables in rows receding from the doors and terminating where the back wall puts a stop to their backward march, and brings them to a halt. The seats towards the right are perhaps occupied by the boys about 25 in number, while those towards the left are occupied by the girls nearly as many. All the boys and girls are neatly dressed, and presentable, while the whole room with all its ap-

purtenances is a model of neatness, a fact attributable to the arrangements being supervised by Lady Teachers. A pretty broad strip of blackboard goes round the walls, attached thereto, and its glossy black displays in varied forms the skill of the one or two female Teachers standing in front of the pupils seated. On one part you see an excellent map of the Continent of America, or of Palestine drawn, not only with a piece of white chalk, but with pieces of cylindrical colored sticks, to which the blue, and yellow and purple strokes, by which the map before you is beautified, are to be traced. On another part you see some sums of rudimentary arithmetic worked with perfect neatness, the different steps indicated by means of varieties of colors as well as varieties of position. Again on a third you see a nice frog or a pigeon or a lamb drawn with wonderful accuracy, and the object lesson based on one of these pictures carefully taught at a time. The mechanical portion of education is nowhere more carefully supervised or rendered by careful supervision more thoroughly successful. The samples of writing and arithmetical operation shown are literally marvels of neatness. And progress in this department is secured by no means at the expense of the more intellectual portion of education. The pupils show remarkable smartness in their replies to the questions put; and the useful knowledge with which they migrate from the lower to the higher schools is in breadth and accuracy superior to what is imparted in our Indian schools of a corresponding grade. Promotion depends on the results of yearly and semi-annual examinations, and a pupil must obtain a fair percentage of marks, I believe 75, in these tests before he or she is promoted. Usually the course is finished in five years, though an unusually bright pupil may be pressed through in four. The school hours are between 9 and 12 noon, and 1-30 and 4 P.M., excepting the Grades G and H, which have short hours. The Session lasts from the first of week of September to the last week of June, leaving a holiday of two months

annually for mental relaxation on the part of both pupils and teachers, the last by the way not paid for the interval. There is moreover an age limitation which obviates the inconvenience arising from the disparity in age among the pupils noticeable in Indian Schools. Besides the general subjects taught by the general corps of teachers, there are special subjects taught by a special Professorial and Teaching staff. These are music, drawing, penmanship and German, and trained Professors to supervise these elements of education are appointed.

These thirty-two District schools are feeders to six Intermediate schools, four for white and two for colored pupils. These schools were organized, or at least some of them in 1854 to obviate what in India is called "waste of teaching power," or to secure by a well-devised scheme of centralization a full complement of pupils to each teacher. Before the completion of this organization sometimes a teacher wasted his strength on a class of only five pupils; ever since however a class with less than forty pupils has been an exception. The number of pupils in these schools, and in the Intermediate Departments attached to some of the District schools, was, about the time when I visited them, 2003, males 1008 females 995, taught by about 29 male and 39 female teachers. The course is one of three years, but completed in the case of exceptionally bright pupils in a year and a half; and it includes History, particularly of the United States, Geography including map-drawing, Arithmetic both mental and written, Algebra up to Equations of the First Degree, Literature, Physics, Book-keeping, and the special subjects alluded to, music, drawing, penmanship and German, which last is optional. A great deal of attention is paid to reading, and elocution and declamation are carefully taught. Composition occupies a prominent place in the curriculum. The Intermediate schools are stepping stones to the High schools which are three in number, and which had 849 pupils, 382,

males and 467 females, taught by about 14 male and 14 female teachers. The courses are three each of four years, and are called Classical, Technological, and General. The Classical course consists of Greek, Latin, Algebra, ancient and modern History, Grammar, French, Physiology, Drawing, Geometry, Trigonometry, Botany, Chemistry, Music, Physics, Elocution and Composition. The Technological Branches, which are for "specialists," are mathematics in the higher branches, Astronomy, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Chemistry, Metallurgy, Natural History and the ordinary subjects in addition. And the General course embraces German or Latin at the option of the pupil, Algebra, Ancient and Modern History, Physiology, French or Rhetoric (optional) Geometry, Trigonometry or Botany (optional) English Literature, studies of the Constitution of the United States, Chemistry, mental Philosophy, Surveying, Book-keeping, Drawing, Composition, Elocution, Physical Geography and Physics. Examinations are held, as in Intermediate and District schools, semi-annually and annually, both written and oral; and promotion depends on the attainment by the pupil of a fixed ratio of marks, about 70 per cent. The High Schools annually send out, upwards of a hundred graduates, either to begin life or to go up to the Cincinnati University of which something will have to be said by and bye. In addition to these there are thirteen night schools at work which had 2675 male pupils and 516 females, taught by about 31 male and 35 female teachers. These schools are graded as the High Schools, and have almost the same courses of studies. The centre of all these varieties of schools is the Normal Institute in which 92 young ladies were being trained as Teachers under the guidance of two male and one female teachers. A Deaf-mute school with 50 male and 13 female pupils taught by two teachers completes the list of the Public schools of Cincinnati. Their proverbial efficiency is to be traced to the following facts:—

1. They are placed on a sure financial basis. To render

them centres of attraction as well as centres of light no expenditure seems to have been spared. Picturesque sites have been purchased for them, splendid buildings have been raised, furnitures of the best kind have been secured, and conveniences, comforts and even luxuries have literally been heaped up. Trained Professors and Teachers have been appointed on a liberal, though not princely, scale of salaries, and officers of various grades below them have also been appointed on a similar scale. And they are all placed under the guidance of a Board of about fifty members, who are represented by a superintendent whose salary amounts to about Rs. 6000 a year. The salaries of the Female Teachers range between Rs. 1300 and a little less than Rs. 2000 a year, and those of male Teachers and Professors from Rs. 2500 to about Rs. 5000 a year. The total expenditure of these schools, and of the Public Library attached to them, which had about a hundred and fifty thousand volumes divided into eleven classes beginning with Philology and ending in Polygraphy, was in the year ending August 1879 was dol. 741, 274. 40 or about 17 lacs of Rupees, less by only 3 lacs than the entire sum expended for the education of the North West Provinces including Oudh ; or of about 50,000,000 human beings, the entire population of America. Our Government thinks that it is working stupendous miracles, when actually it does not expend for the education of a population as large as that of the United States so much as Cincinnati with its Public and Private schools, which last will have to be briefly noticed, expends for the education of three hundred thousand people, the roughly estimated population of that city ! The schools are well located, well built, well furnished, well officered, well supervised, and well controlled ; and hence their astonishing efficiency. With the exception of the High Schools, which, are called by the names of the philanthropists by whom they were endowed, and which derive a fractional portion of their support from their endowments, the Public schools are supported by taxation ; and

the authorities at Cincinnati never have the presumption to say that they are educating the people "at their expense." Nothing is more fitted to bring a contemptuous smile on our lips than the ludicrous folly with which some Englishmen say, "we are educating the people at our expense" as if the money expended for our education were taken out of their private pockets. A trifling portion of the revenues of the country, is set apart for education, and the pupils educated at properly speaking their own expense or at the expense of the country, are represented as *Eleemosynaries*!

2. Cramming is systematically avoided. Broad culture is the object in view, not mere preparation for an examination requiring a disproportionate development of memory at the expense often of the higher faculties of the mind. The number of subjects is by no means limited, but the number of lessons taught weekly, about 18 in number, or about 3 daily, is by no means large enough to load and encumber the intellect. And besides the subjects themselves are taught in a pleasant, instructive method, not in the vicious mode adopted in our schools here. History for instance is taught through the medium of short, entertaining biographical sketches in of course a chronological order, rather than through a text-book bristling with names and dates crammed into the head with the help of note-books ten times more repellent, except in size. The imagination is developed and brightened by means of these vivid sketches, as well as by selections of the choicest kind from poetry or general literature. And the habit of private reading is cultivated by "Exercises in General Information" proficiency in which is prized more than the feats of memory to which our Indian graduates owe their splendid success at their examinations, and their ludicrous failure in after life. And lastly to the sterner elements of education, which are shorn of their repulsive character as far as possible, are added the *accomplishments*, music, painting and the other ingredients of aesthetic culture; and the conse-

quence is a pleasant variety rendering transitions from the disagreeable to the agreeable frequent, and thereby making the exercises of school life on the whole delightful.

3. Discipline of the strictest kind is maintained, and that in a very pleasant manner. Every school in America, as almost every refined home, is a house of music and song. Every school has a grand central hall furnished with a sufficient number of seats arranged in front of a platform. The most conspicuous object between the seats and the platform is a grand piano, which sends forth rich strains of music when the boys are assembled and when they are dismissed daily, besides rendering all grand occasions or "celebrations" unusually festive and attractive. The pupils begin their more or less irksome work, as soldiers begin their butchery in the battle field, amid spirit-stirring music; and they forget their toil when they are marched out amid a repetition of the same treat. The uproar at the commencement and the close of every day's session in Indian schools is not merely unknown in America, but would be regarded as an indubitable proof of untrained savagery. Agreeable breaks in the day's routine work are, as it were, links of discipline, and order is maintained more by kindness than by severity, oftener by fervid appeals to the higher elements of the pupil's nature than by fearful demonstrations of punitive authority and power.

4. And lastly the schools owe their success to their public character. The American Schools are public in a sense in which Indian schools are not. They are watched over, not only by the Board entrusted with their management, not only by the authorities civic or municipal, but by the people at large, who are more interested in their success than in that of many political institutions, which owe their existence and continuance in life to their joint vote. The examination seasons in these institutions are seasons of great gathering. The parents of the pupils are invited as well as the members of the Local Press. Professors and Teachers

from neighbouring cities and states are also invited ; and the results of academic labor are displayed under the public gaze. Concerts are held, such as that in the Music Hall referred to in a foregoing paper, to set forth the skill with which music is taught ; pictures drawn by pupils as well as samples of penmanship are presented for inspection ; orations are delivered and recitations given, all to show that the School master has not been abroad in vain. *And the loud cheering with which proficiency on the part of any of the champions on the stage of intellectual gladiatorship is greeted is not merely a reward of past labor, but an incentive to future industry and success.

Before I make a few additional remarks on the system of Education, I must notice in a short paragraph the Private institutions which work side by side in this city with its Public schools. Foremost among these is the Cincinnati University which is beautifully situated on a small hill, and which I have taken the liberty of describing as the apex of the pyramidal system of Education at work within the precincts of the city from which it derives its name. It has a Laboratory, Museum, an Observatory, and the usual complement of chairs, besides one on Pedagogy, a new science almost systematically taught with the help of such books, as "Bain's Education as a Science" and "Spencer on Education." The lady element disappears entirely in the Professorial Staff here, and is far less prominent in the classes than in the schools of which it is the head. Then there are Conventual schools maintained by the Franciscan Brothers, the Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and the Sisters of Charity. There is a grand College also maintained by the Roman Catholics, who by the way own the grandest Churches in this, and all the other cities of the Union, their cathedral at New York being the grandest ecclesiastical building in America. The Cincinnati Wesleyan College for young Ladies is a superb building and has a Drawing Department somewhat like the

School of Design attached to the University. The Young Ladies' Institute on Mount Auburn is also a grand building, from the tower of which one could have a complete view of Cincinnati. And the Lane Theological Seminary consists of clusters of buildings beautifully situated, and is worthily represented by efficient Preachers in America, and able Missionaries abroad. Let me repeat with emphasis that the money expended for the education of the people of Cincinnati, estimated in round numbers at 300,000, exceeds by several lacs the money expended by our Government for the Education of Oudh with its eleven millions and the North West Provinces with their thirty-eight or forty millions of souls ! And yet our Government sanctions its education budgets most reluctantly and grudgingly, and loud cries are raised by senseless writers as a rule against its so-called system of Eleemosynary Education ! A child born at Cincinnati can pass through its schools of various grades, go up to its University, and enter the world with all the advantages of a liberal education and broad culture *free of charge* ; and he or she would simply look upon the man presumptuous enough to call in question the propriety of educating boys and girls at the expense of the state as only fit for an Insane Asylum !

Before I let fall my concluding observations I think it advisable to call attention to what may appropriately be called the festive elements of school-life in America. The day I was able to devote to visiting the schools of Cincinnati, under the guidance of their very intelligent and kind-hearted Superintendent, happened to be very propitious to my object ; as the High School pupils were having " a little celebration " in honor of Emerson. They were assembled in a large hall before a long and a pretty high platform, the young gentlemen occupying the seats towards the right and the young ladies those towards the left. Besides the seats occupied by the Teachers and a couple of tables, there was on the platform a large piano, and, I believe, some other musical instruments.

The business of the afternoon consisted of a number of solos sung by expert lady and gentlemen singers, a number of selections from the writings of the "Inspired Madman" whose birthday they were celebrating gracefully recited; and a number of orations fitted to raise him to the skies delivered. The Superintendent closed the exercises by making a nice, impromptu speech, in which the main facts of Emerson's life were briefly noticed, and his position as a literary and philosophical writer indicated. Between the exercises of the pupils and the closing addresses of the Superintendent I was called upon to speak, and, my countrymen will be proud to hear, every word I said pierced like an arrow the susceptible hearts of my hearers. When I said that a meeting like that before me could not possibly be convened in our country, the etiquette current in it being dead-set against anything like a free intercourse between the sexes, they felt unusually interested. When, moreover, I said that in India it was not considered respectable to play upon musical instruments and sing in public meetings like the one before me, they thought that I was a wonderful repository of amusing information. And when I said that in India boys five years old were married to girls three years old, convulsions of laughter were the result, and perhaps the conviction that I had come down from heaven—to entertain American audiences. Need I say that the heaven-born orator from "distant Ind," after having presented such interesting items of original information, sat down amid loud and prolonged cheering. If you, dear reader, wish to have a cheap reputation for oratorical power, go to America, and dwell in the simplest language on the commonest occurrences of your national life.

While at a small, but beautiful town called Bucyrus I witnessed the Closing, called by a strange anomaly of language, Commencement Exercises of the flourishing High School there. The forms in the big hall, arranged in front of a platform were literally crowded with visitors, well dressed

ladies and gentlemen. The authorities seated on the platform were education officers and the Alderman of the Town, while the seats below the platform immediately towards the right, were occupied by the members of the Town Band. The business commenced with soul-stirring music given by the Band. This over, a lady graduate of rather a slender frame but amiable features, walked up to the platform, stood before the assembled visitors, bowed gracefully, and delivered a speech of welcome in the style rather affected in vogue in America. The speech was a repertory of fine sentiment, and its delivery was accompanied with jesticulations which certainly were graceful, though theatrical. Then came music and song, and then a recitation, and then another oration delivered in a little more affected style by a gentleman graduate, and so on. When the exercises were over, the graduates, eight females and two males, were made to stand in a row on the platform facing the chair occupied by the Alderman or with their backs towards the audience. Short addresses were delivered by the school Master and the Chairman to the graduates, and the diplomas were then distributed to them. The band struck up music, a parting song was given, and the meeting was dismissed;—but before the final parting took place, the heroines and heroes of the afternoon, the graduates, had their hands enthusiastically shaken by the public at large and their brows encircled, to speak in the American style, with the garlands of praise and congratulation.

I had the privilege of witnessing the varied closing exercises of the Ohio-Wesleyan University at Delaware, a small town in the state from which that institution derives its name. The first meeting I was present at in this place was that held in the spacious hall of the Ladies' College, attached to the University, though not forming one of its integral portions. The arrangements were not materially different from those I had noticed elsewhere,—rows of seats, separated by an aisle, and receding backwards from a high and long platform. The Hall

was literally crowded, and the music and singing were of the finest kind. Some recitations were given, and the papers read, one of which, that on the Woman suffrage question, appeared in a foregoing number of the *Bengal Magazine*, were of considerable merit. The diplomas were distributed in the usual manner, and an address to the graduates, delivered by the President of the College, closed the proceedings. Then there was a rush towards the adjoining studio wherein the nice pictures drawn by some of the young ladies were presented for inspection. Two or three days after these proceedings a grand concert was given by the young ladies in this hall. The audience was as large, and the cheering with which the pieces sung by individual ladies and by choirs were received was loud and enthusiastic. One young lady succeeded in cutting a brilliant figure. Her appearance on the platform, with her face uplifted and her hair clustering in graceful ringlets around her neck, was a signal for loud cheering, and her sweet voice raised in songs of exquisite pathos extorted loud bursts of applause from the appreciative audience; while the innumerable vestiges of taste and refinement I noticed around me were a source of agreeable surprise to me, a barbarian from Asia!

The University exercises were more varied, and consisted besides a series of special sabbath meetings, of a Boat-race, Athletic Sports, a Promenade, Exhibition Meetings and a farewell Reception. These I will notice in the order in which they came off. First of all however I must speak of the quiet sabbath meetings. The first was a love feast held in the Central Hall of the University, and rendered unusually interesting by the rich talk of the pupils, which showed that the formation of a character of exalted piety was aimed at over and above intellectual culture of the broadest type. The second was a special service held in the Opera-House, the largest hall in the place, presided over by the President of the University, who delivered a sermon directed against Agnosti-

cism, and apparently fitted to vindicate the questionable position that all that man needs to make him happy is belief in the existence of a God, a Moral Government and a Future State of Rewards and Punishments? The President is an able speaker and a good Christian man, and I believe he was obliged by the tenor of his argument to leave unsaid what, if said, would have fitted the yawning gaps in his otherwise excellent discourse. In the afternoon in the same Hall a Missionary meeting was convened, and of course the converted heathen within reach was obliged to throw in his talk as a sort of bad interjection between well-cut and well-rounded orations gracefully delivered by ladies and gentlemen of superior education. The Boat-race came off on a fine morning. The Banks of the small river, on which the Town stands, were literally ablaze with groups of gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen, standing with their eyes fixed on its rather stagnant watery surface. On the opposite side stood a band ready to announce victory by sweet strains of music; while the racers were engaged in slowly rowing up their banucered boats towards their starting point. When the rival vessels were ready for a move, the signal was given; and oh what grand exhibitions of muscular strength on the boats and what feverish excitement on the banks! All eyes are fixed on the moving vessels all voice is hushed, and every body is in a trepidation. The boats dart along the waters with extraordinary speed; they almost jostle each other, and the goddess of victory seems to tremble in the balance. The flag of the one seems to have got a few inches beyond that of the other. Marvellous feats of rowing are performed by the apparantly defeated party, but all in vain. The forward vessel crosses the terminus line, the by-standers send up poals of applause, the band strikes up triumphant music, and congratulations flow in thick showers around the victors from all quarters. Several such attempts are made, and then the crowds retire to the University grounds to witness foot-races, high jumps and other varieties of gym-

nastic exercises. The Promenade is thoroughly an American institution, and it is not unlike the pyrotechnic exhibitions with which the annual examinations of some schools in Calcutta used to conclude, when Lord Cram did not destroy all relish for healthy sports and amusements in school-going youngmen. The University grounds were brilliantly illuminated by rows of Chinese lanterns flashing along the walks and around the seats, and by a grand electric light centrically placed. A book was raised on one side to offer shelter and seats to the loungers who might step in for refreshments, of which, in the shape of ice-creams, cakes and fruits, there was a splendid supply at hand. The students, male and female about to part for the vacation, strolled along the illuminated walks in fairs and in groups, the gentlemen handing the ladies or ladies hand in hand; had their *quantum sufficit* of parting talk; exchanged jokes and reparties which evoked ringing laughter then and there, and were to occasion radiant smiles where recalled amid the plenitude of holiday enjoyment afterwards; and took leave of one another by hearty shakes of hands, and, where community of sex or existing relationships justified, tender kisses of love. The exhibition meetings were held, in the morning and afternoon of one and the same day, under the canopy of the skies, on the grounds, a portion of which was fitted up for the purposes, that is furnished with long rows of seats arranged before a very long and a very high wooden platform. All Delaware was present in its gala dress, the distinguished visitors occupying the seats on the platform and the "smaller fish" occupying seats below. Some of the graduates came forward, one after another, and entertained the audience with essays and orations on the whole well written and well delivered. The subjects treated of in these, such as "The Future of Italy", "Fidelity to the Present," "Defects of Philosophy," were fresh, rather than hackneyed, fitted to concentrate attention on the present, not to bury it with the dead past. A paper on the classics appeared to me

particularly sensible, being entirely free from the maudlin sentimentalism which sees nothing but beauty and grace in the literature of ancient Greece, and nothing but deformity in that of modern Christendom. A Band was ready to interject sweet music between these demonstrations of scholastic attainment. The Graduates stood in two rows before the audience, had a thrilling speech addressed to them by the President, had moreover their diplomas handed to them, and retired amid showers of congratulations flowing thick and fast from all quarters. The evening was the time fixed for the President's reception, and a nicely furnished room in the Ladies' college the place. The President's lady was there early to receive the visitors, who were the graduates of the year, the ministers of the Town, the Professors, and ladies and gentlemen specially invited. These moved backwards and forwards talking, jesting, laughing amid the freedom of jovial intercourse and refined merriment. Nor, did they even in the midst of such unrestrained hilarity, forget your humble servant, dear reader, who had to stand volley after volley of questions about all sorts of things in his country. "Are you not tired of being made lion of?" asked a kindhearted young lady. "Madam—they are so kind!" was my simple reply, though I felt disposed to say that I would give anything to be left alone for a few moments. Refreshments in the shape, of the inevitable ice-creams, fruits and cakes were brought in and a very pleasant evening was spent by the graduates, who were perhaps never to come together again within the walls of a College or any other building. No caste distinction between the Professors and the pupils, such as prevent feelings of mutual love and confidence from growing up between Professors and pupils in India, caste-distinction, I mean, religious on the side of the pupils and social and artificial on the part of the Professors.

This is one of the best universities in the West, if not in all America, and its Professorial staff is adorned by men of pro-

found piety and broad scholarship. One of these may justly be brought forward as one of the highest types of character reared under Christian influence, one of those types which have not their parallel in any non-Christian country, and which therefore are fitted to set forth the infinite superiority of our religion over those, which are sometimes very foolishly represented as its rivals. Imagine a rare combination of intellectual and moral excellence, a man of transcendent abilities and attainments living as near God as it is possible for fallen man to do, meek as a little child, too humble to relish the idea of being called a Doctor of Divinity, too disinterested to think of anything but what is calculated to advance the welfare of his fellowmen, too heavenly-minded to be in any way disconcerted by the crosses and disappointments of life ;—imagine, in a word, sublime type of piety, learning, meekness, enduring goodness, peace scarcely interrupted, and joy ever glowing ; and you have the great and good man who is the brightest ornament of the Professorial staff of the Ohio-Weslyan University, a jewel of surpassing brilliance among jewels. Under the training of men of such breadth of scholarship and depth of piety, men have been brought up who are distinguishing themselves, all the world over, either as ministers or as missionaries, and to whom both Christendom and heathendom are indebted for much of the good work that is now being done within their broad limits. Pious and scholarly men like our own Dr. Scott of Bareilly are representing the excellence of its system of education, and that of those by whom it is worked out, in heathen lands. Nowhere do we come across so many specialists or men of one idea or rather one line of intellectual pursuits as within the precincts of American or European Universities. With this fact I was never so much impressed as when I had the honor of conversing with some of the Professors of this, and those of the University of Evanston, near Chicago, a University represented by many earnest Missionaries in India. You visit one of these Professors,

and you find yourself in the atmosphere of metaphysical theology, and hear of nothing but predestination, foreknowledge, divine sovereignty, human agency, the self-determining power of the will, or of the prevailing disposition determining it. Go to another, and you hear of nothing but mollusks and vertebrates; while a third is never tired of talking of acotyledons and dicotyledons. These great men live, each in his own atmosphere of thought, buried in their libraries, and far indeed above the level of the low desires and ambitions and activities of mankind in general. Even when *not* adorned by piety, as the majority of them happily are, they are in the world, but not of the world in one important sense at least!

Now I come to my general remarks on the American system of education. Observe in the first place the *mixed* character of these institutions. They are institutions not for boys and youngmen only, not for girls and young ladies only, but for pupils of both sexes. The female element very nearly balances the male element in Schools of all grades, from those called Primary to those called High; and is overbalanced only in University Colleges. Female pupils beat male pupils in *Æsthetics*, polite literature and in the graces of composition; but they are beaten by their rivals in mathematics and mental philosophy. In the published Lists of graduates of High Schools, the female element is overwhelmingly preponderant; while in those of Universities it is thrown into the background by the male element. In a word the young of both sexes are brought up together; and nothing I saw in America was to me grander than the assiduity and perseverance with which members of the weaker sex seemed to compete with those of the stronger, not only in schools and colleges, but in the varied walks of life, those only excepted from which they are arbitrarily debarred. But mere sentimentalism must be set aside, and the important question raised—how does this mixture, so to speak, of sexes in public schools work? Doc-

tors in America take different and opposing sides as regards this problem ; and when doctors disagree, who can decide ? Some persons, who have had a great deal to do with schools, are loud and emphatic in their condemnation of the system, as on the whole demoralizing ; while others equally well-versed are as loud and emphatic in upholding it as fitted to humanize and exalt all the parties brought under its influence. More reliable opinion can be elicited from the pupils themselves than from the teachers ; and the testimony of two of them with whom I managed to have a talk on the subject, is by no means very favorable. It would obviously be absurd to represent the system as perfectly innocuous. Such a representation would simply be the ascription of perfection to a human institution. That the system occasionally leads to scandals of a serious character may be presumed. Young persons of both sexes cannot be together in class rooms and on pleasure grounds for hours and days and months and years without being tempted to overleap the bounds of propriety, decency, and moral rectitude ; and so in American schools, where this phenomenon is realized as nowhere else on the surface of the globe, billets and love letters are exchanged, frequently, marriages take place rarely without the intervention of priests and ceremonies, and even scandalous elopements are not unknown. But it must be observed that propriety is the rule and scandal the exception. If the system were now introduced into India, the result would be the reverse of what is displayed on the other side of the Atlantic : scandal would be the rule and propriety the exception. Such is the wide gap between the state of morality here and the state of morality there ! In the growth of exalted sentiments of morality, and associations and traditions that make unrestrained intercourse between the sexes in and out of schools a source on the whole of blessing, rather than curse, we see, as in so many other things, the infinite superiority of our religion over those prevalent in heathen countries like our own.

Opinion is however gravitating towards condemnation on the whole of a stem of education which does not shield parties inclined to be wild from influences of a demoralizing character ; and as other nations ought to think twice before imitating America in its rage for mixed schools and colleges.

One great defect of American schools and colleges is their tendency to foster an artificial style of speaking and writing. "Babu English" is nowhere in vogue so much as in America, and almost every oration I listened to and every sermon I heard reminded me of the fustian which passes for good English amongst our educated countrymen. But "Babu English" is not half so unendurable as the affected, theatrical style of speaking or oratory taught in American institutions. About a quarter of a century ago, we used to hear in Calcutta youngmen delivering what they called "specches," modulating their voices according to the nature of their deliverances, accompanying their utterances with appropriate jesticulations, and going through in a somewhat sing-song voice what might justly be called theatrical performances. That style of speech-making is now happily out of date ; and a natural tone and earnestness of utterance are taking the place of theatrical accents and rhetorical flourishes. But America in this respect is behind the age, behind even the stage of progress which this backward country has reached under English guidance. There elocution is taught as a science, the pomposity in style and affectation in delivery, from which educated people recoil in horror, are the order of the day. The essays read by young graduates of both sexes may be brought forward as specimens of bad taste ; and as to the orations,—don't mention them !—they are marvels of affectation both in style and delivery. The young lady speaker modulates her voice, causing it to rise or fall as her argument is sublimated or brought down, and shows her oratorical skill in varieties of gesticulations, now moving her hand, then thrusting forward her right foot, and anon raising

her eyes heavenward, as if lifted above herself by some irresistible gush of heavenly feeling. Such gesticulations, however, when accompanying the sweet utterances of a nice-looking young lady, or even of a nice-looking young man are pardonable ; but when a middle-aged speaker of an ungainly exterior and ugly face attempts them, they become positively ridiculous. I was impressed with this fact when I listened in a small town to an oration delivered by a foolish minister of the gospel on the Soldiers' Decoration Day, or the Day when flowers and garlands are formally scattered over the graves of those patriots, who died in the last war, fighting for the restoration of the Union to its pristine glory. A man of dwarfish stature, somewhat corpulent, with a huge protuberance beneath his chin, was the orator ; and he simply made himself ridiculous. He changed his voice about a dozen times causing it to range between the low notes of sorrow and the glad swell of victory and triumph,—he went through a series of gesticulation seen nowhere outside the stage of a third-rate theatre,—he stooped, he crouched, he stretched himself forward, he heaved backward, he walked to and fro, he stamped on the floor ; in a word he did what would in England have led to his being hissed off the platform. But if these orators were to confine their theatrical performances to the school-plattform and occasions like the one on which this gentleman distinguished himself, much mischief would not be done. But they sometimes carry them to the Pulpit, and and sermons are sometimes converted into exhibitions of mimicry and tom-foolery. " Why are so many Americans prone to waste their strength on mere rhetoric and show ?"—I once put this question to an able preacher who seemed averse to this sort of eloquence. His reply was characteristic—" An average American congregation like these things." America needs at least half a century of training to come up to the standard of excellence attained by youngmen in Cambridge and Oxford,—young men who are systematically

taught to avoid all ostentation and pedantry, never to make use of a superfluous word, and never to bring in an irrelevant thought. But these youngmen, whose sermons are short and sweet, perfect models of good taste and sound logic, can not influence the masses, who long for a little of that rhetoric and that digression, which they scrupulously avoid. Hence their preaching is not accompanied with results which ranters secure by a turgid style, incongruous metaphors and harsh transitions. What are they to do? Are they to come down and pander to the vitiated taste of their audiences? This their education makes it impossible for them to do; and hence they must embrace the ranting fraternity as their allies, and not look down upon them. The time will come, when ranters will be exposed, and their excellence perceived! but till such time come, they may, and, I think, should try and steer a middle course between the theatrical displays of American oratory and that staudard of practical eloquence which is a little too lofty for ordinary people.

RAM CHANDRA BOSE.

BENGALI PROVERBS.

By J. C. DUTT.

'Proverbs' says Lord Bacon "are the wits of a nation epitomised." In these days of scientific culture, perhaps it may be as well to call them "fossil remains of history." Indeed proverbs are a pleasant study when viewed from this point. It is quite interesting to mark how the records of events long past lie imbedded in our words, proverbs, lullabies, &c. Those who would read with attention the collection of the Bengali proverbs by the Rev. Mr. Long (a name which will be long remembered in Bengal with gratitude for much nobler work than this collection,) could not fail to be struck with the fact

that the people whose proverbs these are, were thoroughly agricultural. Allusions to agricultural objects are so numerous, one may say so universal in these proverbs, that one is forced to the conclusion that we were once a nation of agriculturists; a conclusion doubtless humiliating to those who style themselves as the nobility of the land, but none the less real.

Many will remember the gentle voice of the nurse lulling to sleep a baby with the well-known lullaby *আয় চাঁদ আয়, ধান ভাঙলে কুঁড় দিব। মাচ কুটলে মড় দিব &c.* Here is an invitation to the moon to come and mark the fore-head of the child with a ray of his light; and as an inducement, he is promised the broken parts of the rice when it is husked, and the head of the fish when it is cut. How vividly this lullaby calls up to mind the quiet incidents of village life, the husking of the paddy, the catching fish from the tank on great occasions;—quite rural occupations which town people know not and could not have alluded to in their songs. The villager has paddy but not husked rice always in his house, nor does he daily catch big fish from his tank; and with truly rural simplicity he makes a conditional promise to the moon, and the moon must wait till the rice is husked and the fish is cut. What an accurate and simple picture of rural life and rural imagination! Again, we have another infantine song in which the marriage of a boy is promised in a land where they plough with গাই and বলদ and where such dainties as *কুই* fish and *পলতা* vegetable come in baskets. Rural imagination could compass no greater luxuries than these! We cannot pass over another very beautiful lullaby *ছেলে ঘুমল, পাড়া জুড়ল, বর্গি এলো দেশে। বুলবুলিতে ধান খেয়েছে খাজনা দেবো কিসে।* How accurately this expresses the anxiety and perhaps the false excuses of the cultivator who is called upon to pay the rent by the invading Burgi (a general term to signify the Mah-rattas, the Pindarees and others who overran the country on the decline of the Mahomedan power.) The depredations of

the Western people have long since ceased, and yet we have here a fossil stone in the shape of a lullaby to speak the fact that once they were. The people of Bengal were nothing if not agricultural, and on them the rise and fall of kingdoms and empires did make no impression. Consequently there is nothing in their sayings to indicate the fall of the Mahomedan kingdom or of the many vicissitudes of power which transpired in the end of the last century. The depredations of the Mahrattas and the Pindarees have alone been preserved in their songs, and why? Because these people in their devastations having as much to deal with the people as with princes. The swarms of the Mahrattas not only stood battles and faced the rulers of the country in the open ground, but they also came upon the people unawares, cut up their paddy, demolished their homesteads and pillaged their quiet and peaceful villages.

We have said that the rise and fall of kingdoms did not attract the attention of the people of Lower Bengal, and so few sayings indicative of such changes are to be met with in our domestic conversation. One thing is however worth mentioning. Among our indoor pastimes we have a game which goes by the name of "Mogul-Pathan." This represents the frequent wars which took place for many years between those two powers. Lines are drawn on the ground, and on two sides of the square so constructed the players take their seats with two sorts of pebbles which represent the armies of the Moguls and the Pathans respectively; and thus the players go on enacting even to this day in peaceful villages, the battles which raged some centuries ago. Had the Moguls been able to overcome the Pathans by a single victory or even after a short war, the people in all probability would not have handed down the fact of such war in their pastimes. But the long wars and obstinate battles which convulsed the country during the struggles between the two tribes, and their consequences, the burning of villages and the massacred inhabi-

tants, could not but be felt by the peasantry who without reaping any advantage in the success of either party had to bear all the evils attendant on war.

We have another pastime of the same sort which clearly points to our primitive rural life. It is called, "Bagbundi," or "the capture of the tiger." In this game one party takes a big piece of stone which represents the tiger, while his opponent takes a certain number of small stones which represent so many goats. If the "tiger" can manage to "eat up" all the "goats" he wins the game. But if, on the contrary, the other player can so move his innocent animals as to surround and block up the way of their fierce antagonist, the "goats" win. It is hardly necessary to remind those of your readers who have been in Bengal villages that the Bengal tiger and leopard commit frequent havoc even now in some villages. It is no wonder that the villagers should somehow commemorate these depredations in their daily-life pastimes.

Of our good friend the tiger we have something more to say. Hari Sing, a general of Runjit Sing, so signally defeated the Afghans in a battle and ruled over them with such severity that it is said the Afghans to this day frighten their children to sleep with the phrase "Harising aya" or "Harising is come." The case is similar to that of Arabian mothers frightening their children with the name of Richard Plantagenet, or of English mothers hushing their babies with the threats of the great Napoleon and his threatened invasion. In Bengal we have no such political apparitions, not that there have not been great warriors or cruel tyrants in this part of India, but their cruelties were generally confined to the zemindars and petty chiefs of the country, and did not generally reach the agricultural people. Yet is Bengal children become as unruly as in Afghanistan or elsewhere, and then it becomes necessary for the Bengal parents to hush them to sleep by calling in the shapes of tigers and jackals which abound in the neighbourhood of their villages. Do not these

facts clearly shew that our ancestors were more completely rural than we are?

Again, if we turn our attention to our proverbs we find many of those which we daily use are clearly of rural origin. Any one who will take the trouble to turn over the pages of the collection made by the Revd. Mr. Long will find the truth of the assertion. Take for instance one that occurs in the first page অনেক জলের মাচ "Fish from the deep water" signifying the fruit of great labor. Similarly we have অল্প জলের মাচ "Fish from the shallow water." Again, অঙ্গুলে পুঁটি মাচ ফর ফর কবে "In shallow water the small fish play about briskly", a hit to those flippant and pert little men who try to make a deal of their little learning. মাচ ধরিতে গেলে গায়ে কাঁদা লাগে—"If you go to catch fish your body will be soiled with mud." These and similar proverbs clearly show that those who coined them were familiar with fishing. আগে জেলে ছিল ভাল জাল দড়ি বনে। কি কাজ করিলে জেলে এঁড়ে গরু কিনে॥ "It was well for the fisherman when he spread his thread and net, but what a mistake he made by buying bull." This is a verse which derides the fisherman who turned a cultivator, or in general those who change their fathers' occupation. In India, trade and calling descend from father to son from generation to generation, and it is not at all surprising that the man who changes his trade and chance to suffer by it should be an object of derision. But trades alluded to, viz., those of fishermen and agriculturists, point to the rural origin of the proverb.

The following proverb আকাশে কঁাদ পেতে বনের পাখী ধরে "catching birds of the forests by spreading the net in the sky" denotes another rural occupation, that of a fowler.

From the trades of fishermen and bird-catchers let us pass on to that of the agriculturists, and we shall find many proverbs relating to agriculture. আরি কি তোমার পাকা ধানে মই দিরাছি "Have I drawn ladder on your field of ripened corn?" is a very frequent expression, and signifies "Have I injured you so very much?" To indicate the sudden prosperity of a

man hitherto slighted we have the proverb এবার ছকুর ছথানা লাঙ্গল বয়, "This time six ploughs belonging to Chaku are at work." The two *chhs* make an amusing alliteration, while there is a quiet humour in the name of Chaku which signifies a diminutive size, and which contrasts beautifully with his sudden rise! We say again কাজলকে শাকের ক্ষেত দেখান "To show the vegetable field to a beggar", signifying that the beggar is sure to take advantage of such a knowledge. We cannot help citing another beautiful proverb which refers to the effects of idleness, গরু থাকিতে না বয় হাল তার দুঃখ চিরকাল "He who does not plough though he has cattle, his misery lasts for ever." Bengal peasants do not appear to have been happy, or we would not then have had such a proverb as চাষার বছরে কেবল ১১ মাস দুঃখ আর সকল মাস সুখ। "The cultivator lives in misery for only eleven months, all the rest of the year he passes at ease." How sarcastically this expresses the hard lot of the cultivators. To the same effect we have the following চাষার চাষ অন্যের হয় বিলাস "The cultivators cultivate but others enjoy." Although coined perhaps centuries ago the proverb is not obsolete, and the rich zemindars of the land are trying to this day to secure a little more yet of বিলাস by opposing all concessions in favor of the ryot, and trying to keep them the degraded poor sons of toil that they are. Another proverb, and we hope our zemindars' friends will excuse us for citing it, very curtly expresses the love which the zemindars bear towards the cultivators. "A zemindars' love is like that of a Mahomedan's for the hens." How well this love of zemindars for their ryots is exemplified by their present attitude towards the Rent Bill!

As rice is universally cultivated in Lower Bengal we have several proverbs in which this grain figures prominently. আউশ ফুরগে আমন, "when the *aus* crop is over, the *amun* begins." When one neglects his property and squanders his substance we say that he does not know কত ধানে কত চাল "The proportion of husked rice that comes out of paddy." This is as much as to

say that he does not know the value of the thing he neglects. To indicate the prosperity of a man we have the saying, গরু কক ধান। দেখ বিদ্যমান। "See he has got kine, wife and paddy". we say চাল নাই ধান নাই গোলা ভরা হুঁহু। "He has neither rice nor paddy but his barn is full of rats." ধান নাই তার মান বড়। "He who has not paddy is still very proud" is an ironical expression. ধান ভানতে শিবের গীত *i.e.*, "Hymns to Shiva when husking rice", an expression for something not *a-propos*, something uncalled for and unfitted for the occasion. যার গোলায় ধান। তার কথা টান। "His words are proud, who has paddy in his barn."

Referring to agriculture in general and agricultural implements we have many sayings. এষে ছুঁচ হয়ে সেধিয়ে ফাল হয়ে বেকল। "He entered as a needle but came out as a plough-share." The saying refers to those ungrateful people who manage to gain admittance to a place like the point of a needle, but once admitted take advantage of their position to displace all around them. দুট গরু থাকার চেয়ে শূন্য গোয়াল ভাল। "It is better to have an empty cowshed than to have vicious cows in it." The following saying describes the benefits of early showers. ধন্য রাজা পূন্য দেশ। যদি বর্ষে মাঘের শেষ যদি বর্ষে ফাল্গুনে শস্য হয় দ্বিগুণে। "Glorious the king and virtuous the country if it rains at the end of *Magh*. If it rains in *Falgun* the crop grows in double quantity." How entirely we depend on cultivation is shown in the following proverb, ক্ষেতের চাষে দুঃখ নাশে। "Misery is averted by the crop of the field."

We have already said that the tiger being a frequent visitor of villages could not escape having a place in our popular sayings. Here we quote some proverbs which refer to these ravenous animals as well as to that still more deadly enemy of man, the snake. আদাড়ি গাঁয়ে শিষাল বাব। "In an obscure village the Jackal is the tiger." এক লাঠিতে ৭ সাপ মারা। "To kill seven snakes by one stroke of the cudgel." This corresponds to the English proverb, "To kill two birds at a throw." বোঁক শিয়ালি বুকের সময় বাব। "The fox when he fights becomes

a tiger." জলে কুমির ডেঙ্গায় বাঘ যে পায় সে ভাঙ্গে বাড়। "The crocodile in the water and the tiger in the land break the neck of man whenever they get at him." How accurately the above represents the country we inhabit covered with swamps and jungles, where beasts wage war with man on almost equal terms. Inundations, which occur so often in Lower Bengal, have not escaped the observation of our people, and we have several proverbs on the subject. Such as, বানের আগে ভেঙ্গে ডিঙ্গি। "A Fishing boat before a bore," and বালির বাধ কতক্ষণ থাকে। "How long does a sand embankment last?" বালির বাঁধে জল আটকায় না। "Water is not stopped by embankments of sand." Famine finds mention in such proverbs as দুর্ভিক্ষ অল্পকাল অরণ থাকে চির কাল। "Famine lasts for a short time, but its memory lasts long." Here we have an evidence that famines were not of frequent occurrence before. But to turn to our friends the tiger &c. নরনের বাঘ গরনের শিয়াল। "Tiger to the weak but jackal to the strong" refers to those who are sneaking before their superiors but insolent to their inferiors. মাঘের শীত বাঘের গায় ফাঁনের শীত সর্বদাই। "In *Magh* the tiger feels cold, but the weak feel cold always." যেখানে বাঘের ভয় সেইখানে সঙ্কোহয়। "Evening comes just where there is fear of tiger," is a saying which refers to those curious combinations of unfortunate circumstances which so often happen in this life. In the noble words of Shakespere "when misfortunes come, they come not single spies, but in battalions." হেলে ধরিতে পারে না কেউটে ধরিতে যায়। "Cannot catch a *hela* (a nonpoisonous snake) and goes to catch a cobra", a hit at those who launch beyond their depths.

The numerous allusions to rural objects and rural order of life in the extracts we have made, and more such extracts may be multiplied to any extent, clearly prove that the inhabitants of Bengal were in previous centuries an agricultural people even more exclusively so than they are now. A few more proverbs relating to the occupation of our women may not be uninteresting. The well-known simple machine *Dhenki* with

which the village women husk rice, and that equally celebrated primeval wheel, the *Charuka*, with which they spin (or at least used to spin, for Manchester in our day has completely ruined that industry) are the burdens of many of our proverbs. আগে আপনার চরকার তেল দাও, "First oil your own *churka*," is said to those who busy themselves with other peoples' affairs. ঢেঁকি স্বর্গে গেলেও ধান ভানতে হয় "The *Dhenki* must husk rice even if it goes to heaven", is a saying which applies to those unfortunate men to whom even change of circumstance brings no relief. মিছে কাজে কাঠনা কামাই "stop spinning for useless work". Thus we can go on citing proverbs and sayings indicative of our rural occupations, rural scenes and rural habits, but we must here stop, as what we have said above is quite enough.

From proverbs if we turn to words we find the evidence of our rural descent not less strong. The subject is a vast one and cannot possibly be dealt with adequately at the end of an article, and we shall therefore confine our remarks to two or three words only, just to show that investigation on this head may be exceedingly interesting to those who have a mind to do it. Take for example the word পাত which means leaf, it also denotes a plate from which we take our food. Thus অমুকের পাত্রে ভাত নাই means "there is no rice in so and so's plate." And অমুকের পাত হয় নাই means that "no plate has been laid for so and so." The broad leaf of the bannas and others still serve as plates among the villagers, and even among the city people on occasions of great feasts, and no doubt served us such from remote antiquity. For when we consider that the word পাত is derived from the Sanskrit word पत्र (leaf) and the Sanskrit word for a vessel is पात्र we at once see the evidence we were looking for.

We will take another word, কড়ি, a small shell, which was once a current coin and is current even now though to a limited extent. Now by কড়ি we mean wealth in general. We say কড়ি হইলে বন্ধ হয়, "If you get wealth you get friends."

Here is a word which, to use a geological metaphor, is in a transition state, not yet quite a fossil, years more, and *৳* will lose the little currency it still has, and the word will signify wealth only without any reference to the coin.

Lullabies, proverbs, sayings, words, and even our pastimes all point to the same conclusion that the people of Bengal have ever been an exclusively agricultural race. With the exception of the capital of Bengal and one or two large trading towns the entire province under the Mahomedan regime was purely agricultural and covered with villages and small agricultural towns; land was the great and indestructible heritage of the peaceful population of Bengal. It was a heritage which wars could not destroy, which foreign invaders could not take away, which tyrannical rulers could not rob. Under an oppressive foreign rule, therefore, under increasing wars and political changes, the quiet people of Bengal stuck to their land and cultivated their field as the one safe means of their national subsistence. The *Bhadraloke* people as well as the *Itaroke* people were equally engaged in agriculture, the former employing hired labor, the latter holding the plough themselves. Ambitious men frequented the Subadar's court to make their fortunes; well-to-do traders had their shops in bigger or smaller towns, others again remained away from villages for various other reasons. But even these people were not so entirely divorced from agriculture and village life as the urban population of the present day. They had their homes in village, they had their fields and cultivation and village homesteads where their families lived while they worked in towns for gain; and they came back to their homes and to the bosom of their native green fields at least once a year to celebrate the great puja and to meet their friends and relations. It is no exaggeration therefore to say that the entire population of Bengal was agricultural; such small towns as there were, were composed mostly of enterprising men who had come from villages to make their money, but

who still looked back to their village huts and cultivation as their home. Trade and manufacture too were carried on at least as much in agricultural villages as in towns. If the finest muslins and clothes were made in towns like Dacca and Santipore, the millions of looms which supplied coarser clothing to the entire nation were worked in villages and not in towns. Each village had its blacksmith, its carpenter, its washerman, its barber, its potter and its shopkeeper; and thus trade itself, instead of being confined to great and populous centres, adapted itself to the habits of a purely agricultural nation. It was thus that the people of Bengal while they produced some manufactures and carried on some trade, nevertheless managed to live a purely agricultural life; and as a consequence our numerous proverbs and sayings invariably allude to agriculture as the one great and universal pursuit of the nation.

A great change has now come over the face of the country. The British conquest of Bengal has given security to life and property, has stimulated trade and commerce even with other parts of the world, and a vast town population engaged in trades and industries and entirely divorced from agriculture is growing almost before our eyes on all sides. From Calcutta to Chinsurah the Hooghly reflects on her broad bosom large thriving towns which were little more than hamlets before the English came. Government offices too have multiplied, and all Bengal is now dotted with large towns peopled by men who live there from generation to generation engaged in trades and industries and divorced from agriculture. Many a schoolboy and many a child in Calcutta, Chinsurah or Serampore, are puzzled at their own national proverbs, and ask in wonder what is *পাকা বাসে মই*, and what is *গাই বসে চরে*! Such has been the change in our national habits!

REALITIES OF INDIAN LIFE.

I.—THE PEER OF PATNA.

The town of Sásserám, or Shahasram, stands on the Grand Trunk Road where it passes through the district of Behar. It is principally famous for the tombs of Shere Sháh and Selim ; and has many picturesque dwelling-houses also. One of these was owned by a Mahomedan named Koodrutooláh Khán, a man of considerable property and influence, who was still better known all over the country as a simpleton.

One day a *pálkee* carried by several bearers chanced to stop before the house ; or, at all events, it seemed to have stopped there by chance.

"Who, I wonder," asked Koodrutooláh of one of his attendants, "can be going about with so much equipage through the town."

"Oh, sir, don't you know ? It is the great *peer* of Patna who knows the science of alchemy, and has the reputation of possessing preternatural resources."

Koodrutooláh had heard of the man, and his curiosity being excited to know more of him, he determined to cultivate his personal acquaintance, and with this intent came out of his house in haste to prevent the *pálkee* from moving off and, after much importunity, prevailed on the *peer* to enter his house and stay with him for a time. The promises of the rich man to reward the sage handsomely made no impression on him ; but, being a spiritual teacher by profession, he agreed to remain with Koodrutooláh for the purpose of imparting lessons of wisdom to him.

The name of the sage was Golám Imáum : he resided principally at Patna, though that was not his birth-place. He had many disciples scattered all over Behar, and he made an annual tour among them for four months, receiving, it is supposed, large contributions of money from many of them.

What he earned in this was was not precisely known ; but he lived so extravagantly for the rest of the year that people were at a loss to understand how, without any ostensible means of living, he could do so, unless he had secret unlimited sources to draw upon ; and they therefore eagerly believed that he could either convert anything into gold, or had power over those who could supply him with money to any amount.

"Now, master, they say that you can turn anything into gold. Is that true?"

"You need not believe all that other people say of me, my son. I have agreed to teach you all I know, and you shall learn in a short time whether the wise can or cannot command the spirits of the invisible world to obey them."

The *peer* and Koodrutooláh were now in constant intercourse with each other, and the pupil learnt with great assiduity to draw magical figures which the sage said would gradually reveal to him the secrets of his art.

"When you have completed a thousand of these charmed circles and two thousand of these triangles your copper inkstand will be converted into a golden one ;" and when the requisite numbers of circles and triangles were completed behold the promise of the master was fulfilled ! By a juggler's trick a really golden inkstand had replaced the copper one ; and the pleasure of Koodrutooláh at this success knew no bounds.

"Oh, master, you must oblige me by accepting this riding horse which I have bought for you for 250 rupees."

"How can I do so, my son?" said the sage, "when I have never yet accepted a *dumree* from any man ? My instructions are not for sale. I feel a love for you and have promised to teach you all I know. I shall teach you the secret of commanding untold wealth ; but do not ask me to receive anything whatever from you in return."

It was clear from this that the *peer* had no mercenary motives, and Koodrutooláh's confidence in him became in-

plicit and unbounded. He continued to draw magical figures as before under the master's direction, and master and pupil sat for hours and hours together so employed, drinking consecrated *sherbet* which was prepared by the master himself. One day the master pointed out to his pupil something that the angels had written in saffron on the gold inkstand which they had given to him in exchange for his copper one. Koodrutooláh had great difficulty in deciphering the words, for the angels have the nasty habit of writing a crabbed hand; but he did succeed in doing so. They contained an exhortation to him to bear with firmness an agony of thirty-nine hours which would open to him all the mysteries which Jemsheed had known, and, this condition fulfilled, would he not be equal to the greatest sages that had ever lived?

"Oh, my father," said Koodrutooláh, "I have placed myself wholly under your guidance, and shall be very wretched till this knowledge is acquired. An agony of thirty-nine hours has no terrors for me."

Having thus prepared the way for it Golám Imáum now proceeded to give the finishing stroke to his art. "Surely we can now command the angels to obey us," said he. "Draw a thousand magic circles on one sheet of paper, and then within those circles draw a thousand parallelograms, and then deposit the paper with Rs. 1,199 in my *pálkee* which is in the compound, and we shall call upon the angels to send us in return 55,000 *dinárs* of burnished gold."

The obedient pupil did as he was directed; the circles and parallelograms were completed, and the paper with a bag containing Rs. 1,199 was deposited in the *pálkee* of the sage, which was carefully guarded by his bearers, while pupil and master, looked out on it from a verandá of the house where they were seated. The cooling *sherbet* was freely drunk; but for some reason or other it did not agree this afternoon with Koodrutooláh. He complained of nausea and pain in the stomach, and a vague idea crossed his mind that everything

was not going on aright. The suspicion however was easily assuaged by the *peer* reminding him of the saffron writing of the angels on the golden inkstand, which had premised that every mystery would be cleared up as soon as the agony was over.

"But the agony, father, is becoming very great," said Koodrutooláh, in a piteous tone. "I cannot endure the pain I feel in my stomach."

"Ah, if the agony be increasing so fast, it must be very near its end, even though you have scarcely had an hour of it yet. I had better therefore go and see in the *pálkee* what the angels are about."

The sage accordingly went out into the compound, and then got into his *pálkee* and bolted; and the master of the house being taken very seriously ill at the same time with purging and vomiting no one looked after the fugitive.

Koodrutoolah died next morning in great agony. Several persons who saw the body of the deceased deposed that it had changed colour and bore signs of poisoning; but a medical examination of the contents of the stomach could discover no trace of poison. There was no doubt however that the *peer* had given him a potion, after drinking which he fell ill, and, as the *peer* decamped shortly after with the Rs. 1,199 deposited in his *pálkee*, it was clear that he did intend at least to stupify his victim for a time to prevent pursuit; and there was sufficient presumptive evidence that this potion eventually deprived Koodrutooláh of his life.

The *peer* was therefore sentenced to confinement for life, and his knowledge of alchemy was thus lost to the world.



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SOCIAL LIFE IN AMERICA.

It is desirable to set forth the effects of the comprehensive system of national education described in our last paper as embodied in social life in America. It is certainly a fact that social life in a country is the resultant of a great variety of forces, not merely of those at work in its educational institutions; but it must be confessed that it receives its color and complexion more from its general system of education than from any one thing or any dozen things, put together that can be named. Take for instance a country like America, which can justly boast of a system of education more comprehensive than what is carried out in the most advanced of the other civilized countries in the world. Its social life is the outcome of all the moral forces at work within its precincts,—its current traditions and associations, its religion, politics, principles of moral excellence and ideas of etiquette. But all these forces are found in miniature, so to speak, in its all-embracing system of education, and so its social life may in one sense be represented as the result of that system. At all events it is desirable, after having feebly attempted to give an insight into its nature, to pause and set forth its influences in the type of social life of which it is the main, if not the sole productive

cause. But before its results as thus embodied are set forth let us make one or two preliminary observations. The first refers to the great importance attached to technical education in America. An American gentleman's education is scarcely considered completed till he has learnt a trade. The industrial element in education is almost as highly prized amongst our Trans-Atlantic brethren as it was amongst the ancient Jews, who had amongst them a proverb to the effect that if a father neglected to teach his boy a trade his guilt was as great as if he had made him a thief! Some of the Missionaries who have come out to our country from America are men of superior education; but amongst them one scarcely comes across a person who can not make good chairs and tables as well as write good sermons and lectures; while regarding a few American Missionaries it may justly be said that the chairs they make are decidedly better than the sermons they deliver. To their admirable appreciation of technical education, and practical arrangements for diffusing such education, are to be ascribed some of those grand elements of the national life of the American people to which we shall have to refer by and bye. Meanwhile let us observe in the second place that the intelligence spread by the educational institutions of America, both public and private, is broadened, if not deepened, by its wonderfully productive journalistic Press. No country on the surface of the globe is so rich in Newspapers and Periodicals as America. The papers of "the day" or of "the hour"—as several editions of some of the big newspapers are issued in the course of a day—are to be seen here, there, everywhere; in street-cars, railway carriages, petty shops, grand stores, ordinary dining saloons, magnificent hotels,—in public houses of all descriptions as well as in almost every private house. And they spread not only current news, but information on almost all conceivable subjects; insomuch that persons, who are immersed in business, and who therefore can not read anything else, derive from their contents a great deal of

general knowledge, and pass for *savants* even among individuals distinguished by breadth of scholarship. But it must be confessed, and it is confessed even by sensible editors in America, that in this quality, that is in its fittedness to diffuse general knowledge, its Newspaper and Periodical Literature is behind that of other civilized countries, specially Great Britain. But American papers beat their rivals in other countries in the excellency of their arrangements for collecting and circulating news of the freshest kind. Each of them has, not only a batch of editors determined to make the best of the materials placed at their disposal, but a host of reporters, who move heaven and earth, and would, if necessary, go down to hell to glean items of news fitted to edify or vivify its readers. And the proprietors, be it mentioned to their praise, never spare themselves the expenditure or any portion of the expenditure needed to crown their journalistic enterprizes with complete success. Telegraphic wires for instance are as a rule resorted to, at what can not but be represented as a great cost, not only for the purpose of transmitting items of important news, but even for the purpose of flashing backwards and forwards short notices of meetings of all descriptions, scientific, literary, social, religious, as well as political, and abstracts of the speeches delivered therein. On a Sunday afternoon I delivered a discourse on mission work in India in the Opera House at Delaware or in a large meeting of the Professors and Pupils of its University, as well as of its inhabitants: and on the following Monday very early I read a short notice of it in the paper which came from Cincinnati!

The "Editor's Devil" is a redoubtable personage everywhere but specially such in America. His obtrusiveness and impudence are proverbial; but the amount of brass he displays in the States is surprisingly fearful. The stories I heard of the audacity with which he trenches upon the sacredness of private life and publishes what ought always to lie concealed

took me by surprize. A lady for instance once gave a private reception for the entertainment of a few select friends, and of course made some special arrangements for it. A Newspaper reporter stepped into her house, and expressed a wish to see her. He was ushered into the parlour fitted up for the approaching reception, and, before the lady appeared within its walls, he made out an inventory of all the articles of furniture before and behind him. He managed also to note down the names of the principal guests before he left. Who can describe the lady's chagrin when on the morning following the night of reception she saw in paper a detailed account of what she had looked upon as a strictly private affair? No sphere of life is too sacred for the redoubtable reporter, nothing too private for him. He would proclaim from the housetop the secrets poured by the husband into the ears of his wife, if he could by any contrivance get hold of them? And as to public speakers, they are entirely at his mercy. He never dreams of reporting their speeches exactly as they are delivered, except of course when they chime in with his own whims and crotchets, as they rarely do. He not only mishears, and unconsciously misrepresents; but he sometimes, if not invariably modifies the speeches made by weeding out what appears to him objectionable and putting in what he thinks should have been said, or by carefully performing the work of excision and interpolation. If you, dear reader, ever go to America, and speak in public meetings, let me advise you most earnestly never to allow Newspaper reports to disturb your equanimity. Be sure that these reports have been in all cases, and will be in yours, coloured by the variable and changing humors of the reporter. If he is in a pleasant mood, all is right,—your features are handsome, your gesticulation graceful, your delivery admirable, your language astonishingly correct, and your sentiments fresh and stirring. But woe be to you if the reporter happens to be in bad humor—then you are almost as dark as a Negro, your accents foreign, your language in some portions

of your discourse, if not throughout rather dark and unintelligible, and your ideas stale and uninteresting! It must however he admitted that as a rule this formidable authority is disposed to be generous towards foreigners,—to puff them up by fulsome adulation, rather than to mortify them by slashing criticism. But the amount of cheek he shows at times is really astonishing. In a large meeting at Philadelphia a reporter came to me after I had given full exercise to my lungs in an hour's talk on an Indian topic, and in an imperious tone asked me to sit down and dictate to him the heads of my discourse. I was tired, and I respectfully declined to obey his mandate. "How is your speech to be reported?" he asked in a somewhat excited tone. That I respectfully submitted was his look-out, not mine. "You *must* sit down and give me the heads of your discourse: I can not go to the Editor with empty hands!" This I thought was too much of a good thing; but I was a stranger in a strange land, and so I humored the fellow, and got rid of him as quickly as I could. This was by no means the worst piece of effrontery I came across, or had to swallow quietly in the States. In a railway carriage I had to maintain my gravity in the teeth of a bit of impudence decidedly cooler and more ludicrous. A Book-vendor brought me a copy of a railway guide book, and after a little parley sold it for 50 cents. After, however, I had purchased the book, I saw the price marked on the title page—25 cents; and so when the honest vendor returned I asked him if he had sold me the book for 50 cents. And on his indicating assent by a nod, I pointed out the price marked: he saw no way of escape, and so he returned the balance, and tried to convince me by a long, private talk that the fault was mine, not his! I of course penitently acknowledged my fault and expressed humbly a determination never to commit it again. The honest lecturer smiled, and left me in the arms of genuine repentance to mend and turn a new leaf in future:

Now let me come to the apparent influence of the system of education carried out in American schools and helped forward by American papers and periodicals on social life in the States. To this on the whole salutary influence must be traced that wonderful ingenuity of which traces and vestiges innumerable the traveller finds himself surrounded by as he travels from city to city or place to place in America. The Americans bring trained intelligence into the sphere of the trades, have proper ideas of the dignity of labor, and are never ashamed to work with their hands. Hence their forwardness in ingenuity, and the development of the useful arts amongst them. In our country the trades are left in the hands of uneducated people, labor is held in contempt, and respectable people would sooner be seen begging than working with their hands. Hence our notorious backwardness in these excellencies. The caste system, together with the false notions of respectability to which it has given birth and almost universal currency, has invariably been made answerable, and justly so, for our national immobility specially in the sphere of the arts. But there is one cause of our backwardness in this respect to which sufficient prominence has not been given—I mean the crushing poverty of the country. America is emphatically a land of plenty, and its people have enough to eat and therefore strength to work and think. A lady once humorously said that it was not necessary for me in America to be afraid to eat a hearty meal as people there had as a rule enough and to spare! They could scarcely believe when I told them that there were in our own country millions of people who in the opinion of an observant and philanthropic Government Officer could with difficulty, get one meal of the coarsest kind in forty-eight hours! When this tremendous fact was brought to the notice of a shrewd general and statesman in America he almost involuntarily exclaimed—"Your people can make no progress under the circumstances: the best thing they can do is to die." It is the fashion in these days with a class of

writers to get up an agitation in favor of technical education, and to castigate the educated natives with remorseless severity for not taking to the trades as kindly as to comfortable berths in the Public service. These writers certainly deserve praise for the persistency with which they speak in favor of what cannot but be looked upon as a needed reform. But they allow their enthusiasm to blind them to the existing conditions of the country, and to lead them, thus blinded, where they ought not to go. The prosperity of the useful arts in a country presupposes a large amount of wealth and a high stage of civilization within its borders. Civilization must first create a number of wants, which are not known to barbarians, and then develop resources fitted to ensure their legitimate supply and when the wants have been created and the resources developed, the arts will necessarily thrive. In India the necessities of civilized life have not been conjured up except in a very narrow circle ; nor has that profusion of wealth which is needed to slake a general thirst for superfluities and refinements been realized ; and consequently a general devotion of national energy to the cultivation of the useful and ornamental arts, such as we notice in Europe and America, would be premature. The trades in India do not pay except within very narrow circles, wherein a demand for the refinements of life is happily created, and wherein the amount of wealth fitted to meet that demand has been realized. If for instance our M. As and B. As were to give up *in masse* their almost universal scramble or search after the loaves and fishes of the Government service, and take to making chairs and tables or spoons and forks, what would be the consequence ? Their manufactures would not find a market in the country or out of it, and they would simply have to bemoan their folly amid the horrors of starvation. The country is poor, and the wants of Indian life are few ; and this is one main reason why our national ingenuity lies completely dormant. . Let us denounce the caste-system in

the strongest terms possible, along with the false notions of respectability which have emanated from it;—but let us not forget that a great deal of the state of backwardness in which the trades confessedly are in the country is to be traced to its crushing poverty.

But we must return to our text—the effects of the American system of education noticeable in social life in the States. The most prominent among these are the habits of industry noticeable in American homes as well as in the busy marts where they are specially noticed. American gentlemen, and even American ladies of superior education are not ashamed to work with their hands. At Cincinnati I stopped in the house of a gentleman who was fast becoming, if he was not already a millionaire, and who was the owner of a large soap concern. One evening I walked into his factory, and I was surprized to see his grown-up sons, who had received a splendid education, and had completed it, orthodox-fashion, in extensive European tours, superintending its business in blue jackets, and working with their own hands when necessary without the slightest hesitation. One night “the alarum clashed” indicating fire in the quarter of the town in which this factory was situated; and who can describe the eagerness with which the whole party, the father and sons, hastened to the spot, threw down their coats, took up lanterns in their hands, and appeared ready for the emergency which however disappeared almost as soon as it appeared in consequence of the rapid approach and vigorous action of a couple of fire—engines! At Delaware I stopped in the house of a gentleman who had served as a military officer, as well as in the capacity of a secretary, under General Grant, and who in consequence was one of the most respected of the inhabitants of that small town. One day I was surprized to see his eldest boy, a young man of about twenty, engaged for hours in mowing an extensive field with a big scythe, and removing the grass thus heaped up with the help of his brother to his

father's stables. Young men of the highest families, excepting in the South, where notions of etiquette similar to those current in our country obtain, devoting the bulk of their time to study, and their leisure hours to manual labor of a productive stamp appeared ordinary phenomena in the places I visited. Nay youngmen of respectable families did not seem unwilling to oblige their guests by doing such menial work for them as brushing their shoes &c. Respectable men there make no more ado about working with their hands than we make here about eating with our fingers, the well-known and universally utilized spoons and forks of Adam and Eve. Nor are respectable ladies behind their male competitors in this matter. They work with their hands as cheerfully, and with as much honest pride. Nothing indicates the difference between the ideas of the dignity of labor current in America and those current even in civilized England than the following anecdote related to me by a very respectable American lady. An American lady was spending a season of recreation in England, where she came across a refined English lady who took pains to describe a high-born English lady as a person who would never condescend to work with her hands. The Trans-Atlantic sister almost impatiently exclaimed,—“We have such ladies in America, but we call them *tramps*!” I saw refined ladies working in the kitchen or at the wash-tub or obliging their guests by doing menial work for them, not only without a blush, but with honest pride. It must be admitted that the conditions of their social life demand peremptorily the currency and prevalence of such ideas of the dignity of labor. It is no joke to have a servant in America, a person being called upon to spend about 30 or 40 Rs. a month for a maid and about 50 or 60 Rs. for a male servant; and where labor of all kinds is dreadfully dear ideas of respectability fitted to raise it above contempt necessarily prevail. How very different are conditions of life here, and how completely American ladies and gentlemen give up their

habits of industry and bow to the fashion of all lounge and no manual work as soon as they come to this country! Man is emphatically a creature of circumstances: and if only the conditions of our country could be transferred to America, ideas of respectability very different indeed from such as make an educated lady proud of her work when she is actually engaged in washing the panes of the windows of her house, sweeping its floor or in acting the part of a waitress to her guests assembled along with her male relations around her dining table, would prevail! And so our censors have no right to take us to task for our national aversion to manual labor!

The freedom of intercourse between the sexes, another effect of the system of education in vogue, would appear a marvel to persons, who like our countrymen are accustomed to see their female relations safely lodged in iron chests. Girls and boys, young ladies and gentlemen, nay older ones of both sexes have their sports and amusements together, are seen dancing together in ball rooms, walking together on sidewalks, sporting together in parks, fishing together on the margin of small sheets of water, and boating together on the bosom of extensive lakes. Scarcely a meeting, religious, literary or convivial, comes off wherein the sexes are not seen talking, laughing, jesting together;—scarcely a public place, a hotel or a dining saloon or an ordinary store or a big warehouse where this by no means repulsive spectacle is not presented. While in fashionable places of resort, theatres and operas, one is sure to be dazzled by grand exhibitions of the beauty, taste and adornments of either of the sexes, as well as astonished by the unrestrained freedom of the intercourse maintained between both. Nor is the slightest fear entertained as a rule as to the foreseen consequences of such almost boundless intercourse. Things, such as would create, a horror in India, are taken coolly there. In a public resort where the persons assembled of both sexes as usual were

promenading along illuminated walks, I asked a very respectable gentleman to tell me where his son was and received from him the strange reply—"I don't know: the last time I saw him, he was after a young lady!" This youngman was simply a student, and yet not the slightest fear was entertained by his parents, even when they saw him running after a young lady with their own eyes. He would in India be made the butt of a tremendous lecture, and confined within a narrow cell under his father's roof till unmistakable signs of repentance had convinced his guardians of the utter impossibility of his repeating the offence. At a public table a young lady used to sit between two youngmen, and of course to exchange flashes of wit right and left. Another lady, who occupied a conspicuous position at some distance, and who needed help, being unable single-handed to reply to the volleys of pleasantries aimed at her, said to her in my presence:—"Why don't you come up to my rescue?" "Why?" was her reply "do you expect me to give up my two youngmen?" If a young woman here had spoken in this strain, what would have been her fate? She would doubtless have been thrown into a well, and the shaft closed up with heaps of rubbish, and crowned with a pillar fitted to repeat the warning—Remember Lot's wife!—in the hearing of distant generations! To touch "another man's wife" is a sin in India,—not to touch a woman under particular circumstances is a sin in America. It is ungentlemanly or positively ungallant not to offer your arm to a lady while walking along with her; while not to stretch out your helping hand to a lady when she stands in need of it would simply lead to your being looked upon as a savage. To hand a lady is the privilege of her superiors or equals in rank; but to extend a helping hand is a universal privilege or one enjoyed and availed of by all sorts of men having of course brave hearts and brawny arms. What would a full-fledged M. A. of the Calcutta University think if a Police Constable were to pass his manly arm

around the waist of his wife, and conduct her with devotion from one side of a dangerously crowded road to another ! Or what would his humbler brother, the typical B. A., think if his sister passing through the budding glory of "sweet seventeen" were helped down the giddy stair-case of a huge vessel by the right hand of a rough sailor passed around her thin waist ! Ladies elbowed in the streets, ladies squeezed through crowds blocking up the doors of theatres and operas, —it will be long indeed before our notions of etiquette will tolerate such spectacles, common in America, common throughout Europe, in India !

The modest yet daring enthusiasm with which the members of the weaker sex fight the battle of life side by side, or rather in competition with the stronger sex is perhaps the most glorious fruit of the system of education in vogue in America. Nothing I saw in that distant land extorted my admiration so decidedly as this enthusiasm, it being a phenomenon new to me, or so very different from anything I had seen in my life-time. One sees it in operation in the Schools and Colleges, wherein under its influence ladies work as earnestly and as persistently as the strongest of our sex, or work till the bloom of health on their cheeks fades into death-like paleness. It is seen at work in public offices, such as the great Treasury office at Washington, wherein ladies show a measure of business ability of which the first rate business man of a first rate business establishment might be proud ; in manufactories wherein processes needing delicate and skilful manipulation they even surpass their competitors of the stronger sex while in nothing they lag behind ; in Public Libraries the business of which they seem to have monopolised so decidedly that a male Librarian is as strange an animal in America as a female book-keeper in India : in stores, big and small, wherein their aptitude to attract customers and make bargains is obviously prized more than that of male shop-keepers ;—in a word in abodes of learning, houses of business, palaces of manufacture,

hives of industry, marts of commerce, here, there, every where we see our delicate sisters abreast of the strongest and bravest of our sex in the race for the great prizes of life. And in the abodes of pleasure, such as thretres, operas, concerts, their pre-eminence is universally recognized. American ladies are not so helpless as our sisters here. These are utterly helpless and must be supported either by their parents or by their husbands, or by their children or by their relations more or less distant. Their support must come from *without*, they being as a rule incapable of earning their livelihood by honest labor ; and to them marriage is a necessity as great as a situation is to a needy applicant. The alternatives before them are marriage or starvation, and it is a fortunate circumstance that matrimonial arrangements are made for them even before they are able to think. The prospect before our sisters of respectable standing in society is a dreary season of dependence or premature death brought on by starvation silently endured in the dungeons of the zenana. Who can calculate the number of respectable females who being cut off from all sources of support, and unable to support themselves by their own exertions literally perish amid the horrors of starvation in the seclusion of abodes the privacy of which can not be violated even in seasons of famine and pestilence ! What a relief to turn from this gloomy picture to the condition of women in progressive America ! There women have something very different indeed from a life of perpetual dependence before them. They have by their industry and perseverance opened varied spheres of useful toil before them, and, when necessary, they earn their livelihood with as exhilarating a sense of independence as is the privilege in our country only of educated men in respectable circles, and the hardy laborer out of them. They distinguish themselves as teachers in public schools, clerks in public offices, book-keepers in mercantile "Houses," librarians in libraries and book-stores, skilful workers in manufactories, and operatives in busy hives

of industry. And they are opening even grander spheres of usefulness before them. The doors of one of the learned professions they have opened as it were by force, and lady doctors are in cities and towns, large and small, enjoying a celebrity which their male competitors would gladly have. The sacred Professorial Chair has been taken possession of by learned ladies, and the platform often resounds with their eloquence. The Pulpit, the hustings, the senator's cushioned chair and the representative's scarcely less honored seat—all all will before long lie as conquered territory beneath their feet. For they are as a rule following the right method of obtaining rights and privileges from which they have been on the whole unjustly debarred. Excepting a few noisy agitators whose conduct tempts an array of sarcasms by no means complimentary, they are trying to rise, not by means of turbulent demonstrations, but by quietly proving their fitness to do so. By admirable industry and perseverance for the possession of which they never before got credit, they have been, demonstrating their fitness for the posts from which they were excluded; and these in consequence have been one after another thrown open to them. One of the instances of such commendable persistency I came across in a Book Bindery at Cincinnati. A young lady therein had by devoting five years of intense application mastered a species of steel engraving, and opened a career of skilful industry before her sisters. In the higher departments of life cases of quiet and persevering toil crowned with brilliant success are too numerous to be referred to in detail. American ladies know their position, know very well that they cannot fight, and compel their opponents at the point of the bayonet to give them equal rights; and so they try to obtain them by quietly proving their fitness therefor. And their gentle policy has been crowned with remarkable success. One by one the varied doors of useful toil, preferment and honor have been opened, and the few still closed will before long yield, so to speak, to

the irresistible logic of proved ability and obvious fitness. Their success is calculated at first sight to animate us, Indians or Indian subjects of the British Empire, with hope. We can not fight, and compel our rulers to grant us the privileges to which we have a prescriptive right, and the only way in which we can obtain them is not by getting up clamorous demonstrations, but by quietly exhibiting our fitness for them. But the cases are very different indeed. Because beautiful ladies obtain by means of the resistless argument of gracefully proved fitness certain desirable rights and privileges from their husbands and brothers, are we, black devils, to succeed in our necessarily rougher encounters with persons, who from the pedestal of their fancied superiority look down upon us as inferior animals? The best thing *we* can do is to die!

A word about the Woman's Rights women in America may here be appropriately said. Every body is aware of the dashing torrents of sarcasm poured every where on the devoted heads of these poor women. *Punch's* cartoons fitted to occasion a laugh at their expense have for a long time past been the theme of many an after-dinner talk or pleasantry. "Are you a Woman's Rights woman, Madam?" asks a burly usher. "Yes" replies a neatly dressed lady with a countenance bespeaking a decision of character by no means feminine. "Then please sit amongst men!" was the curt and incisive reply. "Are you a woman's rights woman, Madam?" the question is put under similar circumstances to a similarly looking lady. "Yes" is her reply "Then please stand among men: the chairs are reserved *only* for ladies!" Jokes innumerable of this description have been cracked at the expense of the progressive "blue-stockings" who in America specially are agitating for the extension of the suffrage to women along with certain other privileges from which they have been unjustly debarred. And it is a matter of fact that they are not popular even among their own sisters on the other side of the Atlantic. Ladies, as a rule, specially those who may be

represented as relics of a by-gone school of belief and thought, are opposed to their position and attitude, and their efforts do not by my means elicit feelings of gratitude even among those whom they are so well fitted to benefit. But there is properly speaking nothing strange in the attitude they assume. On the contrary their position is the legitimate outcome of the condition of things in their native land. They compete with the male sex with commendable success in many of the varied walks of life; and they march alongside of their stronger competitors up to an arbitrarily fixed line; but when this terminus is reached they are forcibly brought to a halt. Under such unreasonable restraints they show, and cannot but show an impatience similar to what our educated countrymen show when the ruling powers seem determined to check, their natural rise from a lower to a higher order of appointments. The policy of communicating an impetus to the human mind, and then checking its onward march by a line of demarcation arbitrarily drawn is a mistake both in the case of males and females. It is creating heartburnings and disaffection here among educated natives, and feelings by no means of the most amiable type among our progressive sisters on the other side of the Atlantic. The difference however is obvious. American ladies will before long triumph; the inevitable results of "the situation" will be displayed; and they seen marching victoriously along—side of their defeated but generous rivals in the few walks of life from which they are excluded arbitrarily, rather than reasonably. The lustings will before long resound with the eloquence of lady candidates, the congress will see lady members engaged along with those of the stronger sex in legislating for the good of their beloved country, and lady statesmen—shall we say stateswomen? vying with statesmen of the rougher sex in pushing forward its executive business in its varied important departments. Their possession of the privileges they are agitating for is only a question of time, but as to ourselves,

the best thing we can do is to die ! Let me mention in this connection that I had not the privilege of coming across many Woman's Rights women in the new world ; but I did meet one here and there, and intercourse with the few I came across convinced me of the general accuracy of the principles they are striving in a quiet, rather than tumultuous manner, to have recognized. One very intelligent lady I saw in one of the progressive New England States left a very favorable impression upon my mind. She listened with very great interest to what I said regarding the condition of her sisters in India, and when about to take leave she said :—" when you introduce reforms for the benefit of our suffering sisters in your country, do not be content with half measures: we are by no means so well off as you think, the best of the universities of the country, Harvard, is not open to us, and the best of careers closed against us." Intimately and almost indissolubly connected with this question, I mean the woman's suffrage question, is another even more vexed and less likely to be settled soon, the woman's ordination question. An attempt was made to have it debated in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the North ; but it was defeated by what may be called the silent conservatism and the ill-concealed fear of the majority of its members, and specially of its Bench of Bishops. The Conference, however, sustained a defeat in a matter affecting the rights of women in the Church, rather than in the state. Miss Willard, the great temperance lady who is one of the two brilliant female orators whose fame the best specimens of Parliamentary eloquence in and out of America cannot eclipse, appeared in conference as a fraternal delegate, and the question on the tapis was whether she was to be received with due formality, and allowed the privilege of addressing the members from the platform occupied by the presiding Bishops. An animated debate was the result, but the marked conservatism of the Body had to yield ; and a resolution allowing her the privi-

lege of speaking for ten minutes was carried in its teeth. The worthy lady however gracefully declined to avail herself of what she called "the hard-earned ten minutes," and so we lost a grand opportunity of hearing one of the two most finished lady speakers in America, the speaker one of whose orations was pronounced by one of our venerable Bishops in my hearing "one of the finest and best he had heard in his life-time."

The mention, incidental though it is, of the greatest lady champion of the cause of temperance in America leads me by natural transition to speak of the varied careers of philanthropy which educated ladies there, those of them specially who do not find it necessary to earn their livelihood, have opened for themselves. If the enthusiasm of ladies in the sanctuaries of liberal education extorts our admiration, their intense activity in the sphere of humanitarian self-sacrifice calls forth our veneration. This feature of female progress was incidentally alluded to in a former paper, and will have to be taken notice of in a coming number of the *Magazine*; and so it may here be dismissed with the remark that in the varied departments of philanthropic toil, as in almost all the walks of life, ladies may be seen working side by side with the members of the stronger sex, or engaged with them in mitigating human distress, alleviating human sorrow, and calling wanderers living in sin and shame back to the sheltered fold and the loving Shepherd. Go to a missionary meeting, and you are sure to see amongst its great champions a few ladies of eminent piety and broad philanthropy stirring up missionary zeal either by public speeches or, as is oftener the case, by private efforts, and swelling missionary collections by personal benefactions or those obtained through their instrumentality. Go to a Sunday school, and you will find almost the greater portion of the good work done in it in the hands of ladies, young and old, married and unmarried, who, not only do not receive any remuneration for their toil, but give their money as systematically, and as

often as what may be called their teaching ability. Go to a Work-house, a Penitentiary or a Hospital, and one of the most prominent things you notice is the enthusiasm with which ladies appear engaged in charming away pain and distress, and trying to bring in under God's blessing genuine peace and holiness. The talents locked up in the female head, and the susceptibilities concealed in the female heart are unfolded and utilized as decidedly as those of the male head and the male heart. This is perhaps the highest glory of America ; and in this respect its progressiveness is a contrast to our backwardness. We fail to develop and utilize the vast resources of our country ; and we never dream of developing and utilizing the intellectual and moral resources buried in the Zenana. Oh what a waste here ! The intellect and the moral power of the lower orders of society or the bulk of the population of the country wasted, together with the intellect and moral power of *all* its female inhabitants ! What wonder the country is poor, wretched and degraded !

I have little space left for enlarging upon the influence of the system of education so often referred to on domestic life in America. That system, as has already been mentioned, has its defects as well as its excellencies, being on the whole more brilliant than solid in its results. When separated from genuine piety, as it unhappily is in most cases, it brings forward results of a very questionable nature within the sanctuary of domestic life. American ladies under its influence become lovers of dissipation rather than of domestic felicity. They have indeed "elegant" homes for purposes of ostentatious display ; but they properly speaking have their meals in hotels, and live in houses of pleasure. They of course get married as soon as they possibly can, but they deliberately thrust aside many of the salutary restraints which married life is calculated to bring upon them. And they literally curse themselves, their husbands and all associated with them, besides heaven, earth and hell, when they have children

because the mischievous little ones stand so decidedly in the way of their devotion to out-door sports and amusements. And as to the idea of *obeying* their husbands, they laugh at and scowl upon it with supreme contempt. In this however they are backed by the worthiest and the most pious of American ladies, so much so that ministers have as a rule had to strike the words "obey you" out of the marriage service. "I would not marry, if I were compelled to repeat those obnoxious words" said a young lady of an exceedingly amiable disposition in the presence of her father, a venerable minister of the Methodist Church, and her mother, a mother in Israel. The father said, half seriously and half-playfully, that he had given up compelling brides to repeat those words, as he did not like to make them utter lies under the most solemn of circumstances, for even when they did promise obedience, they never fulfilled their promise! But all ministers are not so sensible. Some display a sort of savage delight in compelling the ladies to be wedded to repeat with emphasis the obnoxious monosyllables. But the ladies are quite a match for them. One of those over-orthodox ministers assured a young lady about to be married by him that he was determined to make her repeat the words "obey you" most distinctly. She quietly said he would be disappointed. The ceremony began, and when the objectionable words had to be repeated by her she laid—"New York *Bay you*," the first two words inaudibly, and the last two distinctly. The religious ceremony over, the social one of cutting cakes began. The Minister with an air of triumph spoke of his success; but he had to hang down his head when the trick by which he had been 'victimised' was disclosed by the victorious bride! In another matter there is not much difference between the best and worst ladies in America. The husband's right to prevent the wife going out when she chooses to do so is poop-pooped by all classes of ladies in America, good, bad and indifferent. A Doctor of Divinity playfully said of a minister in the presence of his

wife—"Mr. A does not allow Mrs. A to go out at all"! Mrs. A's reply was characteristic—"When Mrs. A wishes to go out, she *goes*!" In so simple an affair anything like what Americans are led by their notorious love of abbreviation to call "permit" is not needed. Indeed one of the staple pleasures of American ladies, specially wives, is "marketing," and as soon as the first portion of their daily domestic work is over, you see them going with nice little baskets in their hands towards the well-stored bazars and shops, chatting all the way to and fro, and recreating themselves by seeing the rarities of the world tastefully arranged. They would no more allow their husbands to rob them of the pleasure of a loitering walk along streets skirted by lines of glorious shops, or a lounge amid groups of beaux and belles in a public park, than our octogenerian female devotees would allow their grand children to deprive them of the privilege of visiting well-known places of pilgrimage!

But when conjoined with piety of a genuine type, the system gives birth so to speak to homes in the glory of which you see one of the grandest trophies of Christianity. It is not possible for me to present in the fag-end of an article a glimpse of the many bright homes into which I had an insight in the course of my travels in America and Europe. Let me however call attention to a couple of them, one of modest competence and the other of crushing poverty. In one of the few out of the-way towns I visited, I had the privilege of being a guest in one of the most glorious homes of Christendom, the home of an intelligent and devoted Minister of very moderate means indeed, but of a large heart. His family consisted of a wife, a mother indeed in Israel, a grown up daughter accomplished in the best sense of the term, one of more tender age, and a lad of about seventeen, the very type of courtesy and good manners. His manse a modest structure of durable wood consisting of a couple of upper rooms and a few lower ones with a subterranean cellar appeared a

model of neatness, the floors neatly tapestried, the ceilings and walls covered with many colored paper, and the apartments tastefully furnished. The wife seemed determined to live for the good of the husband and the children, and cheerfully did the work of a maid-of-all-work to keep things in presentable order as well as to secure the blessings of a good, substantial, though by no means sumptuous table. Her domestic work occupied the bulk of her time; and yet she could find leisure to maintain a large correspondence, as well as to study select works on the intricate questions of metaphysical theology. The daughters appeared determined to walk in her footsteps, and the boy gladly helped the father in his efforts to make both ends meet by a little outdoor labor of a menial kind. The love seen impressed, as it were, on every countenance, the joyousness visibly typified in every domestic occurrence great or small, the sweet songs of Zion appearing in so many forms to chase away the monotony of life, and the deep but cheerful piety exhibited in the morning and evening devotions as well as in the daily walk and conversation of the happy inmates—all these combined to make it a home not many steps below that one of cloudless sunshine toward which all true christians are marching forward. I was even more impressed with the unutterable excellence of our religion when I noticed an unusual amount of cheerfulness in a home of poverty, sickness and distress. The family circle represented by this home consisted of an elderly woman left by the brute a husband to struggle unaided in sickness and want, another under similar circumstances, and a blind girl of about twenty. I entered the small room occupied by this girl, and was struck by the air of neatness presented;—the bed on one side resting under a nice piece counterpane above a small but polished bedstead, the settee on the other looking down so to speak upon a wooden-floor thoroughly washed and cleansed, and the small harmonium between the doors, the inside and the outside, with its small cushioned stool standing on a small piece

of carpet, ready under nimble fingers and a sweet voice, to convert a house of poverty into an abode of joy and gladness. The neatness of the little chamber appeared as nothing compared with the exuberance of peace and joy depicted on the countenance of its blind occupant. She had been brought up in the grandest of the American Schools for the blind ; and she read the Bible with raised letters in our hearing almost as fluently as we read a book with ordinary letters and her knowledge, specially of religion both theoretical and practical, appeared extensive and deep. But singing was her forte ; and light as a lark at morn she sang away sorrow and sang in joy, while the distressed souls about her felt communicated to them the warmth and vivifying influence of a sunshine that seemed ethereal. " She is so good " said one of the miserable inmates feelingly " she makes us forget our misery by her songs of gladness and joy." I instinctively felt a respect for her which deepened into reverence as I entered into a little conversation with her. " You seem very happy " I said " yes I am thank God : the Lord has been very merciful to me ! " " Do you at times feel tempted to murmur ? " " Yes, at times I do." I felt specially drawn towards her in consequence of this frank answer, as it discovered in her a weakness peculiarly human, a weakuess I had myself groaned under and therefore fitted to be a chord of sympathy between her and myself. In the Methodist Church I have had the questionable privilege of associating with people who really occupy a higher plane of piety than I do ; and in their company I have felt as if cut off completely from such sympathy as man in his present state of weakness stands in need of. But I found in this blind girl that sympathy which I had been longing for, though her tone of piety appeared so far above what I could ever expect to reach. A home like hers, completely destitute of the luxuries of life, wanting even in its ordinary comforts, but rich beyond description in the sublime enjoyments of piety and godliness, has not its counterpart in a heathen land, and

may therefore be cited as an indisputable proof of the infinite superiority of our religion over those prevalent in heathendom.

RAM CHANDRA BOSE.

POSITIVISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

A LECTURE.

(Concluded from p.p. 443.)

The Positive Religion consists of three parts:—first Doctrine; secondly worship; thirdly Regime or the priesthood. The last as the least important may be disposed of at once in a few words. According to Comte there should be set apart to the service of humanity an order of priests or *savants*, hierarchically arranged in the order of *aspirants* admitted at the age of twenty-eight; *vicars*, or substitutes, admitted at thirty-five; and the *priests proper* admitted at forty-two; with a Pope or supreme Pontiff at the head of all who should reside in Paris the holy city of the new religion. The priesthood whose stipends Comte has carefully fixed and which should be paid by the State is to have the entire charge of public education and of the practice of medicine, is to guide and govern society and “to counsel and if need be, to reprove the temporal power.” The spiritual power, however, acts by persuasion and conviction, not by coercion. But in the case of those deemed irrecoverably bad it can “excommunicate them from Humanity and pronounce them absolutely unworthy, after which they would be ‘incapable of sharing in the benefits and duties of human society.’” Now, my friends, with a priesthood exercising such immense powers what do you think will be the necessary consequence if society once became positivist? Obviously, in that case, individual liberty will be at an end and persecution of those who would

dissent from the doctrines of positivism and disregard its practical injunctions, would prevail everywhere. For, "a positive society would tolerate none who were not positivists in its midst."* If therefore educated Hindoos place any value

* The 'North British Review', September 1833.

on what I consider to be one of the greatest blessings which man can enjoy, *liberty of conscience*, and if they hate spiritual persecution, let them avoid this so-called Religion of Humanity, this Roman Catholicism shorn of its Christianity.

But what are the *doctrines* of the Positivist Religion? The Doctrines of the Positive Religion are virtually the same as those of the Positive philosophy, and they may be summarized thus:—Causes, whether efficient or final, are not the proper subject of scientific investigation. According to Comte a knowledge of causes is absolutely inaccessible to the human intellect. Laws alone, that is, the conditions and circumstances under which phenomena occur and the relations in which they stand to each other in the sphere of space and time, come within the range of philosophical enquiry. This is the third, the positive or real stage of philosophizing in which the mind having necessarily found that phenomena, a knowledge of which it obtains from external experience—the *only* source from which we can derive any knowledge,—can not be reasonably referred to supernatural agents, or to abstract forces, but that they must be accepted as they present themselves to the senses, has given up all investigation into the causes of things, and all inquiry into the origin or destination of the universe. The first principle of the Positive Philosophy is that "we know nothing, and have no right to believe anything, beyond what our senses show us." Positivism disowns all sources of knowledge but external experience. It does not believe what it does not see. "We have no knowledge," says Mr. Mill, "of any thing but phenomena; and our knowledge of phenomena is relative,

not absolute. The laws of phenomena are all we know respecting them. Their essence, and their ultimate causes, whether efficient or final, are unknown and inscrutable to us." The Positive philosophy ignores mind as mind. "We can not observe ourselves observing," said Comte; "we cannot observe ourselves reasoning." We can not see such phenomena with our external eyes. Therefore there is no such thing as mind; and psychology becomes "a word of contempt;" and logic "a chimera"!

The end flows naturally from the beginning. And the end of all this teaching is, that Comte sees within or without no evidence of a Supreme Intelligence; and man appears to him to be nothing more than a higher animal. What men less wise than the self-styled Aristotle of the nineteenth century, took for "a spiritual essence" and called a soul, is, according to him "only a developed animal nature, the difference between men and beasts of the field is not one of *kind*, but of degree. *Mankind* is a misnomer. Humanity is (as Comte thought) a higher degree of animality. We have no right to suppose a personal immortality. Man may be said to live after death in the memory of his fellowmen, but the truly positive philosopher "believes in no other deathless existence. What we really can see and investigate is a vast moving mechanism, *our* universe. Beyond this all knowledge is a blank. We know of nothing which set this mechanism in motion; it may have moved from all eternity; it may go on moving everlastingly; or it may wear itself out. Philosophy can teach us no more than distinctions and degrees in the phenomenal law which pervades and rules the universe without a God."* "The Positive Philosophy" says Littré, "does not busy itself with the beginning of the universe, if the universe had a beginning nor yet with what happens to living plants, animals, men, after their death, or at the consummation of the ages, if the ages have a consummation;"—

* Rev. W. Jackson, *Lecture on Positivism*.

words which remind one, as observed by Mr. Jackson, of the prayer reported to Bishop Atterbury, as offered by a soldier on the eve of battle:—"O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul."

The doctrines then, of the Positive religion may be summed up thus:—We can not see causes, nor know any thing beyond the circle of 'things seen and temporal.' Therefore there is no God, no soul, no immortality, no heaven. Man is no better than the beast of the field and the beast of the field is as good as man! Living in a world so full of pain and sorrow, of sin and crime, these are very consoling, very ennobling doctrines, are they? my friends.

But although theology was extinguished and God [Dieu] dismissed from His throne, and "a real providence" at length constituted in the place of the fictitious providence of God, by M. Comte and his followers taking into their hands "the general direction of this world,"* yet the desire to worship continued to burn. Nor is this to be wondered at. For man by nature is a worshipping creature, and he *will* worship some one or some thing. If he does not worship God, the Creator, he will worship some creature, or he will create something for worshipping, changing "the glory of the uncorruptible God, into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds and four-footed beasts and creeping things."† Hence in the Positive Religion, though we can not find God, we yet meet with a new Supreme Being—a *Nouveau Grand Etre Supreme*—created by M. Comte for Positivist worship and adoration.

And what think you is the *New Supreme Being* of the Positive religion? why, it is *Humanity*. But what is this Humanity? Is it human nature? or is it the human race? or is it the aggregate of living men? My friends, it is none of these. What is it then? It is this. It is the "whole of human beings, past, present and future," excepting those men

* *Catechism of Positive Religion*, p. 19.

† *Epistle to the Romans*, II. 23.

who are "mere digesting machines born upon earth, merely to manure it," * *plus* some useful animals such as "horses, dogs, oxen &c." † Do not think that I am saying all this from mere imagination. I am not saying from imagination, but quoting the very words of the Catechism of Positive Religion as translated by Richard Congreve, the head of the English Positivists. The Supreme Being, then, of the Positive religion is, all men—always excepting those men who are mere digesting machines born only to manure the earth—and some lower animals. In short it is a gigantic Feticch turned out brand new by M. Comte's own hands for being worshipped by those who ridicule theology and metaphysics and boast of Positive Science. It is a Feticch, half man, half brute, not unlike the fabled monster which is said to have been killed by Theseus son of Aegeus with the sword of Ariadne. My friends, use you the sword which you all possess, the sword of reason,—the gift you have received not from Ariadne, but from your loving Father in heaven,—and you too shall succeed in destroying this Minataur, this man-bull, of Positivist worship.

But how do Positivists worship this new, this wonderful Divinity of theirs? Do they worship it under any symbol? Yes. They worship it under a symbol, the symbol of a *woman with her son in her arms*. "The effective sex," says Comte, "is naturally the most perfect representative of Humanity and at the same time her principal minister. Nor will art be able worthily to embody humanity except in the form of woman." ‡ And again, "the symbol of our Divinity will always be a woman of the age of thirty, with her son in her arms." § And Mr. Richard Congreve writes, "As the symbol of humanity we adopt with somewhat altered associations the beautiful creation of the mediæval mind—the woman with the child in her arms; and to give life and vividness to

* *Catechism of Positive Religion*, p. p- 74, 75.

† *Ibid.* p. 76.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 119.

§ *Ibid.* p. 112.

this symbol, and to our worship in general, each positivist adopts as objects of his adoration, his mother, his wife, his daughter, allowing the principal place to the mother, but blending the three into one compound influence—representing to him Humanity in its past, its present and its future.* In the temples of Humanity which must all turn towards Paris—the Mecca of the positivists, the image of this fair idol, we are told, “is to be fixed behind the sacred desk,” and its dress, posture, every thing to be brought distinctly to the mind of the worshipper and his whole soul prostrated in its honor.

Such is Positive worship. Such is the religion of Humanity, the boasted religion of the nineteenth century! It is idolatry pure and simple. It is idolatry in its worst and meanest form. It is idolatry more evil and more irrational than Hindu idolatry, evil and degrading as that is. For Hindu idolatry professes to have in the back-ground a being higher than man—a being whom it calls God, Creator, Governor. But the positivist idolater has nothing higher than man anywhere. In the foreground he has “a woman.” In the back-ground he has man and a few beasts—Humanity, an eidolon called a Supreme Being “for our comfort, as if a name (what’s in a name) could console us.”

And now I ask the Positivist Philosopher, friend! after all with all your wisdom, are you really any wiser than the Hindu idolater? Is the image of a woman of thirty with her son in her arms any better than the image of Lakshmi or Sarashati which the Hindu worships? If not, then, why boast of nineteenth century discoveries in wisdom, philosophy and science? “If you have examined the relics of a primeval world, explored the races of living and thinking creatures, if you have ascended to the starry firmament, and traversed its shining hosts,” to come back and tell us that the image of a woman with her son in her arms is *your* all, *our* all, then indeed the

* Sermon preached at South Fields, Wandsworth, Wednesday 19th Moses 72.

wages of your science is death. For shame ! boast no longer of your superior knowledge and wisdom, your philosophy and science. You are no better than the poor peasant yonder, who bows down to stocks and stones and the millions of the gods and goddesses of his pantheon !

I now proceed to examine the claims of the Positive Religion from a practical stand-point, the stand point *viz*, of the necessary and natural beliefs of the human mind and of man's needs as a moral and responsible being. This is a plain test and a test which it is in the power of all of us to use. The basis of the argument is *man*—you and I, and it is a safe basis, for no positivist can deny himself to be. "This little personal domain, the "I myself," may not be a thing very scientifically apprehended ; but with all its complexity it is familiar, and every fibre is sensitive"* Outside, objective to this living thing, are, for our present purpose, two voices calling to it, the one, the Positive Religion of Comte ; the other, the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We want to see which of these two agrees with our necessary beliefs and meets our spiritual needs. Positivism indeed ignores the existence of mind as mind. But in this even Mr. Mill finds fault with it. He characterizes Comte's want of mental science as "a grave aberration." It is indeed so. For if there be no mind, no consciousness—there is no matter either, no phenomenon of which we hear so much in the Positive Philosophy ; at least none that we can know of, for *mind alone knows*. Let us illustrate this by an example given by Mr. Jackson in his lecture on Positivism. You have all observed colour. What is it ? A physicist will tell you, it is a modification in a ray of light variously produced, by refraction, for instance. But if all the world were blind how would you know colour ? The physiologist will step in here and will tell you of the eye, its structure and the susceptibility of its retina for special impressions. But suppose all

* See Bishop Huntington's Lectures on the Fitness of Christianity to Man. *The Bohlen Lectures* 1873.

the human world were deprived of *consciousness*: that all men were dead men—"their eyes remaining like mirrors, telescopes, microscopes; perfect instruments, only every kind of intelligence, instinctive or rational gone. Where would colour then be? The sun might play upon cloud or rain, the light of a rainbow be reflected in the eye," yet colour must remain unknown. For there is no sensation, no perceiving mind. Thus then we see that if there be not a mind, a spirit, an I or ego within, there can not be a perceived not-I, non-ego, matter, or material phenomenon, without. Nor is this all. As pointed by Prof. Flint, "we have a direct, and immediate knowledge of thinking, feeling, and willing, and simply as phenomena these are markedly distinct from the phenomena called material. They are never, as material phenomena always are, the objects of our sense. But we are at least as sure of their existence as of the existence of material phenomena, and to deny or overlook their existence is to reject or ignore that which is most indubitable. There is no testimony so strong as the direct immediate testimony of consciousness." * Do you say that all this need not imply the existence of a mind, as distinct from matter, but that all this may be easily explained by Prof. Bain's hypothesis of "one substance with two sets of properties, two sides, the physical and the mental a double-faced unity?"† Then I answer, as Prof. Tyndall answered in his Birmingham lecture,—“It is no explanation to say that the objective and subjective effects are two sides of one and the same phenomenon. Why should the phenomenon have two sides? This is the very core of the difficulty. There are plenty of molecular motions which do not exhibit this two sidedness. Does water think or feel when it forms into frost-ferns upon a window-pane? If not, why should the molecular motion of the brain be yoked to this mysterious companion—consciousness?”

* *Anti-Theistic Theories*, p. p. 181-82.

† *Mind and body*, p. 196.

We affirm then that there is mind as there is perceived phenomenon, and mind with certain necessary, inalienable beliefs such as that every effect or change must have an adequate cause and the like.

Now, the belief in causation necessarily leads to a belief in a First Cause, And hence necessarily and naturally man believes in a God. You may lower man by calling him a developed ape, and by chemically analysing his brain and reducing it to phosphorus, but the fact remains all the same that man believes in a God. And if he really be a developed ape, it is all "the more wonderful that a creature in such sorry case should pretend to hold communion with the divine. His feet are in the clay, but his head is lifted up towards heaven. Heir to a hundred maladies, the sport of a hundred passions, holding on this life, so chequered in its complexion, but for a few days, this creature cries out of his trouble: 'God exists and he can see and hear me.'"*

But man does not merely believe in a God. He has also a natural conscience. "Two things fill me with awe," said Kant, "the starry firmament, and the sense of responsibility in man." We have all a sense of right and wrong. We perceive a distinction between right and wrong and we feel that we are free to choose between them; that we are responsible, however, for our choice and that we are praiseworthy or blameworthy as we choose the former or the latter. These perceptions and feelings are facts of our moral nature, and they are as certain as any facts in the world. "If any man whom I have never injured wish me ill, or try to inflict ill, I feel that he treats me unjustly, and I may give expression to my disapprobation. If under like circumstances I wish ill to another, I feel that I do him injustice, and I am not surprised if he express disapprobation of me. My feeling of injustice is my sense of wrong; my expression of disapprobation is of the nature of punishment. And these feelings are found among all nations. There are no doubt very different judgments

* *Design in Nature.* A Lecture by the Archbishop of York, p. 18.

passed by different nations on the same acts"* But what we are here contending for is the *existence* of a sense of right and wrong, and not its perfect education and enlightenment in all. To a poor savage, cannibalism may appear to be right, just as lying and falsehood appear right to many a so-called civilized man. But if the poor savage "would consider his manhood disgraced by fleeing, even for his life's sake, before the foe, or by suffering one cry to escape him under the torture wherewith his captors are doing him to death," he shows that he has a sense of right and wrong, a sense that something is right to will and to do and something is not.

And this sense of right and wrong, this feeling of moral responsibility, this conscience that we all possess naturally and necessarily leads us to think of a Moral Governor who rewards them who do right and punishes them who do wrong. The idea of responsibility contains in itself the loftier idea of personality. Leading us to look for a world of righteous recompence, it leads also to a belief in a personal Being before whom we are responsible and who will award to each of us our recompence.

But this is not all. This sense of moral responsibility, this conscience, further gives to each of us a sense of his own sinfulness in the sight of that Moral Governor of whom it testifies. I do not say that it gives to us an *adequate* sense of our sinfulness. Far, very far from it,—for that is the work of the Holy Spirit. But I do say that it gives to us *some* sense of our sinfulness, of our moral ill-deserts. Now, from this sense of sinfulness which exists more or less vividly in all men, (in some it may be even quite dormant), there arise those deep, crying, spiritual wants which are common to the whole human family and not confined to any particular individual or people, the wants *viz.*, forgiveness, salvation and regeneration—forgiveness of sins, salvation from their power and punishment and a new or regenerate nature in which there is no sin.

(To be continued.)

* *Faith and Free thought*, p. 447.

DIALOGUES OF THE TIMES.

III.—DHOTI AND CHUDDER.

Interlocutors.

Rev. Mr. Fulvus.—Of the Bosphorus Mission.

Mr. C. N. Mukerjea.—A Bengali Christian.

M.—Good morning, Mr. Fulvus. What a metamorphosis! An Englishman in "dhoti!" What next?

F.—You seem to be greatly surprised at my putting on "dhoti." But I do it on principle. I have come out as a missionary to the Bengalis, and my desire is to conform as much as I can to the manners and customs of the Bengalis. I endeavour to act as St. Paul acted, who says—"I am become all things to all men, that I may by all means save some."

M.—By the way, you quote from the Revised Version.

F.—Yes, I think the rendering of that verse in the Revised Version is happier than that in the Authorized Version.

M.—Well, I thought you would quote that verse in defence of your practice. But with all deference to your superior learning and deeper knowledge of the Scriptures, I humbly think that that verse has nothing to do with the matter before us. The Apostle Paul in the context is not speaking of adopting the costume and manners of the natives to whom he preached. He says, "to the Jews I became as a Jew, to them that are without law," that is the Gentiles, "as without law." When amongst Jews he conformed somewhat to Jewish observances that he might not shock their prejudices; for instance, that he might not irritate the Jews he circumcized Timothy whose mother was a Jewess. For the same reason when he was amongst Gentiles he did not observe the Levitical law. I do not think that the Apostle makes the slightest reference to dress and to national customs. You don't mean to say,

Sir, that when Paul visited Athens, he cast aside his Jewish dress, and put on the Hellenic costume ; that when he was shipwrecked near Malta and lived in the island, he put on the dress of the Maltese ; and that when he went to Spain to preach the Gospel, he adopted the national costume of the Spaniards.

F.—I don't mean exactly to say that, but the general practice of St. Paul was to become all things to all men ; and I try to act on that principle.

M.—I beg your pardon, but I don't think that principle extends to dress, or to mere national peculiarities. You don't mean to say that if you went as a missionary to China, you would think it your duty to adopt the pigtailed. Besides, the apostle's object in abridging his own liberty was that he might "save some." But how will the putting on of "dhoti" save some Bengalis ?

F.—My idea is this. If I put on "dhoti" I think Bengalis will be pleased with me, will like me, and will readily listen to what I have to say to them.

M.—You are quite mistaken, Mr. Fulvus. With the exception of a few Brahmos of the New Dispensation school, who would like the potters of Kumartooli to make an image of our blessed Lord with "dhoti" and "Chudder" on, no Bengali would be better pleased with you for putting on "dhoti" than for putting on "pantaloon." On the contrary, believe me, they respect you the less for putting on "dhoti" and throwing away your national costume. Excuse me for saying it, but it is none the less true, they think that the Saheb has become "pugla." They have seen great missionaries like Carey and Duff, who never put on "dhoti", and they have no notion that European missionaries ought to put on "dhoti."

F.—I don't judge other people. I act according to my own light.

M.—But don't you think that simple "Dhoti" and "Chudder" are an indecent dress? You have a coat over your "dhoti"; that improves it, no doubt; but simple "dhoti" and "Chudder are an unseemly and indecent dress. Educated Bengalis and Native Christians feel this; and therefore they have adopted pantaloons and "chapkans". But you seem,—excuse me for saying so—to be indifferent to the interests of civilisation. You are a representative of a higher civilization than that of the Hindus, and you are deliberately dishonouring that higher civilization by making it stoop to a lower one.

F.—As a missionary, I have to do with the salvation of souls; I have nothing to do with civilization.

M.—I think missionaries ought to promote the interests both of Christianity, and of civilization, of Christianity first and civilization next. Such were the objects contemplated by all great missionaries, like Moffat and Livingstone. For my part, if I were a missionary, my first object would be to save the souls of men, and then afterwards, were it in my power, to make them more comfortable in life, which is but another name for civilization. I should like all Bengali Christians to be not only holy men, but also men surrounded by the comforts and elegancies of life. But supposing that it is a good thing for a European missionary to adopt the Native costume, I don't think you have adopted the one suitable to your holy calling.

F.—How?

M.—I see that you have put on a red-bordered "dhoti," and a "dhoti" of fine texture. That is the dress of a secular, big-bellied, ghee-fed, well-to-do Bengali Baboo. No Bengali would take you to be a religious teacher of the orthodox fashion, by looking at your dress.

F.—What then would you propose?

M.—Why, adopt the costume of a regular Brahmin priest or of a regular Pundit of a Sanskrit “tol.” Put on a simple “dhoti” without any coloured border, of thick texture, and coming down only to your knees; and let the rest of your body remain in glorious nudity.

F.—But that would be indecent.

M.—Aye, there’s the rub. If you descend to a lower civilization, you must make up your mind to be indecent. But there is another dress more suitable to your character as a religious devotee than even the one I have described.

F.—What is that?

M.—The dress of a “Sannyasi.” Throw away all your clothes, put on a bit of rag called “kaupin” round your waist, rub every part of your body with ashes, cast a tiger-skin on your shoulder, take a pair of tongs in one hand, and a dried pumpkin in the other, and you get yourself rigged out as an orientalized missionary of the Bosphorus Mission.

F.—But that would be to become a Hindu devotee, not a Christian missionary.

M.—Exactly; but that is what you seem to be driving at. The Editor of the “Indo-European Correspondence” will tell you that you are weakly imitating the great Jesuit missionaries, one of whom, the renowned Robert de Nobili, the founder of the Madura Mission, became a regular Sannyasi, professed to be a Brahmin, and produced a smoky parchment as the original Vedam.

F.—But Robert de Nobili practised fraud.

M.—But you can do as he did, “minus” his fraud.

6

KERANIS' EVENING.

1.

I like that dreaming drowsy state,
 When the hard toil of day is o'er
 And coming from the office late
 I stretch me on a mat on floor.

The night grows dark, the stars grow bright
 My chirag gives me feeble light
 My evening meal not ready yet
 And half an hour still I must wait ;
 So says my cook from near the door.
 Ah ! the coarse meal reserved for poor !
 Still half an hour ? my goodness, dame !
 Why ! hunger eats my inmost care
 And must I still wait half hour more ?
 Sure you my friend are much to blame.

2.

I like that dreamy drowsy state,
 That creeps then o'er my weary frame
 And as the night grows dark and late
 And as in vain my cook I blame.
 'Tis not waking, 'tis not sleeping
 'Tis not dosing, 'tis not dreaming,
 But all my senses locked in ease
 There by the cool delightful breeze !
 Ah ! whence such balmy breezes came ?
 It matters not 'tis all the same
 My senses locked as in a chain
 My head is cool, my pulse beats tame,
 I see the world a comic game.
 I feel not now its pain or harm.

3.

I like that dreamy drowsy state,
 'Tis not waking, 'tis not sleeping
 And as the night grows dark and late
 'Tis not dozing, 'tis not dreaming.
 The world grows dim before my eye :
 I see my office master nigh,
 He frowns in vain, he frets in vain,
 I see him fade, I see him wane,
 See my office building shakind
 From the ground to turret quaking.

And paper, bundles, book and all,
 All a huge confusion making
 As if the fairy Queen and King
 Are holding here their midnight ball.

4.

I like that dreamy drowsy state,
 My eyes are veiled with misty fall,
 And as the night grows dark and late
 And shadows settle over all,
 I hear not now the tyrants' power
 I am the master of the hour!
 For low selams and tapes and files,
 And Sahib's frownings and his smiles
 And turbaned peons, short and tall,
 All in disjointed fragments fall.
 I like this dreamy drowsy mood,
 'Tis neither sleep nor sense you call;
 But I must wake, for in the hall
 The cook is waiting with my food.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Yadava-Nandini Kavya. Calcutta : Stanhope Press. 1881.

This is an epic poem in the Bengali language in seven cantos. The versification is through out spirited, the expressions are often poetical, and the description vigorous. It is published anonymously, but whoever the writer is, he need not be ashamed of the work.

The Two Sisters. A story. By Damoodar Mookerji. Calcutta : H. M. Mookerji & Co. 1881.

A young widow falls in love with the husband of her sister and poisons his heart against her. The catastrophe is a little too horrible. The young widow runs mad; the young wife commits suicide; and the young husband dies of grief.

Poetical justice required the happy reconciliation of the young couple, and the peaceful termination of their lives.

Sahitya-Sopana. By Sarat Chandra Chowdhari. Mymensing: Bharat Mihir Press. 1181.

This is meant for a schoolbook. The subjects are interesting and are written in easy language.

The "Lucknow Witness" on Providence. Lucknow 1881.

The Rev. T. J. Scott finds fault with the theology of the *Lucknow Witness*. We are no admirers of the theology of our Lucknow contemporary, but it strikes us that both Mr. Scott and the "Witness" mean the same thing though they use different language. The "Witness" ought, however, to have had the manliness to publish Mr. Scott's letters.

The Eighteenth Annual Report of the Uttaraparah Hitakari Sabha 1880-81 Calcutta: Mookerjee and Co., 1881.

We are glad to find this useful institution pursuing year after year its beneficent course, and more glad to find that it is becoming more and more useful as it is becoming older and older. The questions put to girls at the Zenana Examination have interested us greatly, especially the practical ones about cooking. We give the following as samples:—"What are the different kinds of *Dāl*, and what is the process of cooking each kind? What kinds of *Dāl* require large quantity of *Ghee*? What are the *Dāls* that make good *Khichuri*?" This is all very good; but what on earth is "Fish Soup" in the question "With what vegetables should you cook Fish Soup?" The examiner doubtless meant *Machher jhol*; but *Machher jhol* is not fish soup but fish curry. The English word "Soup" can never be applied to the preparation called *Machher jhol*. But we have a graver fault to find with the same examiner. Fancy the following question put to a girl or a young woman.—"What is the means of ascertaining the death of a child in the womb?" We trust the enlightened Secretary will in future prevent such indelicate questions from being put to Zenana girls. The *Sabha* has our best wishes.

The General Assembly's Institution College Calendar, 1881-82.

This is a neat little volume of 90 pages giving all sorts of information regarding the General Assembly's Institution, which is now, we believe, the largest College in all India. It ought to be interesting not only to the students of that Institution but to all who rejoice in the progress of higher education in India. The Principals of other Colleges would do well to imitate Mr. Hastie and issue similar calendars of their Colleges.



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POSITIVISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

A LECTURE.

(Concluded from p. 71.)

Now, I submit it as an *axiom* that a religion which does not satisfy these spiritual wants of the human race, nor accord with those natural beliefs from which they arise, can not be a true religion worthy of our acceptance. How do I know that the air is not my proper food and the spider's web, not my proper clothing? Is it not from the fact that the former fails to satisfy my hunger and the latter to keep me from cold, or, in other words, from the fact that they both fail to satisfy those wants to remove which man requires food and clothing? Just in the same way do I know that that religion is not man's proper religion which fails to satisfy his spiritual wants—those wants to remove which he requires religion. •

I have compared religion with food. And the comparison is most true. True religion is the bread from heaven on which our souls ought to feed. It is the bread which should satisfy the hunger and thirst of the soul. And if this be so, surely that can not be a true religion which far from satisfying the soul's hunger and thirst, ignores its very existence.

And this is what the Positive Religion actually does. The Positive religion, as I have already shown ignores soul, as it ignores all these natural beliefs which originate the soul's deep, solemn wants. The Positive religion ignores even God, though it teaches to worship Humanity and Clotilde—Clotilde the convict's wife who taught Comte what love and affection were! The Positive Religion therefore can not be a true religion. It is not a religion for humanity, for you and me, consciously possessing as we do a soul with its wants, its sorrows and its aspirations, whatever it might have been for Comte and Clotilde. And this leads me, in conclusion, to say a few words on what is the True religion for humanity on what does satisfy the spiritual wants of man;—that is, on Christianity.

In contrasting Christianity with the Positive Religion, the first point that strikes one is, that whereas Positivism denies that there is a God and thus contradicts reason and conscience Christianity is a theistic system. It teaches that there is a God who is the Creator of all, the great First Cause, Himself uncaused. The very opening sentence of the Bible is, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Thus what philosophy tried in vain to find out and at last gave up in despair, Revelation takes as its first or starting truth. In the beginning God CREATED, made out of nothing, the heavens and the earth. The immense fact of Creation, that is, an actual production of all things out of nothing, was unknown to the ancient heathen as it is inconceivable to the modern philosopher. A poor, obscure Hebrew *alone* knew it. With all others, *ex nihilo nihil fit*,—‘out of nothing, nothing comes’ was the practical maxim. Hence among all others it was either pantheistic emanation as among the Indians or eternal matter as among the Greeks. But in the Bible it is quite a different thing. "The whole world is witness that no man, neither the simplest, nor the wisest, ever could have known, or ever did discover, such a thought as to creation as is given

in Genesis. It stands not pre-eminent, but isolated and alone, short, simple, unscientific : no mental elaboration, recognition of nature's powers, no emanation or pantheism, no eternal matter, no deification of mythic ideas, every human thought is denied, but the fiat of God Himself brings the world to existence, and everything into order, and the relationships of God, the world and man are perfectly established."*

But Christianity does not teach that God is the God of creation only. It also teaches that He is the God of providence—our ever-present Deity, our ever-present help in the hour of need and trouble. The very essence of Christianity is, God manifest in the flesh, entering personally into all our sorrows, temptations, and trials. Referring to the continued providence of God over all His creatures the author of Christianity says " Behold the fowls of the air ; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns ; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they ? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin ; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith."† Yes, Christianity teaches that God is the God of providence ; that He is our Living Father who feeds and clothes and takes care of us, better than any earthly father can take care of his children. He supplies all our wants. And hence we are taught always to pray to Him without ceasing, to pray to Him as to our father. The prayer which Christ taught his disciples begins with the sweet, lovely words, " our Father." My friends ! living in a world so full of pain and sorrow, living a life so full of troubles, anxieties and fears, (all on account of our sin) are not these teachings of Christianity truly cheering and comforting ?

* Dialogues on the Essays and Reviews ; by J. N. Darby p. 188.

† Matthew, Chap. VII. 26-30.

And here parenthetically we may notice a contrast. The positive religion also inculcates the duty of prayer. But prayer to whom? To any living, loving, omnipotent father who can hear and answer us? Not so. To whom then? Why to Humanity and Clotilde—Humanity composed of all men with the exception of those who are mere disgusting machines and some lower animals and Clotilde, the convict's wife to whom the author of the positive religion actually prayed, blasphemously using the sublime language of Thomas a Kempis addressed to Almighty God,—“Amem te plusquam me, nec me nisi propter te,”—“May I love thee more than self nor self at all except for thee.” Could madness and blasphemy go any further?

But to return. Christianity further teaches that “God is light and in Him is no darkness at all;”* that He is a holy just and righteous God who hates sin and punishes the wicked. But it also teaches that God is love. Nay that as He is light itself so He is love itself also. The same Apostle who says that God is light, says also that “God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him.”† Thus therefore the God of whom Christianity teaches is a Being who, in a word, combines in Himself whatever we love in a father or revere in a judge.

Now it may seem like begging the question to say that all this teaching of Christianity perfectly agrees with man's reason and conscience and not only agrees with them, but greatly enlightens them also. And yet to say this is merely to state a *fact* which is testified to by the experience of millions of human beings all over the globe. At this moment, my friends, Christianity “encircles the world in her arms.” At this hour she reads her scriptures and lifts up her anthems in two hundred languages. Does not this show that her doctrines satisfy the reason and conscience of man?

* I John, 1, 5.

† I John, IV, 16.

Let us next see what Christianity teaches respecting man. Positivism, as we have seen, teaches that man is only a higher animal. Positivism denies that there is mind, soul, or spirit, and it knows nothing of sin or of moral responsibility. Humanity according to Positivism is only "a higher degree of animality."

According to Christianity, on the other hand, man is not merely matter, he is not a mere animal, but a "living soul." In the first chapter of the Bible we read, "And God said, let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."

And in the following chapter it is further written:—"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

Thus therefore according to Christianity man was created in the *image of God*. He is a *living soul*, endowed with the powers of reason, choice and will. And I ask whether this account of man is not more in accordance with our own consciousness than the account which positivism gives of him? "Is man only like a piece of sea-weed, driven and drifted to and fro blindly and without choice, by the force of circumstances, by some "environment" of things without and around him? Then reason would be dethroned, and all ideas of right and wrong would be an illusive dream. He would be no person, but only a thing. Against such a false view of his nature, the spirit of man within bears perpetual witness. Man's consciousness of reason and of the power of inward choice forbids him to believe that he is chained by any physical laws or fatal necessity. Man feels himself to be parted by a wide chasm which no subtle reasonings of comparative anatomy

can bridge over, from the beasts of the field. . He recognizes in himself powers and answering obligations of a higher kind." *

· "God's image not imparted to the brute."

But Christianity further teaches that although man was created in the image of God, yet he soon fell and became sinful, and there is now not a single man who is not guilty in the sight of God. "There is none righteous, no not one; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," † is the language of Christianity.

In the first chapter of his epistle to the Romans, the apostle Paul gives a terrible account of what man now is by nature. "And even," says the apostle, "as they [that is men] did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God also gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient, being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit malignity; whisperers, back-biters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil, disobedient to parents, who knowing the judgment of God that they which commit such things, are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them."

But terrible as this account is, I ask, is it not a *true* account? Is it not an account which is in perfect accordance with our experience? Is not sin a fact and the feeling of guilt universal?

· But though Christianity finds man in such a helpless, hopeless, utterly ruined condition, yet it does not leave him there. No. The God of Christianity is a *God of love*. Therefore though man hates Him and "invents evil," as he has invented even this Positivism, to show his hatred of God, yet God *loves* man, and loves him with an infinite and boundless love. And in His infinite love He provides a remedy for man's sin and guilt.

* *Faith and Free Thought*, pp. 100-102.

† Romans. III. 10, 23.

My friends, would you know what is the remedy which God's love has provided for man's sin and guilt? Then turn to the Cross on Calvary's Mount and there behold the Son of God dying for guilty sinners; the Prince of life giving His life as a ransom for many; He who knew no sin, made sin for us. Yes. In the Cross on Calvary is the remedy for man's sin and guilt. For there the Lamb of God was wounded for our transgressions; there He was bruised for our iniquities; there with His stripes we are healed and there through His blood, we have redemption, even the forgiveness of sins.

But in the cross Jesus Christ not only redeemed man, but also glorified God. "God had been dishonored by sin; His fair creation all spoiled and come under the bondage of corruption; His race of predilection man, in whom His purposes were, the slave of sin and Satan. His glory had to be retrieved, and in the very place of sin. As a man Christ did so. All that God is, was glorified; man perfectly obedient at all cost, the Father perfectly loved, His majesty, truth, righteousness against sin, and love to sinners, all brought out and made good through the blessed one who suffered" *

And now the invitation goes forth, full and free,—"**WHO SOEVER WILL, LET HIM TAKE THE WATER OF LIFE FREELY.**" Out go the messengers now and carry the invitation,—sinner! God asks *you*. Anxious soul! God asks *you*. Troubled heart! God asks *you*. "Turn in hither." Oh, wanderer from the Father's house, wherever thou art, or whatever thou hast done, 'turn in hither.' Hear God's word. It is not, go and do something. But it is, "**COME AND EAT MY BREAD.**"† God's living bread is Jesus who died and rose again, who suffered to bring us to God.

Thus then in the cross and in the blessed One who died thereon, Christianity meets and satisfies the deepest wants and cravings of the human heart. This also is a simple *fact*

* *The Atonement*, by J. N. Darby.

† *The Atonement*, J. Darby. ‡ Revelation, xxii, 17.

witnessed to by the experience of millions of human beings, great and small, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, throughout the world. "Look high and look low. Take extremes of humanity so wide apart that between them there shall be room for every human grade and pattern. Down by the slimy edges of Indian jungles, down along the swamps of Congo, down in the dimness of Dakota, not one, but many thousands, some of them made heroes and martyrs, have said, or sung—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," and have risen into clean lives and the liberty of righteousness. We look from the bottom of the world to the top. A line of the loftiest intellects that have led the culture and progress of the race beckon down to us from their battlements; the Augustines and Chrysostoms, the Bacons and Shakespeares, the Rapaeles and Newtons, the Faradays and Keplers and Bunsens of science, of reason and of art, and they say, 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory?' " In the face of this world wide testimony, can we doubt that there is something in the religion of Christ which meets the spiritual wants of man, fills his hunger, gives him peace, in a word, which suits him? We conclude then that Christianity is the true religion for humanity, the religion which you and I as men require and which alone can make us happy.

The sun rises in the east. And the Sun of Righteousness has arisen in the East with healing in his wings. Shall not the children of the East receive His light and healing? Shall not the Brahmin who still repeats the Vedic hymn *তৎসবিতুর্বরেন্যং ভর্গো দেবস্য যীমহি শ্রিয়ো যোনঃ প্রচোদয়াৎ*; "let us meditate on the adorable light of the divine Creator, may he rouse our thoughts,"† receive Him who indeed is the adorable Divine Light—the light, the life and the way? Shall not the Brahma who still prays, "from darkness lead me to light," receive Him who says, "I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the

* Proverbs, ix. 5.

† Max Muller's translation.

light of life?"* And as for the Positivist, shall not he too seeing the spiritual darkness of him whom he now calls his "master" flee to Jesus who alone is worthy to be our master who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords and receive Him as his Saviour and his God? Then may he pray, without being guilty of blasphemy, in the sublime language of Thomas a Kempis, so misapplied by Comte,—"*Amemte plusquam me, nec me nisi propter te,—may I love thee more than self, nor self at all except for thee!*"

My task is done. It has not been my aim, nor could it be possible in the space of a single lecture, to treat exhaustively the subject which I had selected for my discourse. My aim has been only to lay before you the outlines of a few thoughts and arguments and to scatter a few germs of truth, and my prayer is that He who is *THE TRUTH* may so bless the germs, which have been scattered to-night, alas! how feebly, that they may germinate and bring forth fruit, not thirty-fold, nor sixty-fold, but a hundred-fold, to the honor and glory of His own name. Amen!

AMERICAN POLITICS.

I begin my paper on American Politics with the preamble with which I began my talk in the only political meeting I had the privilege of attending in America. That meeting was a crowded one, held in behalf of the Temperance Movement in the most spacious hall of a small town called Stamford, Connecticut; and it evinced not a little of that ferment, which is the most characteristic feature of political gatherings on the other side of the Atlantic. I had been asked to speak for a few moments, and I appeared in my national costume, greatly altered to obviate a rude rebuff, among the champions

* John viii, 12.

on the platform. When my turn came I began my off-hand talk with some such words as these :—" I have no desire to plunge myself into the whirlpool of your politics : you yourselves, do by no means cut a very dignified figure therein ; and your attitude, when dropped in, shows that a stranger like myself can not get in without being instantaneously drowned !" I do not wish to hurl myself, and the gentle reader along with me, into the seething, boiling, tumbling whirlpool of American politics, a subject mastered by no body out of America, and by only a few persons in America. But happening to be in the United States when they were passing through the unutterable excitement of a Presidential Election, I wish by a simple reference to what I saw and heard to present glimpses of the ubiquitous, all pervading spirit of agitation with which it was accompanied. A remark or two on the broad features of the American constitution would be an appropriate introduction to the pictures of political fermentation to be presented.

The American Government is not merely a Republic, but a Federal Republic, or a Republic formed by the union of a number of Sovereign States, and Territories gradually rising to the dignity of Sovereign States. Its Legislative power is vested in its Congress, which consists of the House of Representatives and the Senate and which therefore presents that balance of power which is secured in Europe by a hereditary nobility acting as a counterpoise to democratic influence. The House of Representatives is composed of two hundred and thirty-three members elected directly from the people and directly by the people, the ratio between the number of electors and the number of the elected representatives having ranged from one Representative to 33,000 people in 1790 to one to 93,000 in 1850, and consequently to a much larger number at the present time. The States therefore are represented in the House of Representatives according to their population or numerical strength. They are however

equally represented in the Senate, each State being entitled to send thereto two Senators chosen by its Legislature, not by the people directly. This is an anomaly in the Constitution, as a State with a very small population is placed, as regards its representation in the Senate on a par with a state which in population is ten times stronger. For instance, the large state of New York with a population which entitles it to send thirty-three Representatives to the Lower House sends as many Senators to the Upper as Delaware the population of which entitles it to send only one Representative to the Lower House. This anomalous arrangement was originally resorted to as a timely concession fitted to induce the independent States to move towards the union, or merge their individuality into a corporate, national life; and its rectification can now be effected only by breaking up the larger states, each into a number of smaller ones. The Representatives are chosen for two years, and the senators for six, the latter arranged into three classes, first, second and third, so that a third portion of the Upper House is changed biennially. These short terms keep the country in a state of constant political ferment, a Parliamentary election coming once in two years, sometimes once in a year, rather than once in seven years as in England, when the Parliament dies a natural death. The congress makes laws, imposes taxes, borrows money in the name of the United States, adjusts their foreign relations, declares war, sanctions peace, enters into permanent treaties, raises an army when needed, maintains a navy, and in a word performs all those sovereign duties which are entrusted to it, those not thus entrusted being performed by the States themselves. And when there is a point at issue between a particular state and the congress, it has to be submitted to the arbitration of the Supreme Court of America, the court in which the judicial power of the country is vested. This court consists of a chief justice and several assistant Judges, and it discharges its onerous duties, both directly, and through the instrumentality of a

number of subordinate courts, called District and Circuit Courts. It has sometimes very grave matters, matters political as well as judicial, to take into consideration; and it is by no means an uncommon thing to see its decisions running counter to those of the national Legislature in support of a local claim.

The Executive Power of the Union is vested in the President, who holds office for four years, as the vice-President elected along with him. The President is chosen by the people, not directly, but through the medium of an Electoral College, or a number of Electoral colleges each State being entitled to choose as many Electors as the Representatives and senators it has the privilege of sending to congress. The President properly speaking has very little power, as the most important portion of what he has to do has to be done with the advice and consent of the national Parliament or rather senate as representing the national Parliament. But with such advice and consent he discharges the functions of Royalty, without however its formality, pomp and splendour. For instance, he receives ambassadors, but by no means as a monarch does, seated on a costly throne with a glittering crown and sceptre before him, and a group of gorgeously dressed Ministers and courtiers standing in mute silence around him. He holds drawing-room meetings and gives state dinners, but he does not after the fashion of royalty issue cards "commanding" ladies and gentlemen, not to speak of haughty Barons and noble Dames, who are not allowed to exist in the new world, to attend and partake of them. He has to be plain in his dress, simple, and unaffected in his manners, frank and affable in conversation, determined to shun the very appearance of formality and ostentation, and ready to live and go about as ordinary mortals, nay to shake hands with any smutched artificer who may with Yankee freedom step into his Office-room or parlour. An ordinary magistrate in India does not live and go about in the simple, unassuming manner in which the

President of the United States is expected to do, and invariably does; and the very appearance on his part of the stiff formality with which even a Chief Commissioner enters a Durbar Hall would make him an object of universal ridicule, among the people, who, as his electors and supporters, watch his every movement with an ever-wakeful vigilance. But I am flying from my text, which is the power of the President. He has the power of returning a Bill passed by congress, and submitted to him for signature, with his objections stated; but if the congress pass it once more, it becomes law in spite of his veto. When therefore the President is an abstacle in the way of progress, as Andrew Johnson was, the congress has simply to pass Bills "over his head," as the common saying in America is. The President has a large amount of patronage in his hands; and this it is almost impossible for him to dispense without bringing in unworthy men, or intriguers, who, because they have been instrumental in securing his elevation, expect special favors from him. And this is one reason,—if not the reason, why so many unscrupulous men are thrust up to responsible posts, and so much corruption disgraces official ranks. But of this I shall have to speak by and by. If the President dies or is incapacitated before the expiration of his term, the Vice-President takes his place, as Andrew Johnson did when President Lincoln was assassinated on the lap of victory. And if both the President and his assisstant die or are incapacitated, the President of the Senate becomes President pro-tem.

Each State has an organization similar to that at work for the government of the whole country; and with a view to catch a glimpse of it the reader has simply to reverse the order in which he formed some idea of the national scheme of education carried out in America. From the little he had then to march up to the great, but now he will have to come down from the great to the little; or in other words he had then to expand a system in miniature in order to get an idea

of the whole, but he will now have to contract a gigantic system into one in miniature to get an idea of a part. The national government contracted and shrivelled is the State Government. Each State has a Governor corresponding to the President, a Legislature corresponding to the Congress, and a court of judicature corresponding to the supreme Court. Each State is its sole Master as regards its internal affairs, and exercises and performs those powers and functions of Royalty, which it has not delegated to the National Government. Each State moreover is subdivided into Townships &c, each of which may justly be represented as an autonomy; and it therefore is a union of independent units as the Federal Government is a conglomeration of Sovereign States. Nothing can be more beautiful in theory than the American system of Government, which owes its origin and existence to the people represented in conventions, as no other government does; but it must be confessed that its wheels move rather clumsily at times. The absence of a central controlling authority tends to lead to overt acts of villany in some of the States, while the presence of a disturbing element in the population of not a few of the towns creates internal disorder. It is a notorious fact that thousands of Negroes have been murdered in the Southern States, and no body has been punished for these murders of the most deliberate and villanous type, and it is equally notorious that laws framed by Town Councils are systematically set aside and violated by persons whom because of their numerical strength the authorities can not control. When at Gallion I heard that its Town Council had issued an order prohibiting the opening of grogshops after a particular hour of the night, and that the order had been converted into a dead letter by parties whom the Council could not control. The Central Government can not put a stop to negro massacres in the South, and local governments can not rectify local disorders, when these are popular or backed by a majority of the people!

President Hayes was at the head of affairs in America when I visited that grand country, and his administration was spoken of by all parties as one of the purest on record. Though not a man of shining talents, and though looked upon by the Democratic party in general as a usurper, not legitimately elected, he had endeared himself to the people at large as well by industry and assiduity in the discharge of his duties as by uprightness and probity of the highest order. His administration was set off by contrast more than by intrinsic merit. The preceding administration, that of General Grant extending over two terms of eight years, had on the whole been a failure, being disgraced by measures of corruption so large that some persons did not scruple to accuse the great soldier-statesman himself of malversation. The majority, however, of the sensible men I came across looked upon such accusations as utterly groundless. They nevertheless maintained that Grant had been guilty of culpable indiscretion in surrounding himself with men whose corruption was becoming a proverb in America, and that his inability to know men and discriminate between characters, and his consequent proneness to work through unworthy instruments had as clearly set forth his incompetence as a ruler as his brilliant successes in the field had shown his surpassing genius as a soldier. That men like General Grant should be publicly accused of corruption appeared to indicate a low state of political morality; but when in private conversation I referred to it, the answer I received was by no means flattering to good old England. The state of political morality in England, I was assured, was even lower, only English papers dared not make the actual condition of things public! President Hayes' administration came after one which had been corrupt to the very core, and its thoroughgoing purity was set off by contrast. He was therefore a favorite ruler, though his want of brilliant talents was admitted. But the praise bestowed on his wife appeared to me even more desirable than that accorded to him. She

had introduced a great reform excluding wines from Presidential receptions, and had moreover endeared herself by innumerable acts of beneficence performed with the modesty and unobtrusiveness becoming her sex. Both the President and his lady are members of the Methodist Church, and thoroughly religious—nay in some points they seem to have been overscrupulous in the opinion even of their ardent admirers. They preferred walking to the Church on Sundays to working their horses, and they were therefore obliged to attend the Methodist Church nearer the White House than the one which is called *the* President's Church, and which has prominent cushioned scat reserved for him and his family. Mr. Hayes' term of office was about to expire, and he might have had himself re-elected, but having promised in the beginning of his career as President not to appear as candidate at its close, he kept his word and retired from the canvass. But his name is held in such universal esteem, his purity of character is so thoroughly admired, and his administration is so justly praised for its modest, if not splendid, success, as well as for its perfect freedom from what attached an indelible stigma to the preceding one, that the world may yet see him once more elevated to the Presidential chair, which he graced as it had not been graced since the days of Abraham Lincoln.

When the business of the General Conference was in progress in May, some degree of excitement, an earnest of what was to follow, was noticeable, and active measures fitted to ensure the election of the right man for this exalted and responsible post were resorted to with quietude, rather than with noise. An attempt was made to ascertain and publish the views of the conference as to the person fit in its opinion for elevation to the Presidential Chair. One morning small cards were handed to the Delegates, one to myself among the rest, and they were requested to put down the name of the candidate they were ready to vote for. This request, preferred

complied with by some of the Delegates ; but the majority, I believe, returned the cards duly filled. I consulted my Missionary friends, as I did on all occasions on which I could come out with a ditto to Mr. Burke without compromising my conscience, and with their advice and consent I filled my card, stating that though I had not a vote I would gladly see Sherman elected. The candidates were many but the most eligible amongst these were Grant, Sherman and Blaine. Grant had been twice elected and should have retired from the candidature with the disinterestedness with which George Washington had done under similar circumstances. But Grant does not by any means resemble the illustrious founder of the American Republic in disinterested patriotism, as he does, to some extent, in military genius ; and so he added to his growing unpopularity by appearing as a candidate, and ultimately passed through the humiliation of a signal defeat. His creatures, to whose selfish purposes he very foolishly succumbed, moved heaven and earth to have been elected ; but the nation at large was opposed to what was called ; "a third term" as a third term might lead to a fourth, and so to a lifelong tenure of office, and that to a hereditary monarchy. Besides General Grant was unpopular on other grounds also, his first and second administrations having both been disgraced by overt acts of corruption and bribery on the part of his assistants, if not on his own part. Grant being set aside, Sherman was the most eligible candidate, and I could even intelligently stand up for him.

A few days after the close of the General Conference it was announced that the National Republican Convention was to be held at Chicago. It is not necessary to inform the reader that the two great political Parties in the United States are Republicans and Democrats. The Republican Party represents everything almost that is sound and good in politics, freedom, equal rights, Negro suffrage, national education, temperance, decent observance of sabbath, suppression of

moral nuisances, such as Mormon Polygamy, extension of religious influence, &c. &c. It however is compelled to be under present circumstances in favor of certain prohibitive duties having for their object the somewhat artificial protection of the vast manufacturing interests of the New England States. It is loudly represented as opposed to free trade, and its shortcoming in this line is made capital of by its sworn enemies, the Democrats, who are the greatest misnomers the world ever saw, representing as they do under a fair name every thing that is abhorrent in politics. The Democrats upheld slavery before the late war, and fought for the right of secession during its continuance ; and to-day they oppose with might and main negro enfranchisement, sabbath decency, temperance, moral growth and religious development. On the question of free trade they occupy the right platform, and they are always but too glad to conceal the abominable principles of their policy behind an out-cry against the prohibitive duties advocated by their opponents. Each of these contending parties holds a National convention, consisting of leading politicians elected by local conventions to adjudicate, so to speak, upon the claims of the candidates for the Presidency representing its principle and interests, and finally to nominate one of these, him who secures the largest number of votes, for that exalted office ; as well as to nominate in almost the same way a person for the Vice-Presidency. These national conventions derive their authority, not from the original constitution in which no reference whatever is made to them, but from subsequent practice ; but they are now looked upon as important assemblies ; and as such they concentrate upon themselves an amount of public notice and interest, which is to us, Asiatics, a perfect marvel. When therefore it was announced that the National Republic Convention was to be held at Chicago, a thrill of agitation pervaded the whole country. Chicago became a sacred spot of extraordinary and unbounded interest, the cynosure of all eyes : it jumped out

of the monotony of its daily life, and became all astir. So many distinguished visitors had to be received and sumptuously treated, so many meetings were to be held and such enthusiasm evoked, so much notice was to be taken of its provisions for grand political demonstrations, that no body could find fault with its citizens if they looked forward to the honors awaiting them with some degree of trepidation. But at the same time they could not but be sure that their beloved city would come out of the furnace of trial a gainer, not a loser. The distinguished visitors, and innumerable others not distinguished, would not come in with empty pockets, or go out with their purse strings unopened; and so hotel-keepers, saloon proprietors, car owners and cab drivers promised themselves a splendid harvest of profit and gain. At last on the appointed day, June 2nd 1880, the grand Nominating Convention met under the Presidency of Hon'able Daws of Massachussetts, and began their business with prayer offered up by a Chaplain; a fact to be specially noted as fitted to show that the most tumultuous meetings in America are never backward in paying the tribute of decent respect to religion. The parties, viz Grant's men, Sherman's men, &c. &c., appeared ready for a hard fight, and a hard fight they had. Ballot after ballot was taken, and yet no decision was arrived at. Grant fairly beat all the candidates, but he ultimately failed to secure the number of votes needed to ensure his nomination; and his men, failed in their attempt to get their chief nominated, determined to defeat the two candidates who stood next to him at the successive ballots, Blaine and Sherman. They ranged themselves around Garfield, whom the ballots had almost left in the shade, and he finally obtained a majority of votes, and was in consequence nominated. He was "the black horse" or one of the candidates very well thought and spoken of, but not likely to succeed except by a strange and unexpected turn of the wheel of fortune; but his nomination gave general satisfaction, specially in ohio of which state he is

a native. When a Lecturer on Electric Light, while plying the Magic Lantern for the benefit of the younger portion of his large audience in the Central Hall of the Delaware University, produced a picture of Garfield, and said—"Here is the Ohio man!" a tremendous outburst of cheering was the result. Garfield on being nominated by what might be called a freak of fortune became the most popular man among Republicans in the States, and his march from place to place was a continued ovation. But he had, like all great men in America, to pay the penalty of his sudden elevation from comparative obscurity to the giddy height of fame. He had to put down his name in a thousand autograph books sent to him daily specially by young ladies who pride themselves on their possession of the signature of all the great men in America; and he had to read and answer at the rate of three hundred letters a day of the most unimportant kind! And who can number the hands he had to shake heartily, right and left, as he entered a car, or walked through a street, or appeared in a saloon! This convention nominated Arthur as vice-President; and these two persons became, as it were, the battle cry of the Republican Party.

A short time after the close of this assembly, infinitely more important than the Imperial assemblage at Delhi though utterly destitute of its gorgeous appendages, the gaze of Americans of all orders of society and all ages almost, and both sexes was concentrated on Cincinnati, where the National Democratic Convention was held. The character of the Convention or of the Party represented by the Convention was rendered manifest by the sort of amusements and pleasures with which its session was accompanied. Drinking saloons were crammed to overflowing, theatres were open almost at all hours of the day, and a regular carnival of dissipation was held. The members of the Convention could not find a democratic chaplain to begin its solemn business with prayer; and, as they would not have a Republican

Minister, they dispensed or were on the eve of dispensing with the ceremony. This story I give exactly as it was related by trustworthy men in my hearing; but I must add that lies published at the expense of a party universally disliked, if not hated, in Republican States, and *vice-versa*, are by no means uncommon in America. It is however certain that the Democrats, assembled in large numbers at Cincinnati paraded the questionable features of their political standpoint in a series of proceedings fitted to outrage decency and scandalize public feeling. Their Convention however was of a shorter duration, and less divided than that held at Chicago; inasmuch as they nominated on the third ballot General Hancock for President, and subsequently Hon'ble English for Vice-President. These nominations were generally approved both by friends and foes. The intensity of interest with which the proceedings of these nominating conventions were watched, and the results of the successive ballots ascertained and discussed all over the States can scarcely be conceived by our countrymen, who see one Governor General retiring and another stepping into his shoes with perfect equanimity. While the ballots were in progress, the results were almost hourly telegraphed all over the country; and even in obscure towns you might see crowds of people pressing towards placards posted up with the names of the candidates, and the votes secured by each at the ballot which had just been taken.

Then came the elections in the various States, and either of the two rival parties moved heaven and earth to influence them in favor of its nominations. The expedients resorted to were decorations, confirmatory meetings, stump-oratory, torch-light processions and political parades. Every city or town appeared to be a house divided, some portions in excitement in favor of the Republican Nominations, and some in behalf of the Democratic Nominations. In one street you might see a triumphal arch of paper and colored cloth, rather than of evergreens, with the portraits of Garfield and Arthur hang-

ing below its graceful curve ; while in another the same sight would be presented but with the portraits of Hancock and English. In one street you would see republican flags and republican placards hoisted up and paraded in the most conspicuous manner ; while the decorations in another would at first sight convince you of its democratic influence. I passed from street to street, from town to town, and from city to city, and I had only to have my eyes open, and notice the decorations around me to see what influence was at work, Republican or Democratic, in the place I was going through. Again the whole country became a busy scene of political meetings the object of which was to confirm the nominations, and thereby get up an agitation in their favor. The Republican journals did scarcely furnish for weeks any food beside detailed accounts of the innumerable meetings held to confirm the nomination of Garfield and Arthur ; and the Democratic papers threw all the important news into the background to give due prominence to the meetings held to confirm the nomination of Hancock and English. Nor was this all. The growing ferment was fed and nourished by streams of stump oratory flowing from innumerable stands reared in conspicuous places, not only in cities and towns, but even in villages and hamlets. While passing along one of the frequented streets of New York City, I noticed a crowd of people gathered around a high stand, and listening to an inflammatory speech delivered by an orator standing thereon. I joined the crowd, and had the pleasure of listening to an oration, which in simplicity of style, relevancy of thought, and force of reasoning appeared infinitely above the sentimental essays I had heard in colleges and schools in general, and the flighty discourses I had endured with Job-like patience in some Churches. The man evidently knew what he was about ; and as his object was to move the passions of his by no means refined audience, he carefully avoided every thing like circumlocution, irrelveancy, superfluity of expression and prolixity of thought. His simi-

ple and pointed speech, received by his bearers with emotions apparently stirred up and loud crises of applause, was an eloquent reproach to preachers who are in the habit of delivering in a sing-song voice sermons bistring with hackneyed phrases, languid metaphors and turns of expression as old as the world, besides being spiced with a little botany, a little chemistry and a little philosophy ! Such stands occupied by such orators, all however not so good, could be seen in every city, town, village and hamlet ; and the number of inflammatory speeches made during this election season could not be calculated, any more than that of the stars on the firmament. To these varied sources of political agitation must be added torch—light processions, one of which of very insignificant proportions I had the pleasure of seeing at Boston. This consisted of about three or four hundred persons all in a particular kind of uniform, marching in a long column, each with a lighted torch held up, and the whole preceded by a splendid band of music. The banner flaunted by the procession with the words “ Solid Democratic ” written thereon showed the party by which it was got up. Such processions were as common as black-berries, and hardly deserve to be mentioned in connection with the grand political ones of which the great cities became the theatres. The two torch-light processions at Washington, each presenting a column of blazing lights, broad as the broadest of its streets, and long enough to cover a mile, with their rich strains of music passing under triumphal arches of shining flags to *ratify* the nominations at a place not entitled to vote ; and the grand parades in the principal cities, such as that of New York with its army of torch-light bearers taking several hours to issue out of what might be called its fountain, the advanced columns reaching almost the goal of a long street ere the rear ranks had fairly come out of its starting point, advancing slowly and solemnly with a series of bands dividing the marching detachments, and raising tremendous shouts of gratulation and joy when mov-

ing along-side of the lofty stand occupied by General Grant, the recognized head of Republican party ;—of these the reader can scarcely form an adequate idea from any thing of the sort he has seen in this country.

I may mention by the way that in no country could we see illuminations grander than those which on festive occasions are witnessed in America. In some places illuminations are seen every night. One of the parks in the immediate neighbourhood of Niagara is illuminated nightly by means of electric and gas lights in various forms. This park presented a regular fairy scene on the night when I visited it, special gatherings of holiday-makers having made it more than ordinarily attractive. The place was ablaze with varieties of lights, as well as with groups of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen pressing through the walks or clustering around the fountains gurgling out streams of waters, which, on account of the light shining on them through stained glasses, appeared of various colors, some red, some blue, and some yellow. But the most fascinating spectacle was the variety of colors assumed by the Falls themselves on account of the electric lights shining upon them through stained glasses. The American Fall appeared to me now a broad stream of dazzling rubies, and now a mass of sapphire stones ; while, when left under the action of the mild light of the moon, it appeared a mass of alabaster hurled down by a power mightier by far than the forces ordinarily wielded by man !

But to return. The Democrats were in high spirits during most of the time when the elections were in progress. They had been excluded from office for a score of years, and they were naturally most anxious to step in. To pave their way they had nominated men who were popular, not only amongst themselves, but even amongst their opponents ; and they were, not almost, but quite sure of a successful issue as to their own party. Here and there I came across Ministers of democratic tendencies, and they did not hesitate for a moment to prophecy

the election of their nominees. "Hancock is sure to be elected." "We are sure to see Democracy in office." "No more smuggling men into the Presidentship as Hayes was"—such were the cries heard in Democratic circles. The Republicans were equally high-spirited, and laughed at the overweening confidence of their opponents. Their spirits however drooped for a moment when the State of Maine appeared to vacillate. There is a proverb in America to the effect—"As goes Maine so goes the country," and when this State showed a tendency to side with the Democrats, there was universal sorrow, if not universal despondency in the Republican Camp. There were, however, Republicans who did not allow its vacillation to damp their spirits or impair their hopes. One of them, when reminded by me of the abovementioned proverb, simply said—"Yes! when Maine is right, the country follows it, but not when it is wrong." I left America when the contest was undecided, and when it seemed by no means improbable that Israel should have to retreat in confusion before the Philistines. But in Europe I heard that the Democrats had been thoroughly beaten in Indiana, and that the nominees of their opponents had been elected by an overwhelming majority, not as on the foregoing occasion * by one of a doubtful character. Every body in India knows that General Garfield is now the President of the United States, and that hopes of a pure and prosperous administration are universally entertained in and out of America.

These Presidential elections are not merely seasons of extraordinary excitement and party fights of the most desperate character, but times when corruption and intrigue of the worst type are literally rampant. The ferment itself which pervades all classes, is demoralizing, tending as it does to render the national character of the Americans irritable, fickle, fitful and capricious; and even if no other evil accompanied it, genuine statesmanship would deprecate the too frequent recurrence of its cause. But the excitement is the

least of the evils which the elections rake up. Party bitterness, intrigue, lying, slandering, abusing, corruption in its multifarious forms, and unscrupulousness of the most unblushing type, together with the impetus given to the current dissipations of life—all these combined generate an amount of demoralization of which an adequate idea can scarcely be formed. During the period of the late elections, the worst features of the American character were prominently brought forward, and the worst vices of the States were shamelessly paraded. The Newspapers as a rule vied with each other in publishing slanders, circulating lies, fabricating stories of the most malicious nature, and bandying abusive epithets of the most scurrilous type. The election season is properly speaking the *Holee* season of American Editors in general; and the gross vulgarity which at other times would lead to their proscription surrounds them with a halo of glory when party bitterness extinguishes even in the case of sober people all sense of propriety and decorum. The stump orators swelled the stream of falsehood, calumny and abuse, which issued from the journalistic Press. The electors followed suit, and greedily swallowed and eagerly circulated the lies that had been manufactured and published through editorial columns and platform speeches. Then as to the putrid mass of intrigue and corruption at work at all electioneering centres, why it was vast enough to shake all confidence in the glorious doctrine of universal suffrage! In a word all the most combustible as well as all the most infernal and execrable elements of American social life are brought up to the surface once in every four years; and a change of administration means a regular revolution in official circles. If the Democrats had triumphed, and their nominees had been elected, upwards of sixty thousand employes would have been thrust out of their appointments, Washington, the great emporium of placemen, would have been shorn of its present population, and every centre of official influence would have been revo-

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utionized. Officers and Officials in America are appointed by the party in power only for four years, and are liable to be ousted out of their comfortable berths as soon as the party in power is superseded by its rival. And they therefore make the best of their short tenure of office, and unscrupulously enrich themselves by all sorts of means fair or foul ; and hence the measure of bribery and corruption which confessedly disgraces official ranks in America is shocking indeed. The whole political apparatus is so thoroughly demoralizing that unscrupulous intriguers frequently come up to the surface, and good men as a rule keep aloof from electioneering centres and official preserves. Nothing can be sounder in theory or more glorious than the American constitution ; but the materials on the proper working of which its success must be based being bad as a rule and good as an exception, it has in its practical development proved a source of great demoralization !

But the world, which watches with interest the great experiment of a Republic in course of practical development needs not despair. A system of checks and counter-checks is being devised fitted to hold down the jarring elements ; while a comprehensive scheme of national education is at work to purify them, assimilate them to each other, and weld them into a homogeneous mass. The great problem before the Great Republic is the problem, of political fusion. America is to the world what the cave Adullam was to Palestine when David fled from the presence of Saul, and made it his rendezvous. America is the receptacle towards which streams of men " in debt," " in distress" and " discontented," and characters even ten times more desperate are flowing. All the combustible elements of the populations of the various civilised countries of the world, the Fenians of Ireland, the chartists of England, the communists of France, the socialists of Germany, the nihilists of Russia, and intriguing Jesuits from all quarters of the globe have found, when shaken out of their own lands and homes, and are finding refuge

within the precincts of the Great Republic. And the result is an agglomeration under its shade of almost numberless varieties of disturbing elements. It is not affirmed that the streams of emigrants, which have been for years flowing into the New World, or this portion of the New World, have all been leaving on its soil a sediment of blackguardism and rascality, or in one word, of disturbance. The majority of the colonists, who emigrate from the various countries of Europe towards the golden West are precious acquisitions indeed. A large number of Norwegian colonists sailed in the same vessel with us from Liverpool; and we could not listen to the religious songs by means of which they whiled away the tedium of a disagreeable voyage amid a series of gales without being led instinctively to exclaim—"they will add to the piety, strength and grandeur of America!" But along with the good, a great deal of the bad finds shelter there. Even young Americans remember the day when the Jesuits as a body were turned out of Mexico, and moved *en masse* into their prosperous country. A Mexican Editor is said to have bidden them farewell in some such words as these!—"Go away, ye intriguing Jesuits whose mischievous doings have made this land worse even than it was in the time of the heathen Montezuma: we are glad indeed of your departure we are only sorry for the land which you are going to curse with your presence!" Such are the inflammatory elements of which the American population is composed; and the great work before American politicians is to fuse them into a symmetrical whole.

This composite, as well as complicated problem of fusion dissolves itself into a number of distinct questions which must be thoroughly studied before the tangled skein of American politics can be unravelled. To a few of these, I shall make a very brief reference.

1. The first is that which has for its object the fusion of the South with the North. The South is to the North what Ire-

land is to England, a scene of discontent, disaffection and disloyalty. The South as a whole regards the North, not only with dislike, but with positive hatred. The current feeling in the South was indicated by a lady in one of the Southern States, when pointing to her innocent baby rocking in a cradle she said with emphasis : " I will teach that boy to *hate* the Yankees" (Northerners.) The bone of contention between the two portions of the Republic, that which led to that protracted and sanguinary civil war from the effects of which it has not quite recovered, has not been abandoned by Southerners as a body. Our countrymen need not be told that the cause of that great war was not slavery, but the assertion on their part of what they called "state right" or the right of every state to secede from the Union: slavery was afterwards intermixed with it, and the Emancipation Proclamation was issued as a manœuvre of war, rather than a measure of philanthropy. President Lincoln said at the commencement of the fratricidal struggle that the Union must be maintained "either with or without slavery;" and when in its protracted course he found that the complete extinction of that monster evil would further this end, he had no hesitation in ringing its death knell. The war came to a close, but the blood with which the country had been deluged had not washed away the rebellious principle, to which its occurrence, its magnitude and its vindictive and sanguinary character are to be traced. Nor have the years of peace that have followed succeeded in mitigating it in some, if not all, quarters. The North, when victorious, fell into the mistake of being overlenient towards the South; and it is to-day reaping the consequences of its indiscreet clemency. Rebels, who should have been hanged, are abroad, each propagating disaffection and disloyalty within his sphere of influence, by reviving the subdued but not extinguished principle of state right. Jefferson Davies was reported to have said in a public meeting that every child born in the Southern

States "rocked the principle of state right in its bosom." And besides the South is nothing but a great confederation the object of which is to neutralize systematically, by means fair as well foul, the humane policy of the North in all its development or practical outgoings. The hardest work before the Union is to tame the rebellious spirit of the South, to spread education and intelligence where there is Egyptian darkness within its borders, to beget a proper appreciation of the blessings scattered by the American Constitution in spite of innumerable drawbacks and finally to evoke and mature that loyalty to the Union to which all local interest and predilections in the North are evidently subordinated.

2. The problem which has for its object the protection and the elevation of the Negroes or the communities coming under the head, the colored population of America, is one of nearly as great importance as that of the conciliation of the South. The colored people are the most unfortunate people in America, and perhaps one of the most unfortunate peoples on the surface of the Globe. They are it must be admitted, treated in Southern States with a great deal of patronizing kindness when they deliberately give up all idea of asserting the rights which they have recently acquired, or which have been recently bestowed upon them. But when they move out of this sphere of self-abnegation, or when they have the presumption to assert these rights, they are regarded as objects of universal abhorrence, and treated with shocking barbarity. They are scowled upon, they are booed at, they are abused, they are beaten, they are imprisoned, and they are massacred in cold blood. A General of America assured me that twenty-five thousand Negroes had been murdered since the close of the war, and nobody had been punished; while a benevolent lady related in my hearing the story of a shocking murder perpetrated by a Southerner in a vessel on the waters of the Mississippi in the presence of a hundred of his countrymen, who had not lifted up their little fingers in aid of her

unfortunate Negro victim. During the elections Negroes by the thousand were compelled by threats of persecution and murder to vote for the party whom they had every reason to dislike, if not hate; and all political demonstrations got up by them in favor of the Republican nominations were, as a rule, forcibly stopped. In one of the cities in the South a number of Negroes met to confirm the nomination of Garfield; the whites gathered around them with clubs and guns, dispersed them by force, and held on the spot a meeting in favor of the Democratic nominee, Hancock! The South seems to have been utterly brutalized by slavery,—rendered ignorant, lazy, cruel, sottish, licentious and ferocious. But how are the Negroes treated in the North? Not certainly with cruelty and barbarity but with supercilious contempt, as our countrymen are as a rule by the members of the dominant class. And as in this country, the antipathy with which the inferior race is treated grows in intensity as you go down from the higher to the lower orders of society, and becomes positively intolerable where the races are alike in every respect but in color. Nor are reasons for treating the Negroes with contempt and dislike bordering upon hatred wanting. They are a very inferior race! The capacity of their crania and the lightness of their brains prove that they belong to the order of "Primeval Man," or are intermediate links between the Chimpazee and "modern" man! How is it possible to treat them as equals and brothers? The Americans were very kind to me, except when they mistook me, as in some hotels and public places they did, for a Negro or a Chinaman; and they would often say to me—"You belong to the same stock with us; but we can't treat Negroes as we are treating you: they belong to a different stock!" "Sir" I would say "trace the line of pedigree further up, and you will find they also belonging to the same stock." But alas arguments can not remove race antagonism descending from father to son, and permeating a whole race! "We are disposed to be kind to every body but a Negro" said

a kindhearted Minister of the Gospel. "We do not like the Negroes simply because we have injured them : we never like people whom we have injured !" said another. Some such reason, I suppose, is at the bottom of the dislike with which Europeans in India regard us as a rule. The argument which I made use of in America is applicable here also. The Americans I said, had no right to bring the Negroes from a far distant land to their own simply to remind them of their inferiority ; and our conquerors have no right, excepting of course that of might, that which the tiger exercises when it eats up a live goat, to take possession of our country simply to remind us of our inferiority. The Americans are bound by the relationship into which they have voluntarily entered to the despised community to raise its members by one and all the appliances of civilisation ; and our rulers are bound by similar considerations to elevate us as a nation, and place us on a par with themselves, as regards political rights and social privileges.

3. The Chinese question is assuming gigantic proportions, and becoming one of the burning questions of American politics. The Chinese emigrants are pouring into the Western States specially in almost endless streams ; and their ever-increasing number, their heathenish ways, and their readiness to demoralize labor are causing what can not be represented as an entirely groundless alarm. China could easily send to America a hundred millions of its inhabitants, that is a population twice as great as that of the United States. But what would be the consequence of their presence therein ? Why the march of civilisation would be impeded, the nation would be demoralized, the resources of the country would be drained and the Union would literally be swamped ! The objections raised to Chinese emigration or rather immigration are these. They are in the first place a dirty people, and introduce filth and squalor where but for them there would be cleanliness and refinement. Their town for instance at San Francisco

is the very type of dirtiness. They are moreover unwilling to be naturalized citizens, their object being to remain as strangers, to earn all the money they can and to send it to their own country. They drain the wealth of America, and do not add to it. They are in the third place demoralizing labor, that is underselling the work of their hands. Their mode of living is much cheaper than that of American laborers, and they in consequence beat their whiter competitors by accepting wages which the latter could not possibly accept without killing themselves. They are in the fourth place introducing heathen forms of worship and heathenish ways into a Christian land, along with opium-smoking and gross immorality. These arguments were stated and triumphantly exploded by Dr. Talmage in a sermon delivered in his crowded Church at Brooklyn amid the plaudits of his almost innumerable hearers. I listened to his sermon with great interest, and the only objection I had to it was that, being a sprightly political discourse on a burning political question, it was out of place in a church on a Sunday. This and other addresses delivered by persons, who might be justly represented as the champions of the weak against the strong, appeared to me eminently fitted to put down the spirit of antipathy which the presence of Chinese emigrants had conjured up; though at the same time I could not but feel that some wise measure calculated to limit and restrict Chinese immigration was called for under the circumstances.

The other questions connected with American politics I must set aside to take into consideration one which the reader may put to me. Where, he may ask, are the ameliorating influences of Christianity in a country where alien races are simply on account of their color treated with execrable barbarity? This is a legitimate question, but its solution is by no means difficult. The brutal treatment to which the Negroes and the Chinese are subjected in America is to be traced, not to Christianity, but to human nature which civilization may polish but can not regenerate. In countries called Christian

there are millions of people who are no more under the influence of our holy religion than the majority of so-called christians in our own country; and human nature in these, unsubdued, unreformed and unregenerated, breaks out in deeds of violence specially towards the weak; thus showing that our nature in its unregenerate state is the incarnation of that law of the survival of the fittest, which in all parts of the animal Kingdom leads the strong to prey upon the weak and of which the best exponent in the country is the *Pioneer*. It is a relief to turn from what human nature has done and is doing to deepen and intensify the degradation of the down-trodden races of the world, to the elevating influences by which they are being raised, and of which the great source is Christianity. Look at the present condition of the Negros in America;—emancipated from slavery; enfranchised, brought under the influences of a liberal system of education, fed, clothed and trained as civilized people are, raised not merely intellectually but morally and spiritually above not only their former selves or their countrymen but nations and peoples much more advanced than their own, placed where they are distinguishing themselves as Congress Members, responsible Officers, well-to-do Merchants, honest Tradesmen, respected Teachers and revered Ministers of the Gospel. There is much that is good in their condition along with much that is deplorable, the bright side attributable to Christianity, and the dark to human nature. The present condition of the colored population of America is therefore an irrefragable argument in favor of our holy religion as it is a standing reproach to human nature !

RAM CHUNDRA BOSE.

REALITIES OF INDIAN LIFE.

II.—THE ZEALOUS SALT OFFICERS.

It was a hot day in April when a sowár attached to the salt Preventive Department, accompanied by eleven salt Chuprasies, the *gorite* of Khurná, and two chowkeydárs, entered the village of Khurná, in Jounpore, and proceeded to search the houses of the *toonís*, or salt manufacturers, for illicit salt. Their movements were watched by the whole village with alarm, for every one understood what the real object of the search was.

"Let us first of all settle with the villagers what we are to have to eat and drink here," said the sowár; and the Chuprasies hastened to make the needful inquiry. One man called for rice, another for curds, a third for *áttá*, a fourth for *ghee*, a fifth for milk, a sixth for *goor*, a seventh for gram and grass for the sowar's horse, and so on, and the villagers felt bound to supply promptly whatever was asked for, fearing to make enemies of men who only wanted a pretext to insult and fleece them. Even the zemindar of the village sent the party a ram; but this, after being killed, was held to be too lean, whereupon a fine fat ram belonging to a shepherdess was caught hold of.

"Don't carry off that animal, Sir," remonstrated the son-in-law of the poor woman with the Chuprassee who had captured it. "It belongs to our master, and he will be savage with us if it be not forthcoming. We shall give you two goats in lieu of it."

"Hasten then, friend, to bring the two goats," replied the Chowkeydar, in a rather gruff tone; "our stomachs don't feed on empty promises;" and when the two goats were brought to him, he walked off quietly with all three.

The pillage thus got together was very considerable, and the marauders were somewhat pleased by its excess; but they

wanted money also, and now went about to collect it. Thirty houses were searched by them; but as there was no illicit salt in any of them the quantity collected was less even than a seer, representing what had been kept for domestic use. Nor were any manufacturing utensils discovered in the houses; nothing whatever was in fact forthcoming to criminate the parties proceeded against. The Chuprassies looked baffled towards the chowkeydars, and the chowkeydars looked blank at the *gorite*, when the sowár, seeing them all non-plussed, gave the order to seize the people whose houses had been searched. "There is terribly strong evidence against them," said he. "Bind them all with ropes, and bring them before me."

"But what are you binding us for?" asked the *loonis* of the Chuprassies engaged in giving effect to the order. "What more do you want?"

"We can't answer you," said the Chuprassies. "We have only to take you to the sowár, who holds court at the *Dhurmsáldá*, in the garden of Purserampore, and you will there learn what he does want."

Fourteen men and twelve women were captured and bound and then conducted as captives to the *Dhurmsáldá*. The sowar sat there awaiting their appearance in perfect ease.

"What are you after, Sir! What have we done that we are brought bound in this manner to your presence?"

"The charge against you is that you have been manufacturing illicit salt. Has that not been fully explained to you?"

"You have searched our houses already, Sir, and discovered the charge to be false."

"Not so," replied the sowár. "We have discovered fearful proofs of your criminality, and they shall be brought forward against you at the right moment, before the proper authorities."

One of the captives at this juncture slyly held out a purse towards the sowár, who took it and weighed it in his hand reflectively.

"I can't accept this, friend, to liberate you," said he at last,

"for it is too light. I must have hush-money at the rate of Rs. 5 per head, or none at all."

"But we are too poor, Sir, to make up such a large amount. We don't earn more than Rs. 5 a month."

"It may be so," drily answered the sowár. "I have mentioned to you my demand, and you understand it. If you cannot make up the money asked for all you have to do is to accompany me to the higher Officers of the Department."

"Well, so far as we are concerned," said the spokesman of the *loonis*, "we are content to go with you to the higher officers you refer to. Only allow our women to go home, and we shall pay down Rs. 10 to you at once for doing so."

"Ten rupees for the women! No, no; we love women too well to part with them on such easy terms. Five rupees per head is the rate I have asked for, and I must have it. If the money be not paid before nightfall you will have yourselves to blame if the women be not well treated."

While this haggling was going on the whole village had become a scene of intense excitement. The friends and relatives of the *loonis* taken up were roused by the astounding demand made for their liberation, and the news spread like prairie-fire to the adjoining villagers also. The result was that in a short time a large number of villagers turned out and surrounded the *Dhurmsilâ*, armed with clubs and sticks; and these called upon the women in duress to run out to them. "When we have got you out of the way we shall know better how to deal with our oppressors."

The sowár laughed in reply, but the laugh was faint and unreal. He was alarmed at the turn affairs had taken, and in a moment of indecision ordered the chuprassies to draw out their swords and attack, not the people who surrounded them, but the unresisting captives who were bound in ropes. The order was promptly carried out, and many of the *loonis* were severely wounded, while one of them, named Suhaee, attempting to escape, fell into a well and died of the injuries he received.

"The case is becoming very serious," said the Chowkeydars to each other, "and we had better run and report the matter at the thannah." The sowár endeavoured to dissuade them from doing so, but they would not listen to him; and the police from the thannah hastening to the *Dhurmsáldá* arrested him and the Chuprassies.

Twelve persons were brought to trial, namely, the Sowár, who was named Munsoor Khan, and his eleven subordinates. Their story in defence, related in Falstaff's vein, was that they had proceeded to the village in the execution of their duty, and had succeeded in capturing a maund of illicit salt, together with fourteen men and twelve women who were concerned in its manufacture, when 125 men came upon them from one direction and 200 from another to liberate their captives, upon which they were obliged to ill-use the latter, and Suhæe attempting to break from them fell into a well.

"Then you did ill-use your captives?"

"We were compelled to do so."

"Will you now tell us what has become of the maund of salt which you say you captured?"

"Oh, it was carried off by the party that came to rescue the *loonis* except the seer that remains with us."

"That is not a bad story either, if you have evidence to support it": but unfortunately all the evidence, including even that of the Chowdeydars and the *goritz* who had accompanied the Sowár and his party in the expedition, went altogether the other way.

The guilt of the prisoners being established they were convicted of oppression and extortion, and sentenced, the Sowár to three years' imprisonment, and the rest to one year's imprisonment each.

AN ARYAN MEETING.

WHAT a day indeed for the little town of——when the young Patriot Delegate of the Indian Political Secretion was welcomed publicly at the town hall. It would be a shame thought one and all to let the event pass off quietly. How could they hold up their heads before posterity and would not India cast them off as bastards and not sons, if they would talk as they talked ordinarily, if they would laugh, howl, scream, screech, clap and leap as if nothing had happened sufficient to colour down extravagance into honest enthusiasm. No; the thing could not be thought of even for a moment. It was agreed they would not be themselves that evening. They would be besides, above, and if needs be, beneath themselves, that evening, in honour of their dear, dear country and for the glory of the Indian Political Secretion. Phalanxes of school boys, fighting mock Thermopylæ—young Bonivards wearing away the soles of their shoes, on the pavements of fanciful Chillons-patriotic-carriages dashing in, as if they could not come a moment too soon, for the salvation of India,—idlers of all sorts, gazers on and gapers at—betel vendors,—cigar hawkers,—hackney drivers, made the Town Hall compound look like the antechamber of Bedlam. What a rush when the doors were thrown open. The contortions the upright human frame endured in forcing a passage were frightful to behold. Heads got jammed in, legs entangled, crooked bodies got straight and straight ones crooked during the transit. Make room there for the Secretary to the Indian Political Pain Curer, bellowed out a voice in tribulation, and instantly a black panting mass was shot into a chair. Next trembled in the President of the Indian Plough and next the Editor of the Political Scavenger. The hall had quite filled up by this time and every conceivable feat of standing or sitting had been performed by some body or other. Suddenly there was a complete lull and by

degrees all that could be visible of the young Patriot became visible. Not to all though. Not a few of the members had to accept the fact on hearsay. By and by, those who could see the prodigy, got accustomed to the sight. The Political Scavenger got installed into the chair and the young Patriot was requested to thunder out his mission. Some people said that they were not aware that he thundered out his mission, but they were pretty sure he blundered it out. But I could not believe them. I instantly set them down as traitors. What-over it may be there on the platform stood the Patriot in a set attitude, quite a figure to contemplate, with his hair scrupulously parted in the midst, a black glossy beard encircling his chin, the left hand at his waist and the right raised imploringly to heaven. 'Why dost thou grow a crop of beards my friend' quoth I. But as it was altogether a mental interrogation, I could not reasonably blame my neighbours for withholding from me any enlightenment on the subject and I had to depend upon my own sagacity to solve this capillary problem. A Patriot he was, thought I, and such he was, a patriot every inch of him. It might be that he had some patriotic motive for wearing a beard. The women of Carthage wore their hair patriotically as they made bow strings of it to defend their town. But bow strings were out of fashion, might it not be a competitive beard after all. In what could not the Patriot compete with his betters. The Civil service! Oh he could break a lance with the very best of the lot. Brandy Pawny he could toss off by the tumbler and as to smoking cigar factory chimneys would be nothing to him. Bullets he could shoot off with better aim* than the best marksman among them could rely upon and as to beards he could make them shoot up as beautifully as the most finished European dandy. A likely solution indeed, for if beards ever came to be a competitive article, our Patriots could demonstrate why not only straggling bushes, but whole forests of them were in request. It struck me also that the young patriot kept his

eyes rivetted to the ground. If Newton were present he would assuredly attribute it to the famous disease with which he said the earth is infected. But I thought a more patriotic solution of the phenomenon would be to refer it to the attraction of motherland. After standing in this attitude for some time, the young Patriot all of a sudden came to himself as it were and thus opened fire—"Countrymen! If ever my lips are tainted with untruth, if ever my breath is fouled with falsehood, it is when I address you as my countrymen. Where is the country of which we are the countrymen. Go, ask the mighty deep that laps the sides of this mighty continent and a thousand billows will answer, O where. Go, ask the winds as they sit in conclave in their green council chambers and discuss in whispers mighty affairs of state, where is our country and they will answer, O where. Rivers as they run towards the ocean, extend their foamy lips to their blue blue bridegroom and whisper, O where. Trees wag their heads and snap their green fingers and cry 'O where.' The kakila shut up in her convent of green leaves, sings out in her matins and whispers 'O where.' Even the sheep in the fields bleat out 'O where.' It is 'O where' all over nature and creatures animate and inanimate, all in one voice and with one accord cry out 'O where'. But friends, I must not give way to my feelings, thus I must control them. Else like the cataracts of Niagara they will rush out and sweep you and me God knows where.

Friends, I come among you as the delegate of the Indian Political Secretion. The more shame if you have not heard of it. It is a body corporate and as such has limbs, limbs as strong as those of our Aryan ancestor Hanuman. It has got organs too that can secrete politics by gallons. And has not our society attained its object. Behold one of the mightiest secretions is now bruising its hands against the doors of the House of Commons. But it will not be bruising its hands always. The doors must be made to fling open and in the

place of one Secretion, a whole tide of Secretions will deluge the Parliament. No matter what politics is. Politics is politics. It is something one hardly understands but easily feels. Else why do nations go mad about it. You must eat politics, drink politics. You must have a tubful of politics to bathe in. You must make pillows of politics, stuff mattresses with politics, sleep politics, and dream politics till India is the land of the Aryans again. O earth give up our Aryan ancestors. But it is no use asking the earth to give them up. Poor fellows they were never buried, they were all burnt to ashes. O Rivers then give up the ashes of our ancestors, give us back at least the ashes of our mighty ancestor Hanuman who with a sweep of his tail whirled the tyrant Ravan off his kingdom. O what a day for India, if each one of us here had a tithing of our great ancestor's tail to flourish it over the heads of some bodies I would not mention and whip them out of the land sacred to the Aryans.

Who has taught you false history, my friends, that ye prate of the Greeks, the Romans and the Carthaginians. Europeans have abused your credulity by teaching you to regard Hannibal, Leonidas and Julius Cæsar as aliens. But they are not so great strangers to us as you have been taught to think. Teeth of true Aryan edge have cut their way into these cocoons of falsehood, and in place of lazy barbarian chrysalides, have discovered in them full blown Aryan butterflies. As Aryans you should no longer believe in Hannibal but Hanubal, in Leonidas but Lakhyan Das the hero of Dharinapolli, in Julius Cæsar but Julius kaser the bright-manned. Name a deed of daring and I could pledge my honour it has been done by Aryan arms. Name a man great in peace or mighty in war, and though enshrouded in the night of antiquity like Hamlet I shall venture to address him Aryan Father Royal kin. As there is one sun and one moon, one sky and one earth, so there is one country Aryabarta and one people the Aryans. Ye are foundlings no longer, not mere conjugal phenomena and nuptial Godsend, but Historical facts and Aryan bequests. Though acorns yet shed by mighty oaks and likely under heaven's blessing to justify your birth. But who shall say when or how. Your muscles of strength have been

distended, your nerves unbraced, the ichor that sped through your viens have co-agulated into blood, you have become as rusty needles that do not point to the pole of Aryan renovation, as common glass that does not concentrate Aryan energies into fire. I want magnetic needles and burning glasses, and women are the magnetic needles and burning glasses. It is they that lead nations to the pole of their destiny, it is they that kindle society into a flame. Your non-Aryan fears prevent them from coming to me. But if those delectable mountains would not come to me I would go to them. I know where to get at them. The kitchen is their rendezvous and there I shall overtake them. I shall make the very clay under your feet their rudiments of knowledge. I shall give them cooking pots engraved with the wars of the Ramayan and Mahabharat and as they sit cooking, they will ponder over the mighty deeds of our Aryan ancestors. Your wives will then exhort you to emulate your departed fathers, and where is the man to resist the authority of scarlet lips and gazelle eyes of this new dispensation. It is for this object that the members of the Political Secretion have resolved upon organizing a Society for the Free Distribution of Aryan Pictorial Pottery and I have come to your patriotic town to raise subscriptions for its maintenance. I do not demand money from you. Far from it. I would ask you to offer a sacrifice. Your fathers were nomads and they sacrificed bulls and goats and from their banker sons I want a silver sacrifice to appease the Nemesis of our race."

The finale was rather disappointing to the audience who had been all along under the faltering impression that as Aryans they were above the vulgar obligations of the non-Aryan portion of their species. They were quite ready to become Aryans at a moment's notice, but to loosen their purse strings at a moment's notice would they thought certainly argue want of Aryan Wisdom. The cause was a glorious one no doubt, and they would help it to the utmost with the gift of the gab, but to help it with the gift of the bag was quite out of the question, till they understood the market a little better. The idea of *freely* distributing Aryan Pictorial Pottery was certainly calculated to make them familiar with the ways of freedom, and it would be simply stifling freedom in embryo if they paid for Aryan Pottery beforehand. These and various other reflections naturally cast a damp upon the meeting and the applause that succeeded the speech could not certainly be the production of stout Aryan knuckles. A shrewd sallow looking gentleman taking advantage of the vacillation of the audience got up and asked leave to address

the meeting. Permission was of course immediately granted and he began as follows. 'Gentlemen:—After all that I have heard of the mighty Aryan ancestors I should be contented to be connected with them even through the hundredth generation, but for some misgiving in my mind. I am a bit of a naturalist and sometimes indulge in dabbling a little in natural history. Quite recently I came across a worm eaten treatise on a peculiar species of monkey now extinct, inhabitants of this country. It goes on to say that the monkeys occupied the heights of the Himalayas and from their airy habitation were called Airians most probably corrupted into Aryans, that they had thick hair all over the body (romos—hairy), that their colour was white (seth—white), that they could take tremendous leaps (lumphun—leap). These Airians it is said once came down to the plains and as they were one day rambling in the woods, some prince or other who had come out to hunt, taken with the sleeky whiteness of their coat, decoyed one of them and carried it over to his menagerie. One monkey however followed him unperceived and as the prince one day was toying with his captive found opportunity to give him a smart rap on the head, which being too much for his ideas of royal comfort, he gave up his ghost quickly enough. Might not this after all be the germ of the great Aryan Epic Ramayan. I do not say it is. But things may be put in such a light and may be made to fit in so that this theory may be put forth with some show of truth. For instance the widowed queen might be fancied to have taken the ignominious end of her lord very much to heart and bribed the poet laureate to coin an epic on the untimely end of the prince. Romas (hairy) and lumphun (leap) by a little phonetic jobbery could easily be transformed into countless Ramas and Lakhyanas and a herd of Airian monkeys into a mighty host of Aryans. Shita could be beautifully evolved out of Sheta (white) and the decoying of the monkey elevated into an elopement. War, siege, hand to hand combat and acts of individual prowess would naturally follow and take their places in the story, and thus an encounter with a wild monkey could easily be dignified into an Aryan invasion.

The materials come in so handy and pat, that it would be quite a pardonable invention on the part of a poet, to spin them out into a genuine epic. And where is the shame. When Darwin could lay the whole human race under the obligation of a gratuitous tail where could be the harm for you, gentlemen, to sport it as your family arms.

JIM.



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REALITIES OF INDIAN LIFE.

III. THE DUEL. "

"WHAT on earth does this concourse of natives on the *maidaan* at such an early hour mean?" asked Mr. Lloyd of Chandernagore, on seeing an immense gathering on a paddy field in the suburbs of that town.

"Oh, sir! They are going to fight out a duel here, and of course the mob have turned out to see the fight," replied one of the by-standers.

"A duel? Monstrous! Who are the parties, and what are they going to fight out for?"

"The parties are Messrs Onraet and Beaufort. But what they are going to fight for I don't know."

There were others present however who were better informed, and the facts of the case were easily learnt from them. The dispute between the parties had originated with money transactions, Onraet having acknowledged some debt to Beaufort for which he afterwards refused to pay. Onraet was known to be a very foul-mouthed and abusive man, and he called Beaufort all the names imaginable; and, on Beaufort attempting to remonstrate, Onraet became still more violent and as-

saulted him. One of the parties was a weak man, in an infirm state of health; the other, on the contrary, was a well-built and powerful man; and taking advantage of his strength Onraet concluded by striking his opponent several heavy blows, which Beaufort was unable to return. The treatment received by Beaufort brought on a violent fever which had nearly terminated fatally. At this stage friends interfered, and strenuously urged on Onraet the submission of an apology.

"An apology to a coward like Beaufort?" thundered Onraet. "I will stab the man through the heart who dares to suggest it to me again."

"Then you must fight him as soon as he is able to bear arms, and you know that he is a dead shot!"

"I know also to shoot, sir, a little," answered Onraet proudly. "Tell me when I am wanted, and I shall give Beaufort all the satisfaction he may ask for in that way, but in none other."

Beaufort remained sick for a considerable time, the affront received by him preying as much on his mind as the violence he had suffered had hurt him bodily; but he did recover at last, to demand that satisfaction which Onraet had promised him. His demeanour throughout was inoffensive and sober. He did not swagger or threaten. He had received a gross insult, accompanied by an unusual amount of violence and he asked for satisfaction, he said, to avoid personal injury. His tone in fact was so gentle that even the seconds on the duelling ground endeavoured to bring about an amicable settlement.

Half an hour was lost on the *maidán* in this way, but Onraet was deaf to reason and remonstrance. Lloyd endeavoured to get the police to interfere; but the police did not arrive till the business was over. "If there must be a fight the sooner it is ended the better," observed the seconds; after which the pistols were loaded and the principals were placed at the distance of forty paces from each other, with directions

to advance and fire—each when he pleased, with this condition that they were not to approach one another nearer than twelve paces, which distance was marked off by placing two hats on the ground. The seconds then moved aside, while the principals came forward. Ouraet discharged his pistol first, but without effect; upon which Beaufort fired from a distance of about seventeen paces, almost without looking at his antagonist. The ball was nevertheless lodged in the body of Ouraet, who fell without a groan and expired, while Beaufort also fell down at his side horror struck, with a face as colourless as a blank sheet of paper.

They told Beaufort to fly, but he refused to do so. The police were now on the spot, and he surrendered himself to them. His only defence at his trial was that he had not been actuated by any revengeful intent; that after the brutal outrage on him there was no option left to him but to adopt the course he had taken. His plea was borne out by the seconds on both sides. They were nevertheless all formally convicted—both Beaufort and the seconds; but the court held that the duress undergone by them from the time of their arrest was sufficient punishment for their offence, and they were discharged.

IV.—THE DOCTOR'S HOUSEHOLD.

There was consternation and dismay one morning in the cantonment of Baitool, in the Saugor and Nermadda territories, for the whole household of Dr. Davidson, who was formerly Civil Surgeon of that station, had been murdered.

"All? Have they all been murdered?"

"All; with the exception of Chutter Sing, the Rajpoot, who ran out into the compound and did not interfere with the dacoits."

The household of Dr. Davidson consisted at this time of Mussamut Guṅga, a Rajpoot woman who was in his keeping, her mother Mussamut Keriā, Mussamut Kushia, the daughter of Gunga by a former husband, and her husband Chutter Sing, besides two of Gunga's children by Dr. Davidson,

namely, a girl and a boy named Stella and Thompson respectively. Dr. Davidson was not himself at home, having been ordered up by the Government to the Punjab, and Mussamut Gunga, being very stingy, had broken up her establishment, turning off every servant she had. She was averse even to allow Chutter Sing to stay in the house, for there had been some misunderstanding between him and Dr. Davidson who had forbidden him from coming; but after the Doctor's departure the son-in-law considered it his duty to look after the family, and in a manner forced himself and his wife on Gunga, insisting on remaining with her when there was no body else to take care of the house.

"Fearful!" exclaimed the Commanding Officer of the Station when Chutter Sing brought news of the catastrophe that had occurred. Had he been struck by a pistol-shot he would hardly have been more staggered than he was on receiving the details of the calamity. Briefly, the statement of Chutter Sing was this: The house was attacked at one o'clock in the morning by an armed body of about twenty-five men, who, finding access into the court yard, entered the zenana by the back door. Hearing the alarm and seeing how hopeless it was for him alone to contend against such odds, Chutter Sing arose from where he slept in the centre-room of the house, and rushed out into the compound intending to fly, but being pursued by four men was overtaken, wounded in several places, and kept a captive on the spot for about one hour, the time being employed by the other dacoits in murdering the sleeping inmates within and in ransacking the house. After that period a fifth dacoit came out of the house and said: "All is right now," upon which the whole party made off with their plunder, leaving him with his hands and feet tied in the compound. It was with some difficulty that he unloosed himself from this position; but having done so he ran out at once, first towards the Sudder Bazar in search of help, and thence to the Commanding Officer to inform him."

"How do you know then that all the inmates of the house have been murdered? You did not go back to the house to see what had happened in it."

The face of Chutter Sing became ashy pale, and he was barely able to stammer out that he had heard his captors recount to themselves the mischief they had done, mentioning especially that they had murdered every one and plundered everything that was in the house.

"Well, let us proceed to the spot then, and see with our own eyes what they have done," said the Commanding Officer; and he was accompanied by Chutter Sing and by many gentlemen of the station to the house. They saw as they had been informed that all the women and children of the family had been butchered, and, inquiring further, discovered that two boxes of jewellery, which were known to be in the house, were not in it.

"This is a fearful affair," remarked the Commanding Officer, "but no less extraordinary than it is fearful. We are told that a body of twenty-five men attacked the house, but we see no traces anywhere of any number of men having passed into the compound or out of it; no footmark, no broken fence, not even a broken door."

"Then observe, Captain," pointed out another gentleman, "that the backdoor, by which the dacoits are said to have entered, is intact, without any trace of a violent entry by it."

"Inside the house," pointed out a third gentleman, "we find everything strewed about in confusion to simulate the appearance of a dacoity, but there is no evidence outside the rooms of any breakage or disorder of any kind."

"And, besides all that," remarked a fourth gentleman, "it seems very strange that, though the house is surrounded on all sides by other bungalows, no sound or voice was heard from it during the night by the inmates of any of those bungalows."

At this moment some one pointed out that some thing was floating in the well in the compound, and, a man being sent

down to search the well, a *dhoti* and a sword were brought up, both marked with blood.

"Can any one identify these articles" ?

"Yes, sir," said a *dhoby* who had joined the crowd gathered round the *sáhebs*, "I identify that *dhoti* as belonging to Chutter Sing. He gave it to me before to wash, and there is my mark on it yet."

"And I identify the sword as his also," said another of the by-standers, "having often seen it by his side."

This gave a new feature to the case. All eyes were now turned on Chutter Sing, as if demanding an explanation from him ; but he stood by without speaking a word.

"In this part of the country," observed the Commanding Officer, "we seldom hear of dacoits killing women and children who are unable to resist, and the wounds on the person of Chutter Sing, which are mere scratches, do not at all account for the blood on his body and clothes. The first thing to be done therefore is to arrest this man."

Chutter Sing was arrested and brought to trial ; and the circumstantial proof against him being very strong he was convicted of murder. It was supposed that he had confederates, and the disappearance of the jewellery boxes greatly strengthened this suspicion. One Jehangire Buksh, who had been a servant of the household, was especially suspected ; but there was no proof against him, or against any body else. The bloody part of the business was believed to have been accomplished by Chutter Sing single-handed, while his victims were asleep ; and his enmity to Dr. Davidson accounted, to some extent, for the butchery. He was sentenced to capital punishment, and died without contrition, and without throwing any additional light on the affair.

THE BEST MEANS OF BRINGING INDIAN CHRISTIANS INTO CLOSE INTERCOURSE AND FELLOWSHIP.*

THE words *intercourse* and *fellowship* mean pretty nearly the same thing and are often used to convey the same idea. For the purposes of this paper I will deal with these two expressions as exponents of one and the same idea. That idea I takê to be the mutual exchange of resources, whether consisting of the treasures of our body, mind and heart, constituting the unit self, or of the treasures of the world acquired by that self.

Intercourse or fellowship may be of various kinds and degrees. There is the intercourse between individuals, between families, between communities, between nations, and between governments.

We have to deal with it as between Christians of the same race ruled by one civil power.

I will confine myself to intercourse or fellowship between Bengali Christians, in matters, social, religious, and material.

The exchange of resources is not a thought but an act. All acts are the result of volition, and volition is a state of mind produced by one or several motive powers. Before entering into a discussion of these acts let us consider the motive power. This power exists in self, and self is the Christian man. A consideration of the Christian character will enable us to get at the generation of this motive power.

The Christian character may fairly be summed up into three distinct duties viz, duty to God, duty to self, and duty to our neighbour.

Our duty to God leads us to worship Him in truth and spirit, to accept the divine means of salvation revealed

* A paper read at the Bengali Christian Conference held at the Bhowanipore Congregational Chapel on Saturday the 1st October 1881 by M. L. Sandel Esq. M. A.

to us in Holy Writ and to abide by the appointed means of grace.

Our duty to self requires us to be honest, to free our minds from prejudices, to employ the talents God has given us in searching after and realizing truth, and above all to seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit of God to enable us to reach the right goal.

Our duty to our neighbour, to our fellow Christians directs that we should boldly and fearlessly but without contention or strife exhibit the truth we have in Christ Jesus, that we should love them even as we love ourselves, that we should feel that it is our privilege as Christians so to shew in our life and conduct the profession of our common faith as not to be a stumbling block to each other and foolishness to the heathen around us.

With regard to our duty to God we should be diligent in the study of the Bible, with all our attention, strength and perseverance, bringing more zeal and earnestness to bear on it than we are wont to bestow on any private secular study and to pray to God without ceasing not only at stated times but at all times. I will not dwell on the subject of prayer here beyond referring to it. Both the Old and New Testaments are written in languages, with which the majority of us are not conversant, but thanks be to God that the piety and learning of the Christian Church have not left us utterly helpless in this matter. We have translations which with all their defects are nevertheless a very fair and true rendering of the original. Learned men in all ages of the Christian Church, from the very times of the Apostles, have left behind them as monuments of their labour, their researches and their wisdom in all matters, connected with the Bible. We cannot do better, to enable us to see how the truths of the Bible were understood and acted upon practically by these men, than refer to their productions. I am sure we shall derive considerable advantage in appreciating the truths for ourselves by referring to the history of Christian theology and practice from the

very days of the Apostles. I would strongly recommend the study of Church history in its widest sense.

With regard to our duty to self, we must bear in mind that we are responsible agents and shall have to account for the talents God has given us, however, many or few they may be, even the one talent which we must not hide in the ground. When we see Christian people so much torn up with differences, it is our duty individually to enquire into truth more closely, and when we have, upon mature deliberation with prayer, been led to any particular line of Christian thought, we should not lose it by every blast of vain doctrine. In using our talents we must be honest, *i. e.* not allow ourselves to be deceived into thinking that we have sufficiently enquired. We should not get obstinate in our own conceits, but fairly and thoughtfully weigh every matter, though it may cost us much trouble. In order to pass an examination for any worldly object how much time, labour and pains do we not bestow on the subject of study to attain success; and shall we grudge anything in the study of that which affects our souls for all eternity? We should pray to God with the simplicity of a child for help and guidance.

As regards our duty to our fellow Christian men I cannot do better than refer to the precept of our blessed Lord Himself *viz* to love our neighbour as ourselves. The Christian scheme of redemption is the highest conception of love, and the Gospel teaching throughout deals with love. We cannot take a higher example as a pattern to us than our Saviour Himself. The prayer of the first Christian martyr on behalf of those who were so cruelly putting him to death, is another bright example of love. The writings of the Apostles abound with numberless exhortations on love applied to the various phases of human life.

Now we cannot have this pure love one for another unless we first realize the love of God our Father to us in giving His only begotten Son to die for us on the cross, that by His

death we may have eternal life. We must realize this love, and we cannot realize it unless we humble ourselves before God and feel that we are disobedient sinners incapable by ourselves of avoiding the wrath of God. In other words, there must be true personal religion in us. We must seek after holiness.

Now, having noticed briefly the Christian character as the predisposing cause it must be admitted that the extent of action will depend on the strength of the motive power. Unless a man is himself right his outward relations can not be so.

As to intercourse in matters social we must admit the existence of diversity of gifts, for one is richer, physically stronger, more learned than another, for one's mode of living, dress, manners, habits &c., are different from those of another. Persons that are similar in these matters, will be more apt to exchange resources, to have intercommunion with each other. Intercourse or fellowship in matters social will be real and healthy when it is held on a footing of equality. In the formation of friendships, in matters of marriage and other social alliances we must be content to let the rule of nature operate, that similars will unite with similars. The exchange must be on the principle of equivalents. There is also no necessity in order to promote social intercourse amongst us, to desire a departure from the rule of nature and introduce forced unions. In a community we must not expect to combine elements, which do not possess qualities of affinity. The conditions I have noticed here are no bar in themselves to the promotion of social intercourse. Notwithstanding the great diversity in gifts, we know that our ideas in all matters are constantly undergoing change, which must also produce corresponding alterations in social relations. In our community we do not often distinguish between Christian love, and social union. Though the first should pervade all our actions yet the latter should not be taken, according to one's own sense of the right social feeling, as an index of the former. Surely, a man, who is un-

willing to adopt a special mode of living, or dress, or to confine himself to certain articles of food, or to form particular friendships, ought not by reason of such unwillingness to be considered wanting in Christian charity. In short, intercommunion in matters social must be left to adjust itself according to natural laws, the Christian character as a motive power, coming in to direct and control selfish tendencies. It seems to me that it would be dangerous by rule and compass to direct social intercourse. If the motive power, the Christian character, is sufficiently developed, the natural self will be divested of considerable local and hereditary prejudices and traditions. We cannot I think devise any means to make this intercourse closer than it is. Like everything in the world, social intercourse is continually changing, and is not stationary. There is no fear of this relation stagnating.

The only practical suggestion I can make is, that we should try to discover such means and ways as will minimise the inequality of conditions. I may instance schools for the comparatively helpless and very poor, institutions for teaching arts and sciences, public lectures to infuse clear and right ideas, mutual aid societies for relieving distress in every shape, societies for voluntary works of Christian usefulness, and similar schemes. I think in such works there is sure to be hearty co-operation among Christians of all shades of religious opinion. By confounding Christian love with social intercourse much evil is introduced into our infant community. We Bengali Christians are in the first generation drawn from the various classes of an old and well organized society. There is therefore not so much of the social leaven, but the deficiency is made up by the exuberance of feeling which prompted the change of religion. Among the children of native converts, religion has to be implanted which will have its growth along with all other ideas and notions. Considering the smallness of numbers, diversity of ideas and habits becomes very prominent. Gradually as ties are formed society will adjust itself, and the

differences which look so distressing now will not show themselves hereafter, because they will cease to be marked. Old ideas and traditions which formerly kept together Hindu society will be completely broken up, and Christian Bengali society will form itself anew on different foundations.

But whatever be the future, Christian love does not mean social levelism and community of goods. Those who foster such a notion will be greatly disappointed at not finding it work in practice. I would also point out an evil which the use of words in different senses produces on the masses of our community. The word "brother" used in a Christian sense is taken to be synonymous with the natural relation which it also expresses. This commingling of ideas makes the ignorant suppose that he can claim all the social rights of a brother as children of the same parents. Metaphorical language is not understood by the masses of our community. The terms "brother," "brethren," when applied to all as Christians, are wrongly taken to confer rights of equality in matters social, so as to raise expectations which are not realized. The consequence is the breeding of ill-feeling among the disappointed. Christian love prevents us from despising our neighbour, enables us to value his soul as our own, and seek the good of all, but does not require us to cease to be human beings. I have heard that a certain European Missionary, who was very indiscriminate in the use of the Bengali words for "brother" and "brethren" and never addressed a native Christian without using the word, had his brotherhood brought to a very curious and unexpected test. A comparatively uneducated and helpless convert fancied that Christian love and expressions of brotherhood entitled him to expect anything he liked. He actually proposed to the European Missionary for the hand of his daughter. I say that an artificial love should not be fostered for true Christian love.

Intercourse in matters religious is one which is not to be lightly dealt with. It is of the greatest importance to the

stability and edification of the Church. No one will deny that uniformity in the mode of conducting public worship, in the observance of the ordinances of religion, if feasible, would be most desirable. At the same time it must be borne in mind that, whether for good or evil, our community is split up into several sects or denominations, each tenacious of the points of difference.

There can therefore be intercourse in religious matters only on points of agreement and indifference. I do not mean here to discourage the pursuit after knowledge and truth. That is a distinct line of action. The discussion of historical and doctrinal truths is a very healthy exercise if indulged in from pure motives of enquiry, but such exercise hardly comes within the term intercourse. So long as certain Christians honestly believe and hold that this or that particular organization or belief is essential, touching such matters there cannot be intercourse without agreement. It is not for me here this after-noon to discuss whether this or that, or whether any organization at all, of Church government, or any particular belief, is essential. We have to deal with the fact that differences do exist. Let not any one think that such meetings are likely to help in bringing about that happy and much desired unity. Convictions are not so easily changed, beliefs are not so easily destroyed. But I hope whatever else may be expected of such gatherings, they will bring forcibly before us the fact of the existence of differences that hinder intercommunion in matters religious, and lead us to be unceasing in our prayers to God that, if such unity and uniformity be desirable, He will give us grace and wisdom to perfect it. But there is certainly a vast common ground in which Christians of all denominations may hold close intercourse and fellowship. We can meet, as we are doing here this day, to promote good feeling among us, to enable us to seek each other's wants, to arouse a spirit of mutual help, to kindle national attachment, to form mutual acquaintances which perhaps, may be, the

beginning of lasting friendships.

I have hitherto dwelt on the external phase of religious intercourse, but there is a still deeper phase, which may be cultivated with great personal advantage. I mean the interchange of experiences between individuals in the growth of personal religion. Much good may be derived by friends meeting to talk over their particular temptations in life, over their special deliverances by the mercy of God, and the working of changes in their religious temperament. I do not mean that there should be a parade made of such exercise, for above all spiritual conceit and hypocrisy must be absolutely shunned. I have in my mind the close communion between intimate friends. Intercourse of such a nature may perhaps on the one hand lead to the evils of organized confessionals, and on the other to the evils of organized exhibition of saintliness. This form of religious intercourse must be the result of spontaneous desires, not prompted by any thing external. We may be brought by it into close personal union, notwithstanding our differences of opinion. This form of religious fellowship should not have any show about it, and be made the subject of commendation.

I can hardly think of any practical suggestions which can be satisfactorily worked out. One thing is quite certain that in matters of religion, no honest and conscientious man will ever make a sacrifice of principle.

The only thing practical that strikes me is to establish a good library stocked with religious books representing every shade of opinion. We can also have united prayer meetings. But beyond acts that are likely to conduce to edification, we cannot devise any practical schemes for closer fellowship. Little tracts might be very profitably written on personal religion, which is an inexhaustible subject. There are pious and godly men in all denominations of Protestants and Roman Catholic, Christians and where there is real piety, there is holiness, and where there is holiness there is love, and love that extends to the whole creation of God.

Difference of religion is no bar to intercourse and fellowship in matters material. Its ordinary motive power is self-love, but the introduction of the Christian character cannot fail to purify this self-love and extend it beyond self to families and communities. This intercourse is conducted on the principle of giving and taking, and the predominant idea is gain. No introduction is necessary.

We have a very rich gift to us in the natural resources of our country which we cannot do better than develop to the utmost of our energies. We might usefully encourage indigenous arts and industries, improve the facilities of transport whether by land or water, and foster a spirit of enterprise by encouraging foreign trade, in which our countrymen are very backward. It is not necessary to point out how to increase the closeness of this intercourse. The greater the amount of business done the closer the intercourse becomes. It has an indirect bearing on the other two. Material prosperity means an increase of wealth. Wealth rightly used cannot but go a great way to equalize the conditions on which social intercourse depends and to help good, benevolent, and charitable works.

Such gatherings as these may not be potent enough in producing any practical result, but they may draw our attention to a closer consideration of the various important subjects brought to our notice. They may be very good in enabling us to see the extent of our numbers, to hear the wants and desires of those whom we ordinarily have not the opportunity of meeting, and to arouse in us a desire to contribute our resources of every kind to the promotion of common good.

DR. MITCHELL ON "MENTAL DISCIPLINE."*

The Bombay Tract and Book Society is engaged in publishing at short intervals a series of "Papers for Thoughtful Readers," intended chiefly for the benefit of those Natives of India who read and write English. The 6th and 7th papers of this series, which alone have reached us, are written by the Rev. Dr. Murray Mitchell, a name well known both in Bengal and in Bombay; the one treats of intellectual discipline, and the other of moral discipline.

Both the pamphlets are written in a simple, easy and forcible style; and the author instead of writing exhaustively on the subjects of which he treats, gives suggestive "hints" which an intelligent reader may pursue at large. The writer's thoughts on intellectual discipline range themselves under the following heads:—(1) Observation; (2) Attention; (3) Memory; (4) Judgment; (5) Imagination.

The divisions under the head of moral discipline are:—

(1) Place and power of conscience; (2) Truthfulness; (3) Humility; (4) Manliness; (5) Duties to ourselves; (6) Duties to our Fellow Men; (7) Duties towards God. As these subjects are of the most vital importance, especially in connection with education in this country, we wish to make a few remarks on them.

At the outset Dr. Mitchell justly insists on the necessity of general culture preceding professional or technical education. "Indeed, it is a grievous mistake," says he, "for a man to turn aside too early to study the technicalities of any profession, even although it may be one of what are called the liberal professions. It is most desirable that a foundation, broad and deep, be first laid in general culture; for on such a foundation there can be reared the superstructure of profes-

* *Papers for Thoughtful Readers*. Nos. 6 and 7. *Hints on Mental Discipline*. By the Rev. J. Murray Mitchell, M. A., LL. D. Bombay Tract and Book Society. 1881.

sional skill and excellence." We see the baneful effects of the neglect of this general culture in the Native medical practitioners whose general education extended only as far as the F. A. standard, some of whom may be well skilled in medicine, but can hardly be called educated gentlemen; and in some of the Native barristers, who passing in India only the F. A. or the Matriculation examination, went to England, ate their terms in some of the Inns, and came out as full-fledged barristers. No wonder such people do no honour to their profession. The University of Calcutta, in the courses fixed for the B. A. and B. Sc. degrees, has in our opinion damaged the cause of general culture, by diminishing the number of subjects. It is no doubt desirable for a person to know thoroughly one particular subject; but at the same time a general knowledge of a great many subjects is necessary to make what is called a liberally educated man. As Lord Chesterfield says—by the way Dr. Mitchell ascribes the saying to Lord Brougham—a man should know something of every thing and every thing of something.

Under the head of *Observation* Dr. Mitchell remarks—"I fear that Indian students, as a rule, are deficient in the habit of observing." Are not Indian students their fathers' sons? Their ancestors despised observation, shut up their senses and looking at their own navel, became absorbed in meditation. They evolved systems of geography out of the depths of their inner consciousness, and not from observation and travel. As nature was not observed, the consequence was that it was not loved. Love of natural scenery seems to be wanting in the Indian character; and yet there are notable exceptions, for no one can read the epics and dramas of Kalidas without perceiving that that great poet was a keen observer and passionate lover of natural scenery. In connection with this subject the author tells a good anecdote:—"It is said that a visitor at Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth lived, asked the servant to be shewn the poet's study. The servant took him to a room

with a good many books. 'This,' said she, 'is my master's library : but his study is out of doors.'

Speaking of *Attention* Dr. Mitchell remarks—"Writing down a thing greatly helps in remembering it. When the great Greek scholar Porson was congratulated on his wonderful recollection of the Greek tragedians, he said he did not well remember any passage until he had written it six or seven times." We may add that the celebrated Greek orator Demosthenes, in order to become thoroughly familiar with the terse and precise style of Thucydides, copied his history eight times with his own hand. Indian students, who wish to get a pure and elegant English style, would do well to employ their leisure-hours in copying many times some of the Essays of Addison and Macaulay.

As an illustration of Porson's "wonderful recollection of the Greek tragedians," we may here give an amusing anecdote which, though it has been recited a thousand times, will bear repetition in a Magazine intended for Indian students of English. We take it from the *Facetiae Cantabrigenses*, a book which some of our readers may not have seen :—"Porson was once travelling in a stage-coach, when a young Oxonian, fresh from College, was amusing the ladies with a variety of small talk, to which he added a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a stage-coach too, roused our professor, who, in a dog-sleep, was slumbering in one corner of the vehicle. Rubbing his eyes, "I think, young gentlemen," said Porson, "you just now favoured us with a quotation from Sophocles ; I don't happen to recollect it there." "Oh, Sir," replied the Oxonian, "the quotation is word for word as I repeated it, and in Sophocles too ; but, I suspect, Sir, it is some-time since you were at College." Porson, applying his hand to his great coat, took out a small pocket edition of Sophocles and handed it to our tyro, saying he should be much obliged if he would show him the passage in that little book. Having rummaged the pages for some time, "Upon second thoughts,"

said the Oxonian, "I now recollect 'tis in Euripides." Then, said the professor, putting his hand into his pocket and handing him a similar edition of that author, "perhaps you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book." He returned again to his task with no better success, muttering to himself "Curse me if ever I quote Greek again in a coach." The ladies tittered: at last, "Bless me, Sir," said he, "how dull I am! I recollect now,—Yes, yes, I perfectly remember, the passage is in Aeschylus." The inexorable Professor applied again to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing an Aeschylus to the astonished freshman, when he vociferated—"Stop the coach, hallo! coachman, let me out, I say,—instantly let me out; there's a fellow here who has got the whole Bodleian Library in his pocket; let me out, he must be Porson or the Devil." "

In order to strengthen Memory, is it desirable for the Indian student to commit to memory long passages from the great classic writers, especially the poets? Dr. Mitchell answers—"I do not press this. Hindu students are only too ready to commit to memory what they read." And yet we think the practice approved of by Cicero and Milton would be very beneficial to the Indian student; and it is a practice which in former times was in no country so universally adopted as in India. All our Pundits, we mean of the old class, commit to memory the whole of the Sanscrit grammar like the *Mugdhabodha*, and the whole of the Sanskrit dictionary like the *Amarakosha*. You may call this druggery, if you like, but the man who performs the feat has the dictionary and the grammar at his finger's ends.

Under the head of Judgment Dr. Mitchell asks, How is the faculty of Judgment to be trained? Locke says—"If you would have your son reason well, let him read Chillingworth;" especially his great book the *Religion of Protestants*. Our author recommends another book, namely, Butler's *Analogy*.

Both are closely argumentative books, and are calculated to discipline the intellect and train the power of Judgment. Dr. Mitchell thinks Logic to be "invaluable in this connection." We confess we are not of this opinion. We hardly think that a familiarity with *Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio*, will develop the faculty of Judgment. In our opinion Bacon's estimate of the effects of the several branches of study on the mind is correct. He says—"Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; *logic and rhetoric, able to contend.*" Any one that has the slightest acquaintance with the logicians of Navadwipa will admit the truth of the above opinion, so far as the study of logic is concerned. Some of the ablest logicians in this country are also the most unsound of thinkers; they are *cymini sectories*, hair-splitters, and bad reasoners. We quite agree with Dr. Mitchell in his opinion of mathematics as an instrument for training the faculty of judgement. It is eminently useful "in giving a man the power of concentrating and fixing down his wandering thoughts;" but for enabling him to judge rightly so far as the practical affairs of life are concerned, it is not of much use, since "mathematicians deal with *demonstrations*, but in most cases we must proceed on *probable evidence.*"

For developing and disciplining the power of imagination Dr. Mitchell recommends the study of the works of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton and Shakspeare. He is of the opinion that no Sanscrit poet can be named along with these. But surely Valmiki, the author of the *Ramayana*, if he cannot equal the sublimity of Homer, is not inferior to Dante; while Kalidas can hardly be called more coarse and indelicate than Shakspeare. At the same time we are free to confess that for purposes of the highest and most refined culture no poems can be compared to the immortal epic of Homer and the dramas of the Greek tragedians. In the above list Dr. Mitchell might have included the names of Aeschylus and Sopho-

cles, the one the sublimest tragedian, and the other the most finished dramatist, the world ever saw.

We do not intend to notice here Dr. Mitchell's hints on moral discipline; we shall only remark that they are in every way excellent, and ought to be meditated upon by every Indian student. Professor John Stuart Blackie's admirable book on *Self-Culture* is a part of the B. A. Course of the present year; why should not Dr. Mitchell's little treatise on *Mental Discipline* be made a part of the F. A. Course?

A BEHAR VILLAGE.

I.—SIGHTS AND SOUNDS.

The province of Behar stretches for many miles, along the banks of the river Ganges, and is watered by that mighty stream, and some of its important affluents. These tributary waters afford, at least for a part of the year, every facility for inland trade, and fertilize the soil by their periodic inundations. During the rest of the year they carry but a small volume of water to the parent stream, and some of them have been known, during the hot months of the year, to dwindle into mere threads of clear water, quietly flowing through dreary wastes of sand. They abound in fish of every species, and contribute much to the comforts of the people, who have from time immemorial settled on their banks.

Many parts of Behar are also traversed by long lines of hills, varying in height from three hundred to seven hundred feet. They are supposed to be a continuation, of the great Vindya range, that lies as a broad belt across India, dividing it into two well-marked divisions—Northern India and Deccan. The great primitive force, which has up-heaved the whole of the table land of Deccan, spent itself here in those interminable chains of jagged hills, which mark so prominently the landscape of Behar. These hills are all arranged in parallel or irregular lines, although here and

there an isolated knoll might be seen, standing out like a fortress overlooking the surrounding plains.

In some places, as at Monghyr, the hills are for nine months of the year without a trace of vegetation, and even during the rains, when incessant showers fall upon the hills, the dry seeds of a few species of mountain herbs germinate slowly, and dress the scanty soil of the mountains with a thin herbage. They are by no means rich in minerals, a few mineral stones are found here and there and the crevices of mountains, from which small quantities of iron and other metals can be extracted, but these ores are too scanty to be of any commercial use. In some places the tops and slopes of the mountains are under imperfect tillage where the hill tribes cultivate rice, maize, wheat, Indian corn and a few esculent vegetables. But mostly they are covered with dense jungles—swarming with tigers, bears, several species of deer, monkeys, snakes, wild pigeons and peacocks.

From the foot of these mountains which surround Behar as an amphitheatre, long plains extend to the banks of the Ganges and other streams of less magnitude, exhibiting upon their undulating surfaces, meadows, hedges, and cornfields, numberless cottages scattered far and wide, and remote villages almost mingling with the distant landscape.

Viewed from a distance every agricultural Behar village, having a rural population of its own, is a small collection of straggling huts, environed by a thick growth of underwood. The tall knotted stems of maize putting forth long leaves at their nodes, with crowns of pyramidal inflorescence the humbler *khouni* creeping among them and clinging around plants of solider stalks to support themselves, create confusion, at once wild and impenetrable, which at many places effectually bar the entrance to these villages.

My recent tour among the quiet villages of Behar was not void of interest; a walk among them, especially through the fields decked with a rich variety of corn, is really delightful.

I visited these villages during the rains, when the principal crops of this country are harvested, and seeds of winter corn sown,—so I had every opportunity of seeing much of field labour.

The fertility of the Gangetic delta has passed into a proverb. Nature, remarkably prodigal in lavishing her choicest gifts on Bengal, is by no means niggardly to her northern sister. The towering tops of the banyan and the *peepul* bear ample testimony to this, yet the peasant grumbles at its imaginary sterility, and never forgets to reproach his Maker, if he has to dig an inch deeper than his neighbour.

It has been stated that the peasant is contented with little, and that little hardly saves him from starvation. His is the lot of a spoilt child, that suffers from all the misery which indulgent parents bequeath to their posterity, with their favor; and so poverty marks all his concerns. Expressions like ‘beggars’ train’ are always supposed to exist, in the prolific fancies of poets, but a few months’ experience of the place has shewn that the things they refer to are striking realities. Pass a few weeks in Behar and you will see bands of beggars issuing out of their indigent homes, and actually surrounding the lodgings of the Bengali residents, with all the precision of a besieging force. In the streets of Monghyr, Jamalpore, and Bhagulpore, to which my remarks are principally applicable, they may be met with every hour of the day in every stage of destitution. The cause of this wretchedness is not far to seek, though the discovery of the cause is not curing it. Indolence is the root of this evil. It is so gross in them that even stout parents do not feel shame to lead their children from door to door, to teach a profession the most loathesome of all. Once a friend, really touched at the distress, asked a strongly built man clad in a piece of rag hardly reaching the knee, why he betook himself to such dishonorable means of living, when by a little exertion of his own he could better his condition. His only reply was that

he could not get any employment. The kind-hearted gentleman procured him some labour in the Locomotive workshops of the East Indian Railway Company, but idleness had eaten up his soul; he not only declined the offer but to make security doubly secure, he forsook the quarter where he lived and actually transferred his beggarly excursions to quarters different from his own.

Here living is remarkably cheap, yet it is a fact that very few well-to-do Beharis can be found among the peasant class, although both men and women join in the labour of the field, and the weaker sex the more. The reason of this seeming paradox is obvious. Labour he hates, and as soon as he feels that he has earned a sufficient food, he immediately relaxes into his old habit of idleness.

Every Behari is a singer, he sings, he dances, the applause is his own. His songs are almost always sung in the same tune. The sexes join merrily in the same monotonous chorus, of which it is not easy to say, where it begins and where it ends. There is no quaver, no cadence, no laboured variation. They are like waves, all alike, but every one differing from the other. Travelling between Indrook and Saphiaserai I met the other day a company of labourers sowing a field newly ploughed and prepared for the purpose. The farmer was supervising their labour, and they were sending forth from time to time rich strains of vocal music. The number of labourers was not more than a dozen of persons of both sexes, they divided themselves into two groups, the females in one and males in the other. They were not carrying on a musical contest, as is sometimes done in the villages of Bengal, where bands of rustic fishermen or peasants exchange love songs with village maidens bending over their labour in the fields. The females were singing to themselves, to beguile their toil, like humming bees in the act of carrying honey from the velvet flowers of spring, to enrich the storehouse of their imperial mistress. In these village songs one woman

performs the part of a band mistress; she begins first—a faint shrill voice breaks the holy silence of the scene, and in an instant all the voices burst forth in notes of hilarity; every time his voice is heard first, till it is lost in the confused melody of many throats.

The Behari thinks it no dishonour to burden the female portion of his family with labour of the heaviest type. In the East females are no better than slaves,—this slavery society inflicts, man sanctions, and woman bears with a bleeding heart, but it is nowhere so galling as in Behar where the unfortunate females have to perform good deal of the work in the field, in addition to the many duties, which necessarily devolve upon them as housewives, religiously enjoined to add largely to the comforts of their male relatives. A traveller among these villages is struck, at the sight of stout athletic men, lounging about at a leisurely pace, or smoking hemp under the shade of a tree, or at best sewing small bags to keep their knick-knacks in, while their decrepit mothers, pregnant wives, and tender daughters, are sweating under the scorching heat of an Indian sun, to procure the commonest comforts of life.

Whether the peasant takes more care in rearing crops, or in watching them when ripe, it is not easy to determine. Probably the latter demands more of his care. Almost every piece of land under cultivation, has a *manchan* (scaffold), principally composed of stout bamboo props and Mahida branches driven into the soil. At a height of 8 or 10 feet from the ground and sometimes more—their heights varying in proportion to the height of the corn—broad planks of mango or banyan are tied together with bamboo props by means of rope and supported by bamboos placed transversely. Where planks are not available, bamboos are split into thinner parts, and these latter put together form a lattice-work, strong enough to bear the weight of several persons; and in absence of ropes, tough twiners and climbers are used,

but generally rude juuks and rushes curiously twined together, add stability to the structure. For the purpose of mounting them there are ladders fastened strongly with the rest of the work, and their tops, generally dome-shaped and thatched with straw, protect the occupants from sun and rain.

The laborious and painful task of watching falls upon the wretched lot of the daughters and wives of the peasants. Their day-watch begins with the day and ends at dusk, when men ascend the scaffold and watch on till the next morning, so that even at the darkest nights, the fields of Behar are not altogether voiceless. In all these watchings the peasant never forgets his hubble-bubble, the constant companion of his toil; upon a large earthen pan fire is kept constantly burning. It entails no additional cost upon his purse, as dry-leaves of Indian corn, stalks of poppy, and husks of various cereals, are never wanting in a peasant's hut.

Despite this painful vigilance, the peasant suffers greatly, from the nocturnal ravages of thieves, and when the fields happen to lie upon the slopes or near the hills, of jackals, bears, and other wild beasts. The former lie in regular ambush and mow, when slumber robs the wakefulness of the hardworked peasant, several *khatas* of corn completely. As a rule old men are more vigilant than youths, their nights being almost sleepless. The ravages done by thieves are so grievous and frequent, that the peasant becomes more careful than perhaps necessary. The rustling of leaves caused by the rapid passing of a smart gale, or the passing of a serpent or lizard through the field, at once breaks his slumber, which as may be easily understood is never sound. When a few stalks of corn shake more violently than usual, the guards set up a loud yell, which is readily caught and repeated by others, so that in course of a few minutes the fields to several miles round, become filled with their peculiar watch-cry.

During the day the watching is less vigilant, as thieves do not dare to shew themselves in day light. Passing through the fields you always see some one or other watching the corn.—An old woman sitting with a stick at her hand, a peasant girl engaged in the more agreeable task of masticating pulse, or a peasant's wife locked with heavy wheel-shaped anklets or armlets of brass, sleeping with a child at her breast may be seen invariably upon every scaffold.

On a small patch of Indian corn at the outskirts of Heridnah, a small Behari village, a singular incident happened which I can not but mention here as it amused me much while I was travelling. At a solitary corner of the corn field, I noticed a scaffold,—weaker, dirtier, and more ill-furnished, than the rest, and what seemed more strange it was without an occupant. Out of curiosity I began to look round to see if there was any one to guard the crops, when an old woman a vivid picture of famine came running to the spot where I stood, taking me for a thief watching an opportunity to plunder her little stock of plenty. She came up to me, distinctly perceived her error, and gabbling out a short apology with a low reverence, vanished as quickly as she came, leaving me full leisure, to think what I liked best about her.

G. L. G.

ADMINISTRATION OF HINDU LAW.

During the period of the Hindu sovereignty in India Courts of Judicature were established in different parts of the country, and were held in houses which were not only apart from other buildings, but were also specially constructed for the accommodation of administrators of justice and suitors. The tribunals at the place of Government, or in the interior of the realm, were generally composed of judges, councillors, secretaries and accountants selected and appointed, for the most

part, by Kings. The selection and appointment of the officers concerned in the administration of justice were, however, made from the bodies of ministers and priests attached to royal councils. Persons, engaged in the distribution of justice, mostly belonging to the Prahmanical class, possessed spotless character, and were deeply learned in the Dharma Shastra. They consisted of appointed and unappointed officers, had their respective prescribed duties which were regularly performed by them. Councillors were to assist judicial functionaries in the investigation in the first instance of the matter in dispute. On the completion of the investigation of the pending cases they were disposed of according to the then prevalent law without further or unnecessary delay. Secretaries reduced to writing the proceedings of the decided cases. Accountants kept account of all monies received and disbursed. Unappointed Brahmans of unimpeachable character and vast erudition had the privilege of sitting as councillors and trying with the appointed judicial officers the cases pending for trial. The courts thus constituted were placed under the general superintendence and supervision of the ruling authorities, and were authoritatively and regularly governed and guided by the provisions of the codes of law adopted or enacted for administrative purposes. Judicial proceedings were drawn up in accordance with the law then in force. The judgments of the courts in the cases triable by them were delivered by the presiding judges with the concurrence of other members of the forensic committee. Execution of the decrees passed by the tribunals was always put into speedy action, and did not proceed in a protracted state. Against the decrees of local tribunals appeals lay to the chief court at the capital. Again, the decisions of this forum were ultimately appealable to the King in his own court. Three grades of courts were established for the exercise of both civil and criminal jurisdictions. There were below the local tribunals three grades of arbitrators respectively composed of townsmen, fellow traders

and kinsmen in successive orders, and vested with the powers of deciding causes in appeal except the last competent to adjudge original cases. Had the decisions of the courts of final resort been duly preserved and handed down to the present generation, there would have been probably no variation in the interpretation of the same legal doctrine, or diversity of opinion or variety of judgment as is observable at the present time in the administration of Hindu Law.

In the dispensation of justice the courts which existed during the time of the Hindu princes, were guided both by the Adjective and Substantive branches of Hindu Law. The Hindu Adjective Law regulated the practice and procedure of the courts established by the Hindu Kings of early time. It comprised the Laws of Procedure, Pleading, Evidence and Ordeals. The Hindu Substantive Law deals with the rules of personal rights and status, of proprietary rights, and of mutual dealings of Hindus. It consists of two parts :—Civil and Criminal. It is to be found in the eighteen titles of law mentioned by Manu and other native writers on Hindu Law. All actions of a civil and criminal nature were investigated, heard and made ripe for decision in accordance with the Adjective Law. To them the principles of the Substantive Law were ultimately applied according to the nature of the cases.

From the time of the Mussulman conquest of India to the period of the decline of the Mahomedan Government, Hindu subjects were not absolutely denied of the privilege of being governed by their own laws, institutions and usages, which once formed a supplement of the Code of the then rulers. But, since the subversion of the Mahomedan empire of India, the Hindu people of the country, under the British Government, have not been wholly deprived of the benefit of Hindu Law. They are partially governed by their own civil laws subject to the modification, qualifications, and restrictions made by the British Indian Legislature and Judiciary.

By the ancient Hindu Law the conqueror of a country is enjoined to administer the laws of the conquered people. This rule has been laid down in the following text of Manu:—Let him (the king) establish the laws of the conquered nation, as declared in their books.* Probably, following the direction, the late Honorable East India Company deemed it expedient and judicious to reserve to the natives of India their own laws, institutions and usages, and accordingly reserved the same partially to the people.

This reservation was first made by the said Company at the time of the acquisition of the Dewanny of India. It was effected so early as 1772 and incorporated in Mr. Warren Hastings' well known plan of that year for the administration of justice in the Provinces of Bengal, Behar and Orissa. It formed one of the important and wholesome provisions of his short and simple Code of Regulations said to have been drawn up so as to be made suitable "to the manners and understandings of the people and exigencies of the country, adhering as closely as possible, to their ancient usages and institutions."

In the 23rd section of Warren Hastings' Judicial Regulations of the 21st August 1772 the first substantive civil law for the guidance of the Mofussil Civil Courts is thus provided for. "That in all suits regarding inheritance, marriage, caste, and other religious usages or institutions, the laws of the Koran with respect to Mahomedans, and those of the shastra with respect to Gentoos shall be invariably adhered to."

This rule of substantive civil law appears to have been literally reproduced in the 27th section of the First Regulation that was passed by the Bengal Government on the 11th day of April 1780 after the British Parliament had vested the Governor-General and Council with the power of making regulations.

The foregoing rule was re-enacted with the addition of the word succession "before" inheritance" in the 37th section of

* Manu, vii., 203.

the Bengal Judicial Regulation VI of 1781. This Regulation formed a part of the amended Code framed on the 5th July 1781 by Sir Eilijah Impey, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Calcutta.

Mr. Justice William Markby of the Calcutta High Court, in the exercise of its original civil Jurisdiction, makes the following observations on the addition of the word "succession" in the case of *The secretary of State, v. The Administrator-General of Bengal*:—"This change of phraseology is not unimportant, as it shows that these words received some special attention, and are not a mere phrase copied from the previous Regulations.*"

In the Thirteenth Year of the reign of George III the Statute 13 George III, Chapter 63, which is ordinarily known as "The Regulating Act," was passed for the enactment of certain Regulations for the better management of the Affairs of the East India Company as well in Europe as in India. His Majesty was empowered by the 13th section of the Statute to avoid and establish a Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William in Bengal, which was established by Royal Charter dated the 26th day of March 1774 in accordance with the provisions of the said Statute. Neither the Statute nor the Charter made any provision for the administration of Native Laws to the natives subject to the jurisdiction of the Court. But owing to the arising of several difficulties and doubts regarding the real intent and meaning of certain clauses and provisions of the aforementioned Statute and Charter, as well as of dissension and misunderstanding between the then local ruling authorities and the Judges of the Supreme Court, legislative interference was necessarily called for setting matters right.

Accordingly, in the year 1781, the Statute 21st George III., Chapter 70 was passed by the British Parliament to define and explain the jurisdiction and powers of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William in Bengal. Of the provisions

* 1 B. L. R. Or. Civ., 106.

embodied in the several sections of the Statute, those contained in the 17th and 18th sections have, however, reference to the administration of Native Laws in certain cases. The 17th section of the Statute enacted the following rule:—“Provided always, and be it enacted, that the Supreme Court of Judicature at Fort William in Bengal shall have full power and authority to hear and determine in such manner as is provided for that purpose in the said Charter or Letters Patent all and all manner of actions and suits against all and singular the inhabitants of the said city of Calcutta, provided that their inheritance and succession to lands, rents and goods, and all matters of contract and dealing between party and party, shall be determined in the case of Mahomedans by the laws and usages of Mahomedans and in the case of Gentus by the laws and usages of Gentus; and where only one of the parties shall be a Mahomedan or Gentu, by the laws and usages of the defendant.” Again, section 18 of the said Statute made the following provision:—“And, in order that regard should be had to the civil and religious usages of the said natives, be it enacted, that the rights and authorities of fathers of families and masters of families according as the same might have been exercised by the Gentu or Mahomedan law shall be preserved to them respectively within their said families; nor shall any acts be done in consequence of the rule and law of caste respecting the members of the said families only, be held and adjudged a crime, although the same may not be held justifiable by the laws of England.” But no amended or fresh Letters Patent appear to have been ever granted for the Supreme Court of Bengal in conformity to the provisions of the Statute 21 George III, Chapter 70.

The provisions contained in the 37th section of Regulation 31 of 1781, already referred to, have been re-enacted in Regulation 3111 of 1717 with an additional provision to the effect that the usages of the district or family shall also be considered in cases of succession to land.

Regulation III of 1793 was passed for the definition and extension of the jurisdiction of the Civil Courts of First Instance established in the several districts and certain cities of the Provinces of Bengal, Behar and Orissa. Its preamble mentions at the outset the object of the Regulation in the following terms:—"The many valuable privileges and immunities which have been conferred upon the natives of these provinces evince the solicitude of the British Government to promote their welfare, and must satisfy them that the Regulations which may be adopted for the internal government of the country will be calculated to preserve to them the laws of the Shashtra and the Koran in matters to which they have been invariably applied, to protect them in the free exercise of their religion, and to afford security to their persons and property." Notwithstanding the legislative assurance of the preservation to the natives of their laws in the cases to which their invariable application has been made, no specific and direct rule of law, enjoining the civil courts to administer the native laws to the natives in particular classes of cases, has been embodied in any of the sections of the Regulation. But the authority of the tribunals to decide certain cases of the native suitors agreeably to their laws may be inferred from the provisions of section XIII of the Regulation.

By Regulation IV of 1793, the Courts of Civil Judicature of Original Jurisdiction, constituted in Bengal, Behar and Orissa, were authorized to entertain, try and decide complaints or suits declared cognizable by them. Section XV of the Regulation, however, made distinct provisions for the reservation of native laws to the natives of the abovementioned Provinces in the following manner:—

"In suits regarding succession, inheritance, marriage, and caste, and all religious usages and institutions, the Mahomedan laws with respect to Mahomedans and the Hindu laws with regard to Hindus, are to be considered as the general rules by which the Judges are to form their decisions." The

above has been substantially transcribed, if not literally reproduced from the immediately previous enactment on the subject of the Governor-General of India in Council. The only difference is in phraseology, that is, in the substitution of "the Mahomedan laws" for "the laws of the Koran" and of "the Hindu laws" for "those of the Shastra," as well as of "Hindus" for "Gentus."

Courts of Judicature for the trial of civil suits in the first instance were established under the provisions of Regulation VII of 1795 in the Province of Bengal including the City of Benares on the abolition of the tribunals which had existed in those localities prior to the passing of the Regulation. They were constituted on the model of the tribunals established under Regulation III of 1793. Their jurisdictions and powers were defined according to the principles of this Regulation. No provision has, however, been made by Regulation VII of 1795 for the guidance of the civil courts in the decision of the native cases according to the native laws.

But Clause Second, Section III of Regulation VIII of 1795, which extended the provisions of Regulation IV of 1793, with alterations and modifications, to the Province of Benares, re-enacted the same rule of substantive civil law as laid down in Section XV of this Regulation and quoted above.

Under Regulation II of 1803 Civil Courts of Original Jurisdiction were constituted in the Provinces, ceded by the Nawab Vizier to the late East India Company after the plan of the constitution of the tribunals specified in Regulation VII of 1795. But no rule of law for the administration of the native laws to the litigant natives appears to have been enacted by legislature in any section of Regulation II of 1803.

Regulation VIII of 1805 was enacted for the extension of such Laws and Regulations provided for the internal administration of the Provinces ceded by the Nawab Vizier to the late East India Company, as had not been extended to the Conquered Provinces within the Doab and on the right bank

of the Jumna, and to the Territory in Bundelcund ceded by the Peshwa to the said Company. It was also enacted for the revision and amendment of certain portions of the said Laws and Regulations. Both Regulations II and III of 1803 were extended, with certain exceptions, to the districts which formed the local jurisdictions of the tribunals established under Regulation VIII of 1805. Clause first, section VII of this Regulation extended Regulation III of 1803 with the exception contained in Clause 2 of the same section of that Regulation and related to matters which had nothing to do with the administration of the laws of the natives in the least. As however the provisions of Clause First, section XVI of Regulation III of 1803 were not directly excepted but were made applicable by implication to the courts of the said Conquered Provinces and Ceded Territory they would be of course understood and considered as the rule of substantive Civil Law by which the tribunals were to be governed in their decisions in the cases between the natives to the extent specified therein.

Provision was made in the second Clause of section vi. of Regulation v. of 1831 for the administration of the native laws in certain civil cases. This Regulation was enacted for the extension of the powers of Moonsiffs and Sudder Amcens in the trial of suits of civil nature, for the authorization of the appointment of Principal Sudder Amcens at the city and District Stations, for the modification of the duties and powers of the City, District, and Provincial Courts, and for other purposes. By the abovementioned second Clause it was, however, provided as follows:—"In all cases of inheritance of or succession to landed property the Mahomedan laws with respect to Mahomedans, and the Hindu laws with regard to Hindus, are to regulate the decision. This enactment evidently limits the administration of Hindu Law in cases of inheritance and succession to landed property only, and entirely ignores the recognition and application of the Law to the civil suits of other descriptions as provided for in the earlier

Regulations noticed before. But these did not give way to the Regulation under consideration, as they were either replaced nor superseded by it."

For the modification of certain provisions of Regulation v of 1831 as well as for the enactment of additional rules, Regulation vii. of 1832 was passed. Section viii. of this Regulation enacted among its other provisions the following rule:—"The rules contained in section xv. Regulation iv. 1833, and the corresponding enactment contained in Clause First, Section xvi. Regulation iii. 1803, shall be the rule of guidance in all suits regarding succession, inheritance, marriage and caste, and all religious usages and institutions that may arise between persons professing the Hindu and Mahomedan persuasions respectively." This rule virtually superseded Clause second, section vi. of Regulation v. of 1831.

None of the Acts passed by the Legislative Council of India with reference to the organization of the Civil Courts of Original Jurisdiction, established in the Upper and Lower Provinces of the Bengal Presidency, has affirmed, modified or repealed, wholly or partially, the provisions of the aforesaid Regulation regarding the administration of the native laws to the native suitors in certain civil cases.

Similarly no Act was enacted by the Viceregal Council of India from the time of its establishment to the year 1870, for confirming, varying or abrogating entirely or partly the provisions of the above stated Regulations concerning the reservation to the natives of the said Provinces of their own laws.

Ultimately the Viceregal Council of India passed the Bengal Civil Court's Act vi of 1871 amending and consolidating the law relating to the Tribunals of Civil Judicature of the districts in territories under the respective rule of the Lieutenant-Governors of the Lower and North-Western Provinces in the Presidency of Fort William in Bengal. This Act is restricted in its operation to the District and Subordinate Civil Courts subject to the ordinary jurisdiction of the

Bengal and North-West High Courts. Section 2 of the Act rescinds such of the provisions of the Regulations and Acts relating to the Civil Courts of the Provinces of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, and the North-Western Provinces, as have not been previously repealed by any Regulation or Act. By the first part of Section 24 of the Act it is thus enacted:—"Where in any suit or proceeding it is necessary for any Court under this Act to decide any question regarding succession, inheritance, marriage, or caste or any religious usage or institution, the Muhammadan law in cases where the parties are Muhammadans, and the Hindu law in cases where the parties are Hindus, shall form the rule of decision, except in so far as such law has, by legislative enactment, been altered or abolished." This is a re-enactment of the provisions of the Bengal Regulations relating to the administration of Native Substantive Civil Law with the modification in the wording of the previous enactments and with the addition of the word "proceeding" and of the exceptional clause. These additions are evidently striking and worthy of notice.

According to the provisions of those sections of the Bengal Regulations which relate to the administration of Native Civil Law to native suitors in certain cases, the rule of Hindu Law shall be applied to the decisions of the Civil Courts in all suits between Hindus with regard to caste marriage, inheritance, succession or any religious institution or usage. But Section 24 of Act VI of 1871 extends the application of the rule of Hindu Law to proceedings between Hindus relating to the said topics. The deficiency in the legislation of the old law has been very inconsiderably made up by the addition of the word "proceeding" after "suit."

By the enactment of the exceptional clause at the end of the first part of Section 24 of the Bengal Civil Courts Act 1881, the British Indian Legislature has directly cautioned judicial officers of the tribunals of civil judicature in the Presidency of Fort William in Bengal against the administra-

tion of such portions of Hindu Law as have been legislatively modified or declared repealed. Such exceptional clauses could not possibly be inserted in the sections of the old Regulations touching upon the administration of Hindu Law in the cases defined therein, as no alteration or abolition of any portion of the Law was effected by the then legislature prior to the year of the passing of any one of the Regulations. This is not, however, the time or the place to discuss the propriety or impropriety of legislative interference with the provisions of Hindu law which are inseparably blended with the religious of the Hindus.

By Act XXXII of 1871 the law relating to the Civil Courts in Oudh has consolidated and amended. The Act is called "The Oudh Civil Court's Act, 1871" section 3 of the Act repeals all the previous enactments and orders respecting the law of the courts of civil judicature of Oudh. Reservation of native laws to the natives of Oudh has been made in the first part of the 31st Section of the Act which provides as follows—"Where, in any suit or proceeding, it is necessary for any Court under this Act to decide any question regarding succession, inheritance, marriage or caste or any religious usage or institution, the Mahomedan law in cases where the parties are Muhammadans, and the Hindu law in cases where the parties are Hindus, shall form the rule of decision, except in so far as such law has, by legislative enactment, been altered or abolished, or is opposed to any custom prevailing in the province of Oudh." This provision has not been repealed by Act XVI of 1874 which partially rescinds Act XXXII of 1871. It is an exact repetition of what is given in the first part of section 24 of the Bengal Civil Court's Act VI of 1871 with the exception of the last portion of the exceptional clause.

Previous to the passing of Act XXXII of 1871 the Legislature of British India did not enact for Oudh any Legislative Act which directly provided for giving preference to custom

over Native Civil Law where both of them were opposed to each other. Notwithstanding the want of legal provision for the guidance of the Civil Courts of Oudh in matters of custom conflicting with law prior to the enactment of the Act, they had to deal with the custom distinctly pleaded by the parties to the suits which were otherwise governable by ordinary Native Civil Law, and decide them accordingly. The practice of giving effect to customs in cases in opposition to the provisions of the law obtained, before the operation of the Act in Oudh, in its Civil Courts, and was ultimately recognized by the Legislature in the latter part of the exceptional clause of the 31st Section of the legislative enactment.

This section does not, however, mention the nature of custom to which judicial effect is to be given in preference to Native Law. It has, therefore, entirely left the courts of civil judicature of Oudh to determine for themselves the validity and binding nature of the customs with which they have to deal in the cases triable by them. True it is that no similar provision has been made by the Bengal Civil Courts's Act vi. of, 1871; but the tribunals of civil justice in the Lower and North-Western Provinces of the Presidency of Fort William in Bengal have not at all refrained from determining according to custom the cases in which it has been clearly set up and forcibly urged by the parties. The Judiciary Law of the Provinces bears irrefutable testimony to the judicial recognition of the customs governing the parties or property concerned.

It has been repeatedly ruled both by the Privy Council and the Indian High Courts in many cases on appeal that customs contravening the provisions of the ordinary rule of law must be ancient, invariable, reasonable and well recognized. Antiquity, invariableness, reasonableness and good recognition of custom must always be inquired and determined before it can be applied to the case which is to be governed by it.

All the rules, regulations and laws respecting the reserva-

tion of native laws to the natives of the Punjab and its Dependencies, which had been enacted by the Governor-General of India in Council and the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab in conformity to the Statutes, 3rd and 4th William iv. Chapter 95 and 16th and 17th Victoria Chapter 95 ceased to have effect on the operation of the Punjab Laws Act iv. of 1872. Section 5 of the Act enacts the following provisions:—

In questions regarding inheritance, special property of females, both that marriage, dower, adoption, guardianship, minority, bastardy, family relations, wills, legacies, gifts, partition of land, religious usage or institution.

The rule of decision shall be (1) any custom of any body or class of persons, which is not contrary to justice, equity and good conscience, and has not been declared to be void by any competent authority;

(2). The Muhammadan law, in cases where the parties are Muhammadans and the Hindu law, in cases where the parties are Hindus except in so far as such law has been altered or abolished by legislative enactment or is opposed to the provisions of this Act, or has been modified by any such custom as is referred to in the preceding clause of this section."

In the year 1875 two Acts Nos. XIV and XV were passed by the vice-regal Council of India. The two Acts are respectively entitled "The Panjab Judicial Administration Act, 1875" and "The Panjab Law's Amendment Act, 1878." Both these Acts entirely leave the provisions of section 5 of the Panjab Laws Act untouched upon.

Act XVII of 1877 consolidates and amends the law relating to Courts in the Panjab; and is entitled "The Panjab Courts Act, 1877." It repeals the Acts of the Governor-General of India in Council regarding the establishment, constitution, organization, powers, jurisdiction and authority of original and appellate tribunals in the Panjab and its Dependencies. It does not repeal the Panjab Laws Act IV of 1872.

(To be continued.)



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LAKSHMAN.

BY THE LATE MISS TORU DUTT.

"Hark! Lakshman! Hark, again that cry!

It is,—it is my husband's voice!

Oh hasten, to his succour fly, .

No more hast thou, dear friend, a choice.

He calls on thee, perhaps his foes

Environ him on all sides round;

That wail,—it means death's final throes!

Why standest thou, as magic bound?

Is this a time for thought,—Oh gird

Thy bright sword on, and take thy bow!

He heeds not, hears not any word,

Evil hangs over us, I know!

Swift in decision, prompt in 'deed,

Brave unto rashness, can this be,

The man to whom all looked at need?

Is it my brother, that I see!

Ah no, and I must run alone,
For further here I cannot stay;
Art thou transformed to blind dumb stone!
Wherefore this impious, strange delay!
That cry,—that cry,—it seems to ring
Still in my ears,—I cannot bear
Suspense; if help we fail to bring
His death at least we both can share.”
“Oh calm thyself, Videhan Queen,
No cause is there for any fear,
Hast thou his prowess never seen?
Wipe off for shame that dastard tear!
What being of demonian birth
Could ever brave his mighty arm?
Is there a creature on the earth
That dares to work our hero harm?
The lion and the grisly bear
Cower when they see his royal look,
Sun-staring eagles of the air
His glance of anger cannot brook,
Pythons and cobras at his tread
To their most secret coverts glide,
Bowed to the dust each serpent head
Erect before in hooded pride.
Rakshases, Danavs, demons, ghosts,
Acknowledge in their hearts his might,
And slink to their remotest coasts
In terror at his very sight.
Evil to him! Oh fear it not,
Whatever foes against him rise!
Banish for aye, the foolish thought,
And be thyself,—bold, great and wise.
He call for help! Canst thou believe
He like a child would shriek for aid

Or pray for respite or reprieve—

Not of such metal is he made !

Delusive was that piercing cry,—

Some trick of magic by the foe ;

He has a work—he cannot die,

Beseech me not from hence to go.

For here beside thee, as a guard

'T was he commanded me to stay,

And dangers with my life to ward

If they should come across thy way.

Send me not hence, for in this wood

Bands scattered of the giants lurk,

Who on their wrongs and vengeance brood,

And wait the hour, their will to work.”

“Oh shame ! And canst thou make my weal

A plea for lingering ! Now I know

What thou art Lakshman !—And I feel

Far better were an open foe.

Art thou a coward ? I have seen

Thy bearing in the battle-fray

Where flew the death-fraught arrows keen,

Else had I judged thee so to-day.

But then thy leader stood beside !

Dazzles the cloud when shines the sun,

Reft of his radiance, see it glide

A shapeless mass of vapours dun ;

So of thy courage,—or if not,

The matter is far darker dyed,

What makes thee loth to leave this spot ?

Is there a motive thou wouldst hide ?

He perishes—well let him die !

His wife henceforth shall be mine own !

Can that thought deep imbedded lie

Within thy heart's most secret zone !

Search well and see! One brother takes
His kingdom,—one would take his wife!
A fair partition!—But it makes
Me shudder, and abhor my life.
Art thou in secret league with those
Who from his hope the kingdom rent?
A spy from his ignoble foes
To track him in his banishment?
And wouldst thou at his death rejoice?
I know thou wouldst, or sure ere now
When first thou heardest that well-known voice
Thou shouldst have run to aid, I trow.
Learn this,—whatever comes may come,
But I shall not survive my Love,—
Of all my thoughts here is the sum!
Witness it gods in heaven above.
If fire can burn, or water drown,
I follow him:—choose what thou wilt,
Truth with its everlasting crown,
Or falsehood, treachery and guilt.
Remain here, with a vain pretence
Of shielding me from wrong and shame,
Or go and die in his defence
And leave behind a noble name.
Choose what thou wilt,—I urge no more,
My pathway lies before me clear,
I did not know thy mind before
I know thee now,—and have no fear.”
She said and proudly from him turned,—
Was this the gentle Sîta? No.
Flames from her eyes shot forth and burned;
The tears therein had ceased to flow.
“Hear me, O Queen, ere I depart,
No longer can I bear thy words,

They lacerate my inmost heart
And torture me, like poisoned swords,
Have I deserved this at thine hand ?
Of lifelong loyalty and truth
Is this the meed ? I understand
Thy feelings Sîta, and in sooth
I blame thee not,—but thou mightst be
Less rash in judgement. Look I go,
Little I care what comes to me
Wert thou but safe,— God keep thee so !

In going hence I disregard
The plainest orders of my chief,
A deed for me,—a soldier,—hard
And deeply painful, but thy grief
And language, wild and wrong, allow
No other course. Mine be the crime,
And mine alone, —but Oh, do thou
Think better of me from this time.

Here with an arrow, lo, I trace
A magic circle ere I leave,
No evil thing within this space
May come to harm thee or to grieve.
Step not, for aught, across the line
Whatever thou mayst see or hear,
So shalt thou balk the bad design
Of every enemy I fear.

And now farewell ! What thou hast said
Though it has broken quite my heart
So that I wish that I were dead—
I would before, O Queen, we part
Freely forgive, for well I know
That grief and fear have made thee wild,
We part as friends,—is it not so ?
And speaking thus,—he sadly smiled.

“ And Oh ye sylvan gods that dwell
Among these dim and sombre shades,
Whose voices in the breezes swell
And blend with noises of cascades,
Watch over Sita whom alone
I leave, and keep her safe from harm,
Till we return unto our own
I and my brother, arm in arm.
For though ill omens round us rise
And frighten her dear heart, I feel
That he is safe. Beneath the skies
His equal is not,—and his heel
Shall tread all adversaries down,
Whoever they may chance to be.—
Farewell, O Sita! Blessings crown
And Peace for ever rest with thee.”
He said, and straight his weapons took
His bow and arrows pointed keen,
Kind,—nay indulgent,—was his look,
No trace of anger there was seen,
Only a sorrow dark, that seemed
To deepen his resolve to dare
All dangers. Hoarse the vulture screamed
As out he strode with dauntless air.

The above is from a volume of Indian Ballads by the late Miss Toru Dutt, to be published shortly by Messrs. C. Kegan Paul & Co. London.

REALITIES OF INDIAN LIFE.

V.—THE POSSESSED CHILD.

“ No, neighbour. I cant say that I have any medicine where-with to cure your child. These fits are peculiar. They mean that the child is possessed by a spirit, and the usual course to

follow in such cases is to deliver over the infant to the entire mercy of the spirit. Have you the heart to do it?"

Such were the words of an old fish-wife of Backergunge, who had the reputation of being the best she-doctor in her native village, and whom Puban Bidho and his wife Oomjoná had invited to attend on their new born child which was suffering from fits a very few days after its birth.

"We must do as other people do under similar circumstances," returned Puban Bidho. "It is hard to expose a male child so, but if it has to be delivered over to the spirit that torments it we must do our duty. Tell us more clearly how it is to be done."

"Oh! you have only to put the child in a basket and hang it on a tree. The spirit will then do with it what it pleases. If it wishes to restore the child the fits will cease within twenty-four hours."

"But, meanwhile, must not some precautions be taken to protect the child from the attack of birds, and to feed it while it lies in the basket?" asked Oomjoná with a mother's anxiety.

"No, of course not. The spirit that is in the child will take care of his own property; and any precautions taken by the parents after it has been ostensibly abandoned will only qualify the character of the gift, and is more likely to offend than to please the spirit.

The parents groaned deeply on receiving such a strict construction of the law, but they had no contention to urge against it. Nature still pleaded in the heart of Oomjoná, but in the presence of the wise woman she could only sigh and weep. When the fish-wife was gone she pleaded forcibly with her husband to allow her to feed the child while it was exposed.

"I won't object to that," said Puban Bidho, "because I have not the heart to do so. But the offering must be made to-

night, so you had better give the child your breast now, while I go for a basket."

The child was fed and put into a basket, which was suspended from a tree at a little distance from the hut of its parents; but the mother watched over the basket all night from a little distance whence she had a full view of it. When day dawned she left her post, while the father hovered about the place, occasionally looking up towards the basket but not daring to continue a regular watch over it, lest the spirit which was to be mollified should get angry.

At this moment an English Missionary appeared on the spot, inquiring about the road, and Puban Bidho being asked gave the directions required.

"Now, what is that hanging from the tree there?" asked the Missionary, pointing towards the basket.

The question discomposed Puban Bidho greatly, which made the querist suspicious, and proceeding to look into the basket for himself he was horrified at what he saw,

"I should like to know," said the Missionary, "who has exposed the child here in this manner? These heathen parents seem not to have even as much natural feeling for their children as the brutes have;" and, muttering other words to the same effect, he hastened to unfasten the basket from the tree.

"Don't bring down the basket, sir," interposed Puban Bidhoo, "for the welfare of the child depends on its exposure in that way."

"Then, I suppose, you have exposed it; have you? Am I to understand, man, that it has been thus delivered over to the Devil as a peace-offering to cover its mother's guilt?"

"Don't abuse us, sir, in that way, please. We are poor people, but quite as honest as you are. The child has been so exposed because it is possessed by a spirit, and in accordance with the general custom of the country under such circumstances."

The *pádrée sáheb* however did not understand that. He knew this only that naughty women exposed their children to death to hide their shame, and not doubting that he had seen a case before him he proceeded with the basket to the nearest police *thánnáh*, where he narrated the circumstances under which he had found it.

Paban Bidho and Oomjoná were now arrested; but they stated the facts so clearly that the suspicions of the Magistrate were allayed. Still the case was one of "exposure" and could not well be dismissed without further investigation, and the investigation was accordingly proceeded with.

"We have done nothing to fear the result of the most searching inquiry," exclaimed the parents; and they were right. The circumstances under which the child came to be exposed were fully unravelled, and it was at the same time established that in all other cases of the kind the children were utterly abandoned. In the present instance the course taken was very different. The child had been exposed, but not left to die. It had been exposed in the hope of preserving its life; but the parents had not been neglectful of its wants and requirements. Even such treatment as it had received was of course objectionable, and attended with great peril; but this was attributable to the ignorance of the parents, not to any ill-feeling or heartlessness on their part towards the child. There was therefore no offence against the law, and the prisoners were acquitted and released.

MR. DADABHAI NAOROJI ON THE "CONDITION OF INDIA."

BY THE EDITOR.

There are few educated natives of India who have not heard the name of Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, of 32 Great St. Helens, London. He is an Indian Parsi gentleman who has been residing in London for more than a quarter of a century.

taking the liveliest interest in questions affecting the political economical, social and moral condition of the land of his fathers' adoption—for his remote ancestors were natives of Persia—delivering lectures on Indian questions to popular assemblies, reading papers on the same subjects before political associations, and publishing pamphlets with a view to induce the British public to take some interest in the inhabitants of a vast country, whose destinies have, by a mysterious providence, been entrusted to their hands. Any one that has watched the career of Mr. Dadabhai must feel that he is a sincere friend of India and an enthusiastic advocate of India's cause; that he is characterized by a noble disinterestedness, and a down-right outspokenness; and that he has a courage of his opinions worthy of all admiration.

While we cheerfully render this tribute to Mr. Dadabhai, we must at the same time remark that some of his views appear to us to be extravagant, and some of his statements groundless; and we cannot but regret the absence of sobriety and discretion amid so much zeal and enthusiasm. With these remarks we proceed to notice Mr. Dadabhai's last pamphlet which, though intended apparently for private circulation, we feel no hesitation in reviewing as it treats of public matters, and of matters too affecting the welfare of the people of India.

The pamphlet contains a letter from Mr. Dadabhai to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India, the Marquis of Hartington, in which he submitted to his Lordship "a series of tables, working out in detail the total production of the Punjab for the year 1876-7." A memorandum on that letter by Mr. Danvers of the India Office, and two memoranda by Mr. Dadabhai,—both transmitted to the Marquis of Hartington—one in reply to Mr. Danvers, and the other on some statements in the Report of the Indian Famine Commission of 1880.

Mr. Dadabhai takes the administration report of the Punjab for 1876-7 and estimates the value of the total quantity

of rice that was grown in the 32 districts of that province; he makes similar estimates of wheat, barley, Indian corn and other vegetable productions, of manufactures and of mines. Of these estimates the following is the summary :—

Agricultural Produce	...	Rs. 27,72,56,263
Manufactures	...	4,08,40,058
Mines	...	3,00,000

Rs. 31,83,96,321

In order to meet any omissions he allows a margin of $3\frac{1}{2}$ crores of Rupees—fancy a margin of $3\frac{1}{2}$ crores of Rupees!—making the value of the whole production to be, say $35\frac{1}{2}$ crores, which at 2s per Re=£35,330,000. This sum divided by 17,600,000, the population of the Punjaub, gives £2 or Rs. 20 per annum. This sum of 20 Rs. is, according to Mr. Dadabhai's calculations, the average yearly income of a Punjaubi, at any rate it was his income in the year 1876-7.

Now the question is, what are the average yearly expenses of a Punjaubi? Mr. Dadabhai is at no loss for an answer. Here is a list of the absolute necessaries of life per diem of an agricultural labourer in the Punjaub :—

Flour	1	Scer
Rice	$\frac{1}{4}$...
Dal	$\frac{1}{8}$...
Salt	1	0z
Ghee	1	...
Condiment	2	pies worth
Tobacco	$1\frac{1}{4}$...
Vegetables	1	...

Mr. Dadabhai estimates the market value of these articles, multiplies it by 365, and finds the result to be Rs. 37 annas 2.

But a Punjaubi must be clothed. What then is the yearly value of his clothing? Mr. Dadabhai is again ready with his calculations. Here is the list:—

			Rs.	As.
2	Dhotees	1	0
2	pairs of shoes	1	0
1	Turban	1	0
2	Bandis for warm and cold weather,		1	8
2	Kambles	4	0
1	Small piece of cloth for langootee &c.			4
1	Chadar		12
1	pajama		12

Total 10 4

A Punjaubi woman's clothing does not cost so much. The list is as follows:—

			Rs.	As.
2	Pajamas	1	0
1	Ghagra	2	0
2	Chadars	1	8
4	Cholees	1	0
	Bangles	0	8
2	pairs of shoes	0	8
	Hair dressing	0	3

Rs. 6 11

Mr. Dadabhai in a similar manner estimates the expenses of a family of four persons, consisting of a man, a woman, a youth between 12 and 18 years of age, and a child under 12, and finds it to be Rs. 136. This sum divided by 4 gives Rs. 34, which sum Mr. Dadabhai declares to be the average yearly expenditure of a Punjaubi. But it has been shown before that his income at the outside is only Rs. 20, the Punjaubi is therefore out of pocket to the amount of Rs. 14. The Punjaubi may therefore well say—"What shall I eat?

what shall I drink? wherewithal shall I be clothed? My expenditure is Rs. 34 a year, and my income only Rs. 20." Mr. Dadabhai thinks that what is true of the Punjaubi is true of the rest of India, though the statistics of the rest of India, and notably of Bengal, the wealthiest province of India, are not forthcoming. On this basis Mr. Dadabhai raises his well-known cry of POVERTY OF INDIA. India is becoming poorer and poorer every day, in Mr. Dadabhai's opinion, and will soon go to the dogs.

Was it Burke, or was it some one else who said that nothing is more fallacious than figures. Here is a whole array of figures, of statistical tables bristling with figures, and yet the result is simply ludicrous. Mr. Danvers in his memorandum shows, that Mr. Dadabhai in his calculations has omitted all reference to "railway wealth, Government stock, house property, profits of trade, salaries, pensions, non-agricultural wages, professional incomes, and returns to investments, and all other sources from which a man who does not grow food himself may obtain the means of purchasing it." Mr. Dadabhai attempts to meet these objections; but it is superfluous to remark that he meets them very unsuccessfully. Mr. Danvers further asks, if the state of things in the Punjaub be such as Mr. Dadabhai represents it to be, how does the Punjaubi manage to live? Mr. Dadabhai replies—we are quoting his own words—"Why, that is the very question I want Government to answer." Well done! Here is a fanciful conclusion arrived at by Mr. Dadabhai himself on insufficient data, on grounds baseless as the fabric of a vision, and he wants Government to explain the difficulty involved in that conclusion!

Having thus proved to his own satisfaction that the people of India have not the means of subsistence, Mr. Dadabhai now addresses himself to the task of ascertaining the cause of so lamentable a state of things. The cause, in his opinion,

is India's connection with Britain, and nothing more. Listen to his words:—

“In the case of former foreign conquests, the invaders either retired with their plunder and booty, or became the rulers of the country. When they only plundered and went back away, they made no doubt great wounds, but India with her industry revived and healed the wounds. When the invaders became the rulers of the country, they settled down *in* it, and whatever was the condition of their rule, according to the character of the sovereign of the day, there was at least no material or moral drain from the country. Whatever the country produced, remained in the country. Whatever wisdom and experience was acquired in her services, remained among her own people. With the English the case is peculiar. There are the great wounds of the first Wars in the burden of the public debt, and those wounds are kept perpetually open and widening, by draining away the life blood in a continuous stream. The former rulers were like butchers hacking here and there, but the English with their scientific scalpel cut to the very heart, and yet, lo! there is no wound to be seen, and soon the plaster of the high talk of civilization, progress, and what not, covers up the wound! The English rulers stand sentinel at the front door of India, challenging the whole World, that they do and shall protect India against all comers, and themselves carry away by a back-door the very treasures, they stand sentinel to protect.”

All this may be very true, but what is to be done? The English are masters of this country, and they do not hold it for nothing. Mr. Dadabhai must be very simple indeed if he thinks that the English should keep possession of this country, and derive no profit from it. “Doing good, disinterested good,” as the poet told us, is not the trade of England, neither is it the trade of any conquering nation. Or does Mr. Dadabhai prefer the knife of the Moslem “butcher” to the “scientific scalpel” of the Englishman? He may take his choice; only in that case his fellow Zoroastrians must give up all that wealth, all that civilization, all that progress, which they have made under the auspices of the said “scientific

scalpel," and be content to be "hacked" to pieces. But does Mr. Dadabhai mean to say, as he does in the above passage, that Englishmen carry away to their own country all the treasures of India? From other passages of his pamphlet we find that he does not mean the whole, but a considerable part of it. Mr. Dadabhai is great in figures. Whether right or wrong he is always ready with an answer. He estimated the income of India at three hundred millions pounds sterling. We do not know how he arrived at this conclusion, though he refers us to a former pamphlet of his, which unfortunately we have not seen, in which he proved it, in a fashion somewhat similar, we suppose, to his manipulation of the Punjab administration report of 1876-7. Well, out of these three hundred crores of Rupees Government raises a revenue of 65 crores, which is nearly 22 per cent. This Mr. Dadabhai asserts to be a highly oppressive rate, since the revenue of the United kingdom is only $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the annual income. But this is not all. Of this 65 crores which Government raises in India, 30 or 40 crores "are never returned to the people,"—we are quoting Mr. Dadabhai's words—"but are eaten up in the country, and taken away out of the country, by those who are not the people of the country—by England in short." Surely Mr. Dadabhai does not mean to say that the English people who have got possession of this country should govern it, defend it from foreign invasion, construct railways in it, educate its people, without "eating" any food, that they should fast and give all the food to the children of the soil. Neither can he mean that, that they should settle in the country and in the course of time become like East Indians. What does Mr. Dadabhai mean by this sort of wild talk? The loss of revenue which he mourns over can only be prevented when India becomes independent and is governed by the Indians themselves. But as that day is not forthcoming, at least for a long time to come, it is foolish to talk of the resources of our country being consumed

by foreigners. Indeed, Mr. Dadabhai may thank his stars that he is living under British rule, for if he had been living under Russian or Austrian or even German rule—not to speak of Moslem rule—and indulged in this sort of patriotic talk, he would have been by this time cooling his heels in some gloomy dungeon.

But how has Mr. Dadabhai come to know that 30 or 40 crores of rupees are “eaten up” and “taken away” from India by England? Has he any authority for mentioning the above sum? None whatever. Mr. Dadabhai is a magician of figures; when statistics are wanting, he raises his wand, and figures start up forthwith. Hear his explanation of the said 30 or 40 crores.

“I may be taken to task, that I am making a very indefinite statement, when I talk of “£30,000,000 or 40,000,000”—as being eaten up and taken away by England. The fault is not mine but that of government. In 1873, Sir D. Wedderburn moved for a return for the number, salaries &c. of all the services. The return was ordered in July 1873. It is now past 7 years, but has not been made. Again 1879—Mr. Bright moved for returns (salaries &c. 19th June 79) and Sir D. Wedderburn moved for Returns (East India Services—20th and 23rd June 79), and (East India Services—24th June 79). These returns have not yet been made. I hope they are being prepared. When these returns are made, we shall know definitely and clearly what the amount is, that, out of the revenue of £65,000,000, does not at all return to the people of India, but is eaten up in, and carried away from India every year, by England.”

Mr. Dadabhai does not know exactly what sums of India money are “eaten up” and “taken away” to England. He hopes Government is preparing the returns. When the returns are published he will know the exact sum. But in the mean time he puts down the sum of 30 or 40 crores at haphazard; and for doing so the Government, and not Mr. Dadabhai, is to blame! Does the patriotic Parsi gentleman

think that this sort of calculation will convince such an eminently practical and commercial people like the English ?

But the worst is yet behind. Not only is India drained by England of her wealth, but also of her wisdom, her experience, her moral worth. How does Mr. Dadabhai make that out ? Just listen :—

“ With the material wealth, go also the wisdom and experience of the country. Europeans occupy almost all the higher places in every department of government, directly or indirectly under its control. While *in* India they acquire India’s money, experience and wisdom, and when they go, they carry both away with them, leaving India so much poorer in material and moral wealth. Thus India is left without, and cannot have, those elders in wisdom and experience, who in every country are the natural guides of the rising generations in their national and social conduct, and of the destinies of their country—and a sad, sad loss this is !”

Mr. Dadabhai has just reason to complain. These naughty English people come to our country, eat the fat of the land, occupy the highest posts in the land, acquire vast wealth acquire also “ wisdom and experience,” and when they go away they carry away with them not only the money which they have amassed, but also the “ wisdom and experience” which they have acquired. There would have been some consolation if they had carried only the money away, and left the “ wisdom and the experience” behind for the benefit of the children of the soil. But no, the English are a selfish race, they have not a spark of generosity in their nature ; they carry away not only the material treasures in the shape of money, but the infinitely more valuable treasures of “ wisdom and experience ;” and the result is that India is getting every day poorer and poorer not only in material wealth but also in moral wealth—a result deeply to be deplored by every patriotic native of India. Mr. Dadabhai, however, does not suggest how every high Anglo-Indian official can be emptied of his “ wisdom and experience” before he leaves the shores of India ; and we are

left in the dark as to the means of doing it. Perhaps he knows of a moral *exhausting* syringe which, when applied to a retiring Anglo-Indian, would drain out of him all his "wisdom and experience"; and of a moral *condensing* syringe by means of which the "wisdom and experience" taken out of the retiring Anglo-Indian might, with infinite advantage to the nation, be put into a native of India. But irony apart, we seriously think that such advocacy of India's cause, instead of furthering it, will indefinitely postpone its promotion.

We have found so much fault with Mr. Dadabhai that we are anxious to part from him amicably; and we are glad that on one point we agree with him, namely, the opium trade. Mr. Dadabhai possesses considerable natural eloquence which would be more usefully employed in vigorous denunciation of iniquities like the opium trade, than in idle lamentation over India's material and moral exhaustion. The following are weighty words—and words of "wisdom and experience" too:—

"There is the opium trade. What a spectacle it is to the World. In England, no Statesman dares to propose that opium may be allowed to be sold in public houses at the corners of every street, in the same way as beer and spirits. On the contrary, Parliament, as representing the whole nation, distinctly enacts "opium and all preparations of opium or of poppies" as "poison", to be sold by certified chemists only, and "every box, bottle, vessel, wrapper or cover in which such poison is contained, be distinctly labelled with the name of the article and the word Poison, and with the name and address of the seller of the Poison." And yet, at the other end of the World, this christian, highly civilized, and humane England forces a "heathen" and "barbarous" power to take this "Poison", and tempts a vast human race to use it, and to degenerate and demoralise themselves with this "Poison". And why,—because India cannot fill up the remorseless drain, so China must be dragged in to make it up, even though it be by being "Poisoned." It is wonderful, how England reconciles this to her conscience."

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITY IN AMERICA.

As has already been said, not a few of our educated countrymen have come to the conclusion that Christianity is dying in Christendom, even as Hinduism is dying in this country, and the other superstitions of the world are dying in the varied places in which their sway has for ages untold been paramount and undisputed. Their belief as to the present constitution of our faith may be thrown into the following syllogistic form:—No type of superstition can possibly live where modern civilisation spreads the fulness of its light and glory: Christianity is after all a type of superstition, however refined: *ergo* Christianity can not live in countries thoroughly civilised, that is in the very countries in which its sway has for ages remained undisputed, or all but undisputed. This conviction on their part is ludicrously unfounded; but it is not at all difficult to trace it to its dam. According to prophetic utterances in the Bible, the mystery of iniquity works side by side with the mystery of godliness in Christian lands. There is however a marked difference in the modes of operation in which the energy of these two antagonistic principles is exhibited. The growth of the one, the mystery of iniquity, is accompanied with pomp, ostentation and noise; while that of the other, the mystery of godliness, is neither demonstrative nor boisterous. Christianity is in reality making greater progress in these days than it ever did; but its progress has nothing singular about it, nothing fitted to attract notice and elicit applause; and consequently though in reality unprecedented, it passes, if not unnoticed, at least unadmired. Infidelity makes a little progress and a great deal of noise; and the ignorant and the unwary are victimized by its singularity and obstreperous character. Our countrymen are placed, both physically and morally, where it is impossible for them to notice the quiet unostentatious manner in which Christian

piety is leavening the mass of humanity in Christian lands ; but they *are* placed where they can not but hear the loud noise made by blatant and, as a rule, empty-headed infidelity. Hence the ease with which they are beguiled into the conviction that the jaunty and noisey scepticism of the day is not only making greater progress than Christian piety, which is always of a retired, unassuming character, and the progress of which never has been, and never will be accompanied with what is in the New Testament called "observation"; but that it is really swallowing up its rival! Our countrymen in thus allowing themselves to be deceived forget the time-hallowed proverb of the country, viz, the clouds which thunder are not always the clouds which rain. Infidelity roars and thunders, but the progress it can legitimately boast of is the least considerable where the noise it makes is the most grating to the ear. It is not at all difficult to prove this by an array of stubborn and indisputable facts. But my present task is different, viz, to prove by chapter and verse, or by means of carefully compiled, and therefore perfectly reliable statistics, as well as by cursory notices of a few of the innumerable vestiges of religious activity I noticed in the United States, that our holy religion is making what may justly be represented as extraordinary progress there. But before I begin my very agreeable task I must point out very thankfully the source of the statistics by which I hope to be able to strengthen my arguments or rather to demonstrate my position. One of the great men I had the honor to come across in America is Dr. Daniel Dorchester, the prince of American statists; and at my special request he very kindly placed at my disposal a document embodying statistics which he had compiled after years of patient toil, and at a great cost to himself, of not only time and labour, but also of money. This document I shall utilize, and certain statistics, which that veteran statist has since my interview with him published in the *New York Christian Advocate*, the best conducted and the most in-

fluent Methodist paper in America, if not in the whole world.

Let me begin with Church Edifices. One proof of the decadence of Hinduism is to be found in the fact that the number of Hindu Temples has not been perceptibly increased since almost the beginning of the century. Some men of a sanguine temperament but by no means of proper discernment have gone so far as to state that even a single Hindu temple has not been reared in India for many years past, and that even old ones are allowed to crumble into ruins. Such statements are exaggerated as they are off-hand; but it is an undisputable fact that the number of Hindu Temples continues what it was twenty or thirty years ago, if not at the beginning of the century. The history of Church Edifices in America tells a very different tale. Says Dr. Dorchester:—

“The following statistics of Church Edifices in the United States are from the United States census:

	1850.	1860.	1870.
All Evangelical Churches	34,537	48,037	56,154
Non-Evangelical			
Unitarian	245	264	310
Universalists	530	664	602
Christian Jews, New Jerusalem &c. }	1,527	2,494	2,210
<hr/>			
Total Non-Evangelical	2,302	3,422	3,122
Roman Catholic	1,222	2,550	3,806
Aggregate	38,061	54,009	63,082
Actual Increase		1850 to 1870	
Evangelical Churches			21,617
Non-Evangelical			820
Roman Catholic			2584

The Evangelical churches increased seven times as much as all others (Roman Catholic and Non-Evangelical) put together.”

From the whole let us now come down to a part to show that the progress indicated by the above figures is the progress not only of the entire body, but of almost all its separate limbs. The Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the North present the following encouraging statistics in their Address to the General Conference held at Cincinnati in May 1880. "In 1875 there were 15,633 Church edifices and 5,017 parsonages, valued at dolls 81,081,862. In 1879 there were 16,955 Church edifices and 5,689 parsonages valued at dolls 70,955,509. This shows an increase in the number of churches of 1,322 or more than one Church for every working day in the four years; and an increase of 672 parsonages, or more than one for every two working days in the same period. The estimated value, however, instead of being increased has been diminished. This results from a change in the value of real estate throughout the land. The number of new churches and parsonages will not show the full work of the Church, for during that period many churches have been remodeled, enlarged and rebuilt."

But increase in the number of Church edifices does not prove in itself, or apart from other considerations, anything like an exuberance of spiritual life. They may have been raised by questionable means, as some of the magnificent cathedrals on the Continent of Europe; and like these cathedrals they may be weeping over the paucity of those assembled within their walls, or in the habit of assembling for purposes of worship. An increase in the number of ministers and congregations, and specially in that of communicants or those who may be called enrolled members, must correspond to an increase in the number of Church Edifices, before conclusions of a cheerful character can properly be deduced. Such an increase is shown in the following statistics of the Evangelical Churches in the United States—"collected," says Dr. Dorchester "almost entirely from official documents. All the later statistics are from official sources. Some of the earlier

have been obtained from the chief ministers of the denominations, as the only present sources."

Year	Churches or Congregations.	Ministers	Enrolled Members or Communicants.
1775	1,918	1,435	—
1800	3,030	2,651	364,872
1850	43,072	25,555	3,529,988
1870	60,148	47,709	6,731,396
1879	82,807	67,265	9,500,450

Dr. Dorchester wishes us to observe that in the List of Ministers, Licentiates and Local Preachers are not included, and that statistics for 1880 could be only partially obtained when the above table was very kindly made over to me. But to continue our progressive march under the guidance of the veteran statist:—

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

1775	2,640,000
1800	5,305,925
1850	23,191,876
1870	38,558,371
1879	47,000,000 (Estimated)

RATIO OF COMMUNICANTS TO THE POPULATION.

In 1880	one communicant to	14.50	inhabitants.
„ 1850	„ „ „	6.57	„
„ 1870	„ „ „	5.74	„
„ 1879	„ „ „	4.95	„

RELATIVE PROGRESS.

1800 to 1879,	population	(8.8) 9 fold
„ „ „	Communicants	26.1 fold
1850—1879	population,	102 per cent
„ „ „	Communicants	169 „

Actual increase of Communicants.

1800 to 1850	3,165,116	in 50 Years
1850 to 1870	3,201,408	„ 20 „
1870 to 1879	2,769,054	„ 9 „
1800 to 1879	9,135,578	„ 79 „

These figures bespeak not dead but living Churches. But it may be affirmed that the Non-evangelical Churches give as many indications of energy and vitality as the churches called evangelical. They do not, simply because they never enroll members or publish lists of communicants. Like our Brahmo friends, they merely publish lists of their parish organisations, but do not publish anything fitted to indicate the real strength of each of these organisations. For instance, the Brahmo year book gives the number of Churches connected with the Brahmo movement, but says nothing about the number of members enrolled in connection with each of these, or all of them put together. This circumstance makes the statistics in the year book somewhat misleading, inasmuch as many of those establishments dignified by the name of churches are merely individual units. The Church, for instance, at Dehra Dun had, when I visited that place, only a couple of fully enrolled members, and one only half-enrolled; while a respectable gentleman himself a Brahmo, assured me at Lahore that there was only *one* thorough-going Brahmo, or a Brahmo who had shaken off the fetters of caste in that city. The year books of the Brahmos show anything but the strength *in esse* of Brahmoism, though they are brimful of statements fitted to indicate its strength *in posse*, as they estimate it.

Let us however present the statistics of the Non—Evangelical establishments as they can be, though their incompleteness makes it impossible for them to sustain any conclusions of an encouraging character. Says Dr Dorchester

“UNITARIAN SOCIETIES OR PARISH ORGANISATIONS

IN THE UNITED STATES

	1830.	1850.	1870.	1880.
In Massachusetts	147	165	176	184
„ New England	177	206	226	236
Out of New England	16	40	102	105
Total in United States	193	246	282	341

Universalist Societies or Parishes

	1835	1850	1860	1870	1880”
Massachusetts	90	150	168	105	111
New England	393	501	506	304	324
Out of New England	260	568	758	613	626
Total in United States	653	1069	1264	917	950”

What a difference between the rate of progress in these establishments and that in the living Churches called Evangelical! We will conclude this portion of our subject by presenting an extract from the Bishops' Address already alluded to, fitted to show that the progress exhibited is that of each of the separate limbs, as well as that of the whole body. "The statistics for 1875 show 10,923 travelling preachers, 12,881 local preachers and 1,280,559 members, including probationers. The statistics for 1879 show 11,636 travelling preachers, 12,475 local preachers and 1,700,302 members and probationers. This exhibit gives an increase in the four years of 713 travelling preachers, and 119,745 members, and a decrease of 406 local preachers. This general increase, though not so large as during the preceding quadrennium is nevertheless gratifying and encouraging to the Church. We must also take into consideration that during that time there have died 512 travelling preachers and 78,520 members. These must be added to the increase of four years to show the actual number of members which had been received. While we have lost that number from the Church Militant, we rejoice that the Church Triumphant has gained, and the great mission of the Church has been accomplished, in so many precious souls, nearly all of whom have, as we have good reason to believe, died in peace."

The same rapid and astonishing progress is shown by the statistics in connection with the leading benevolences of the Evangelical Churches. But before we speak of them, we consider it desirable to make a few general observations with a view to show that the very existence of these benevolences is a proof of the superiority of our religion over those, which are at times represented, though very unjustly as its rivals. In a former paper we spoke of the patriotic enthusiasm evoked by the late fratricidal war in America. We are tempted to set forth its intensity by an example, which we should perhaps have adduced elsewhere in corroboration of our statements with reference to the commendable patriotism of the American people. When in consequence of the reverses the champions of the Union had to sustain while passing through what may be called the incipient stages of the war, the country was in a very critical position, one of our lady Missionaries, then in America, showed her public spirit in an act of self-sacrifice so heroic that we, Asiatics, can not think of it without amazement. A brother of hers was in the field and another brother was engaged in looking after the little property belonging to her father's family. The country in her opinion and that of an unmarried sister of hers needed the services of the brother thus engaged; and they both went to him and spoke somewhat like this—"the country needs your services: you go to the field and we will look after the property"! Their brother obeyed the

call of patriotism thus gently whispered into his ears, and the sisters having made the heroic sacrifice tried to supply his place in the family with such help as they might secure by spending a little extra money. But patriotism of this type, however sublime, is by no means a peculiarity of Christian lands and cannot be brought forward as a proof of the superiority of the religion professed in these lands. It existed in non-Christian countries in ancient times, such as Greece and Rome, and it may justly be represented as an edition by no means unproved of a virtue, which had existed and had almost been brought to perfection long before Christianity made its appearance in the world. But patriotism appears in Christian lands not only in acts of self-sacrifice similar to the one referred to, but in such as are decidedly sublimer than any of which the great classic lands of the ancient world could boast. Patriotism appears in Christian land, not-only in the voluntary, cheerful surrender on the part of men and women of what is most prized by them for the preservation of national life or the defence of national independence, not-only in measures of wisdom in the cabinet and feats of valor in the field, but in efforts of the costliest kind systematically put forth to succour the poor, raise the fallen, and bring the wanderer back to God and happiness. It certainly did appear in the classic lands of antiquity in types sublime enough to call forth our admiration, but it never appeared in these lovely as well as glorious forms; and in the currency and prevalence of the moral ideas to which they are to be traced we see the infinite superiority of our religion over those, which, while they evoked a passionate love of independence manifesting itself in sublime acts of self-sacrifice and heroism for its maintenance, failed to call forth the spirit of humanitarianism, which in Christian lands is reproducing what the Lord Jesus Christ did when he went about doing good.

This spirit of humanitarianism or, to adopt a term less technical, practical benevolence appears in America in various forms, foremost amongst which are the colossal establishments seen in various parts of that vast country for the benefit of the deaf and the blind, the sick and the infirm, the widow and the orphan, the children of poverty and the children of vice. The institutions for the deaf and dumb and those for blind take the foremost place among the marvels of modern civilization, as well as among the the grandest results of Christian benevolence. It is impossible for an Asiatic to visit them without being convinced that there is a gulf unpassable between the traditions and ideas to which their success is to be traced and those by which he finds himself surrounded in his own atmosphere of thought and feeling. I visited several of these institutes, but I can not give an account of what I saw in them all without transgressing the limits prescribed to me. Let me therefore be content to give

the reader an insight into what I saw in the great Institute, at Indianapolis which next to that at Columbus, the capital of Ohio, is the most colossal establishment of the sort in America. It is a magnificent pile of architecture standing in the centre of several acres of grounds very tastefully laid out. It is surmounted by an ornamental dome, is adorned by graceful colonnades, and consists of a dining-hall, a chapel, class rooms, work shops and dormitories all of colossal proportions. In the copy of the Report handed to me by its Lady Superintendent, the annual Report for the year ending October 31st 1879, the following summary is given of the real and personal property belonging to it:—

Real Estate.

One hundred and four acres of land	dolls	200,000	00
Buildings thereon		257,510	00

Value of real property	457,510	00
Value of personal property	30,868	39

Value of real and personal property	481,378	32
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The summary of expenses as given in the aforesaid Report is as follows:—

Ordinary Current Expenses.

Receipts from all sources	dolls	60,649	03
Disbursements		55,855	36

Balance in Treasury October 31, 1879,	dolls	47.33	67
Paid into Treasury from sales of hides, tallow &c.		76	22

Total of balance and amount paid in	dolls	4,867	89
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Extraordinary Expenses.

Specific appropriation	dolls	12,000	00
Expended for improvements		5420	66
Balance October 31, 1879	dolls	6,579	34

I quote these figures only to show how huge the establishment is, and at what tremendous cost it is maintained. It can give shelter to, and educate about 400 of the unfortunate persons for whose benefit it has been reared. The numbers given in the Report are:—

Number received during the year	392
„ dismissed	51
„ Remaining	341

The following classified statement of the number dismissed is given in the Report.

Graduated from Academic Department	13
„ „ Primary	17
Left on certificates of honorable dismissal from grades			12

Discharged for leaving the Institution without per- mission and not returned	5
Discharged on account of physical and mental inability	3
Discharged on account of incorrigibility	1
Total				51

It is not necessary for me to add that a large proportion of these pupils are of the female sex. The industries connected with the establishment are shown by the work-shops, cabinet shop, shoe shop &c., a sewing establishment, farming and gardening. But the academic education given within its walls is a marvel. When I visited this gigantic Institute I was conducted first into a large room where a few girls were being taught to articulate sounds by means of some symbols on a black board, symbols very different indeed from the letters of the Alphabet utilized for similar purposes by teachers in ordinary schools. A few of the deaf and dumb can articulate, though in a very outlandish manner, a few sounds; but the majority of these unfortunate persons can not articulate a single expressive sound even in the most imperfect manner. Those in this institution, who were likely to succeed, were being taught to by a female teacher, whose patience seemed worthy of the highest commendation. We were then guided into the highest class consisting of 7 grown-up girls and youngmen. These were told by means of signs to write their names on the black board behind their backs, and they did so with admirable neatness. They were then asked to write down their studies, and they wrote down such subjects as Algebra, philosophy, history, rhetoric, composition &c., subjects which showed that in intelligence they were not behind the undergraduates of the Calcutta University. The wonder was how they could be taught so many subjects by means, only of signs; but that ceased when I saw one of them carrying on a pleasant conversation with the Lady Superintendent through the medium of her fingers and hands, rather than of her tongue. She went on as fast almost as a speaker gifted with a valuable tongue, and as she plied her nimble fingers and moved her trained hands, her eyes beamed with intelligence, the smile of information received and communicated played upon her lips, and the changes of color in her face showed that she was drinking in as well as imparting fresh ideas. When I noticed the varied indications of intelligence given by the countenance of this poor dumb and deaf girl, I could not but think of what her condition would have been but for the enlightened philanthropy to which colossal institutions like the one under consideration are to be traced;—how her eyes would have

remained dull and inexpressive, her mind an abode of unutterable darkness, and her soul a stranger to the joys, and let me add, sorrows of intelligent piety. We were then conducted into a lower class, and herein a girl repeated the Lord's Prayer by means of signs; and it is a matter of fact that she did not take more time in going through the operation, than a girl, not afflicted as she was would have taken to repeat it in the ordinary way. Let me add here that the services in the chapel we looked into are all conducted from beginning to end by means of signs of fingers and hands moved with unutterable dexterity; and that such agreeable religious movements as revivals and conversions are not unknown to the pupils of this and similar institutes. The writing and exercises shown seemed characterized by the neatness in which American schools beat all others in the world. Let it be borne in mind that this is not the biggest establishment of the sort in America, there being one at Columbus of proportions even more gigantic.

Let me before concluding this portion of my subject state what I saw in the most gigantic institution for the education of the blind in the States, that at Columbus, which city, though smaller than third-rate cities in America, beats all its rivals, the largest not included, in the grandeur of its philanthropic establishments. Its expenditure as given in the copy of the last Report handed to me by its superintendent is as follows:—

Appropriations asked for 1880.				
Current Expenses	D	43,000	0	0
Salaries		12,000	0	0
Repairs and Improvements		4,000	0	0
Furniture		1,500	0	0
Improving grounds		525	0	0
Musical instruments and apparatus		1,500	0	0
Additional land (Parsons lot)		25,000	0	0
Total		87,525	0	0

The Report does not show the amount of real and personal property connected with the establishment, but it is considerably in excess of that connected with the Indiana Institute already referred to. The number of pupils enrolled was males 110 and females 92, and the subjects taught represent almost all the branches of a liberal education. A very large class was being examined when I visited this Institution; and I could not but admire the systematic method in which the questions were put by a blind teacher and the accuracy of the replies elicited from the blind pupils. The instruction seemed to have been mainly oral, though books with raised letters were occasionally utilized. The pupils seemed well up, not only in

the varied branches of a liberal education, but in music, both instrumental and vocal. Music was taught through such instruments as the Piano, Organ, both cabinet and large, violin, &c. I heard a number of girls play and sing, and the sweetness of their trained voices as well that of the music brought tears into my eyes :—and who can enumerate or express adequately the varied thoughts that crossed my mind as I looked into the varied parts of this establishment, and saw the varied specimens of the work done by the poor pupils, who had received a mechanical as well as an academic education, and who had attained proficiency in cane-seating, broom-making, hand-sewing, machine-knitting, bead-work, crochet work &c. I have with me a beautiful head basket worked by one of the girls of this establishment, a basket of which a girl with eyes as good as they can possibly be would be proud. It is impossible to look at this basket with its heads of various colors arranged in the most tasteful manner without putting the question, which has baffled so many metaphysicians, viz, how do persons absolutely blind distinguish colors?

It is impossible for me even to name, far less describe, every benevolent institution I had the privilege of seeing in America—but it is happily not necessary for me to do so. The innumerable establishments in that country for the benefit of the suffering and the fallen, some of which are institutions of colossal dimensions, are proofs in brick and mortar of the superiority of Christianity over the other so-called religions of the world. But they are more or less connected with the government, and they therefore do not properly indicate what benevolence is effecting in America. This is seen in the grand work that is being carried on by what is called Home Missions, the grand work carried on within the precincts of that country by the noble army of Missionary ladies and Missionary gentlemen, who are chasing sin, misery and wretchedness from the abodes of the poor and the fallen. The statistics showing the vast sums of money raised for this work in the United States are full of interest, but a word about Foreign Missions ought to be said before these statistics are presented along with those relating to Missionary work carried on by the Protestant Churches of America in non-Christian lands.

A picture of religious life in America, which does not show the full measure of what may be called the cosmopolitan enthusiasm by which it is regulated, must need be incomplete. While endeavouring to measure its religious activity we must rise from its patriotic to its cosmopolitan earnestness. The leap from the one to the other is broad indeed. The poetry, philosophy and religions of the ancient world did foster some types of patriotic enthusiasm. They however failed, as has already been remarked, to call into existence and mature the

higher types of patriotic earnestness which are represented by Home Mission work in Christian lands. And they miserably failed to evoke and nourish any spirit higher than a species of patriotism narrow, selfish on the whole, though fitted to lead to noble sacrifices and heroic achievements. The spirit of cosmopolitan love, which is one of the glories of Christian lands was not called into being and nursed and cherished by the poetry, philosophy and religions of the ancient world. This circumstance explains the absence from the New Testament of any direct exhortations to patriotism. An objection against Christianity or the teaching of our Lord and His Apostles has now and then been advanced by persons who look upon such absence as a great defect. But these objectors forget that the Lord Jesus Christ taught what was needed by the people around Him, and did not do what might be justly represented as a work of supererogation. Patriotism in the sense in which the term is employed by these objectors did not need an impetus in the days of Christ, and Christ did not therefore communicate an impetus to it. It had been petted and pampered, fed and fattened by a host of historians, philosophers, poets, tragedians, orators, heads of political corporations and superintendents of religious establishments; and it was necessary therefore to throw this much lauded and glutted virtue into the background for a time. Observe again patriotism had been pampered at the expense of the much higher virtue with which it should always be associated, the virtue we have called cosmopolitanism. Indeed the great peoples of antiquity were taught to love their own countries, and hate those belonging to others—to cohabit in their corporate life an odd mixture of patriotic love with cosmopolitan hate. It was therefore the duty of a religious teacher in the time of Christ, not only to throw an abused virtue into the background, but to give birth to and nurse and cherish a virtue which did not even exist, but which was of much greater importance to the world. It is then a wonder that our Lord said not a word directly about patriotism, but imparted instructions suited to evoke and mature cosmopolitan love or missionary enthusiasm! All this may be said with reference to the objection advanced against the moral teaching of Christ by writers like John Stuart Mill. It has been said that our Lord gave prominence to the passive virtues, but showed in his moral teaching no proper appreciation of the active ones. But it is forgotten that the active virtues did not need an impetus when our Lord began his career as a public Teacher; and He therefore did not attempt what might justly be represented as a work of supererogation. The passive virtues, however, did need an impetus; and He communicated an impetus to them.

The Missionary enthusiasm evoked by our Lord did not perish with Him or with His immediate disciples. On the contrary it has been often perceptively, though at times insensibly, making progress in the Church; and to-day it is exhibited in Christian lands in forms which take the world by surprise. The Societies to which it has given birth, the innumerable varieties of meetings it convenes, the vast amount of Missionary information it circulates through the media of pulpit sermons, platform speeches, Newspapers, Magazines and well-written books, the museums it has called into existence to show by collections of idols worshipped in heathen lands their need of a better faith, the innumerable missions it has established in these lands, each with an array of establishments too numerous to be enumerated, the marvellous activity it has evoked in and out of the Church and the noble lines consecrated and sacrificed under its influence—all these combine to show that it never presented an aspect more promising than it does now. The flourishing condition of the benevolences of the Churches is an index to their vitality. Dr. Dorchester has published in two numbers of the *New York Christian Advocate*, that for January 27th, 1881 and that for February 3rd, 1881, statistics fitted to prove to a demonstration that the benevolences of the Protestant Churches in America have increased in a manner, which the most worldliminded man can not but regard as the most wonderful. He begins his articles embodying these figures with the following words:—"We learn much by comparisons. In the light of the past, we can more clearly see and determine our present position and relative progress. The progress of pecuniary benevolence is an interesting and instructive line of enquiry and one of the best crucial tests of religious advancement." Let us not detain the reader any longer by general remarks, but give him an opportunity of applying this test to the state of the Protestant Churches in America.

Dr. Dorchester says—"During the last ten years I have been gradually collecting, from official sources, statements of the receipts, year by year, from all sources, contributions, legacies, &c., of the Foreign and Home Missionary Societies of all the Protestant Churches of the United States from the origin of each Society to the present time, or rather to the close of 1879. Arranged in a table, they constitute an interesting object lesson, but it is too large to insert in a newspaper. I have therefore taken the summaries by decades, and propose to present them, and deduce some lessons from" them. Here is the first presentation —

Table I.

Aggregates of money raised in the United States for
Foreign and Home Missions (1810-1881) Inclusive.

	For Foreign Missions		For Home Missions		Total
	Dolls		Dolls		
1810-1819	206,210				206,210
1820-1829	745,718		233,826		979,544
1830-1839	2,185,809		2,248,015		5,133,854
1840-1849	5,035,044		2,890,224		7,925,270
1850-1859	8,342,627		7,826,195		16,167,822
1860-1869	12,924,541		20,584,953		33,509,494
1870-1879	21,740,056		26,921,625		48,661,681
Addtional	525,000		6,113,481		6,637,488

Total Dolls 52,405,025 Dolls 66,816,828 119,221,363
The rate of progress is exhibited in the following two tables;

Table II.

The average yearly amount raised for Foreign Missions rate.

1830-1829	Dolls.	74,571	7
1830-1839	"	288,583	28
1840-1849	"	503,504	50
1850-1859	"	834,262	83
1860-1869	"	1,292,454	129
1870-1879	"	2,174,005	217

Table III.

The Average yearly amount raised for Home Missions rate

1820-1829	Dolls.	13,382	5
1830-1839	"	224,801	22
1840-1849	"	289,022	28
1850-1859	"	782,519	78
1860-1869	"	2,058,496	205
1870-1879	"	2,692,162	269

"These tables show," remarks Dr. Dorchester, "that where there was dolls 7 raised for Foreign Missions from 1820-1829, there was dolls 83 raised from 1850-1859, and dolls 217 raised from 1870-1879; and where there was dolls 2 raised for Home Missions from 1820-1829, there was dolls 78 raised from 1850-1859, and 269 raised from 1870-1879."

The rate of progress is shown in another form. Reducing the rate of increase at the starting-point in each table to the standard of unity, we have the following exhibit of the relative increase of each:

Table IV.

	Foreign Missions		Home Missions	
	Doll		Doll	
1820-1829	1		1	
1830-1839	4		10	
1840-1849	7		14	
1850-1859	11		33	
1860-1869	17		88	
1870-1879	29		115	

"The Foreign Mission Receipts have increased twenty-nine fold, and the Home Mission Receipts one hundred and fifteen fold." I will quote three more tables to show that the astonishing progress indicated is the progress not only of the whole but of parts generally.

Table V.

Communicants of Twelve Denominations.

Denominations	1850	1870
Presbyterians (O. S. and N. S)	347,551	446,561
Congregationalists	197,197	306,518
Methodist Episcopal Church	693,811	1,376,327
Protestant Episcopal Church	89,859	207,762
Reformed (Dutch) Church	33,780	61,444
Northern Baptists	296,614	495,099
Southern Baptists	390,193	790,252
Evangelical Association	21,371	73,566
United Brethren	50,450	118,936
Disciples	118,618	500,000
Southern Presbyterians	—	82,014
United Presbyterians	—	69,805

The above table shows that the number of communicants has increased remarkably during the last twenty years in one and all the branches of the great Protestant Church of America. The two following show that the benevolences of the Church show as a rule a proportionate increase in one and all its branches—

Table VI.

Average yearly contributions per communicant for Foreign Missionaries.

Denominations	1850-1859	1870-1879
Presbyterians (O.S. and N.S.)	Dolls 0 86	Dolls 0 96
Congregationalists	" 0 84	" 1 51
Baptists (Northern)	" 0 36	" 0 50
Baptists (Southern)	" 0 6½	" 0 4½
Methodist Episcopal Church	" 0 12	" 0 25
Protestant Episcopal Church	" 0 62	" 0 53
Reformed (Dutch) Church	" —	" 1 02
United Brethren	" 0 9	" 0 26
Evangelical Association	" 0 14	" 0 18
Southern Presbyterian	" —	" 0 53
United Presbyterian	" —	" 0 77

Table VI.

Average yearly contributions per communicant for Home Missions.

Denominations	1850-1859	1870-1879
Presbyterians (O.S. and N.S.)	Doll 0 47	Doll 0 99
Congregationalists	" 1 10	" 2 08
Methodist Episcopal Church	" 0 23	" 0 25

Protestant Episcopal Church	„	0 51	„	1 04
Reformed (Dutch) Church	„	0 41	„	0 45
Baptists (Northern)	„	0 15	„	0 44
Baptists (Southern)	„	0 7	„	0 3
Evangelical Association	„	0 56	„	0 72
United Brethren	„	0 18	„	0 53
Disciples	„	0 2	„	0 12
Southern Presbyterians	„	—	„	0 50
United Presbyterians	„	—	„	0 46

To sum up the results—the statistics presented prove to a demonstration that in connection with the great Protestant Church of America the number of (a) Church Edifices and Parsonages, (b) of Congregations, (c) of Communicants or enrolled members, (d) of Pastors and Office-bearers has increased wonderfully during the last twenty or thirty years; and that the benevolences of the Church as represented in its Home and Foreign Mission work have shown a proportionate increase. Statistics may be presented to show that the third leading benevolence of the Church, that represented by the work of publishing religious literature, has kept pace with the other two. The amount it has raised and expended for this purpose is dolls 100,410,448. The three leading benevolences stand thus:—

For Foreign Missions	Dolls	52,405,035
For Home Missions	„	66,816,328
For Publishing Religious Literature	{	100,410,448

Total „ 219,631,811

Of this fabulous amount 83 per cent has been raised since 1850. Observe that this amount does not include the sums raised for City Missions and the current expenses of the Church. In the teeth of these significant facts who will stand up and say—Christianity is dying in America! The Church statistics of England, Scotland and Germany will show that it flourishes in these lands as it does in America, and that the parties who speak of its supposed moribund state do not know what they talk about!

I had an insight into the flourishing condition of genuine Christian piety in America long before I had an opportunity of studying the statistics embodied in the article. The vestiges of religious activity I noticed in person were enough, apart from or previous to anything like a careful examination of statistical figures, to show clearly the erroneousness of the conclusion; to which not a few of our educated countrymen have come with reference to the present state of Christianity. This activity seemed ubiquitous, noticeable among little children, old men and women, and persons of various

ages intervening between these two extremes. The seed-plot or nursery of the growing piety and benevolence of the churches in Christendom is the Sunday School. Every Sunday School embodies two ideas unique of their kind, ideas which have not their counter parts in non-Christian lands. The first of these ideas is that it is possible for little children to have as thorough a knowledge of the vital truths of religion as is attained by grown-up persons, or persons of maturer judgment and cultivated minds. Children in non-Christian lands are not systematically taught in the truths of religion because they are believed to be incapable of attaining such knowledge of them as is likely to do them good. The religions professed in these lands have their vitality, so to speak, in bodies of occult truths which men of profound learning and penetrating intellects can not comprehend and master. How is it possible for little children to attain anything like a fair and satisfactory knowledge of them! Christianity however differs from these religions in this respect—it is emphatically a religion of facts, and its vitality hinges upon its facts. Of course elaborate systems of doctrines are associated with it; but it is the facts of Christianity, more than doctrinal explanations of these facts, by which Christian piety is generated, fed and strengthened. And consequently it is possible for little children to master the vital truths of Christianity, which are not so much systems of doctrine, as facts of history, and which therefore may be as thoroughly grasped by little minds as by intellects matured by years of study and thought. The second idea is that it is not only possible for little children to master the vital truths of religion, but that it is possible for them to lead a thoroughly religious life. That little children may be children of God, little champions of truth, heroes of faith and models of character, such a thing is not recognized even in dreams in non-Christian lands. When a little boy enters a Hindu temple, and prostrates himself before the principal god and goddess within, his parents and relations laugh, inasmuch as they believe that the operation in his case is a species of mimicry, and has not even a dash of seriousness about it. It is impossible for him, according to current convictions, as well to master the essential truths of Hinduism, as to be a true Hindu except in the loose sense of being born in a Hindu house. We Christians, however, do not laugh at little children, when they solemnly kneel down with us in the church or at the family altar or profess conversion in class-meetings; for we believe that Christianity is a religion for little children as well as for grown up persons. I came across in America, not merely children who had mastered the vital truths or facts of our religion, but such as had given themselves to Christ; and were leading a thoroughly

religious life. I alluded in a former article to a meeting of little children, who were engaged in collecting money for missionary work carried on in India and other non-Christian lands, and who seemed to have consecrated themselves to the service of the master, who, though great, suffers little children to come unto Him. At a place called Delaware, already alluded to, a girl of about nine was introduced to me as the missionary of the place she having for a long time past been engaged along with another of her age in collecting missionary money. And pious children, children engaged in acts of piety and philanthropy for which grown-up persons would justly be praised and even lifted up to the skies, might be seen in almost every place in America.

I can not give the reader an insight into the admirable method in which the Sunday School business is conducted in America, except by alluding to the way in which I spent my first sabbath in a Christian land. Brightly did that blessed day dawn upon me, after a prolonged season of bad weather; and as I had been desired to hold myself in readiness to speak in two different Sunday Schools, I spent its first, fresh hours in prayer and meditation. After breakfast I proceeded, in company with a brother who had come on purpose to guide me, to the first of these schools in the heart of New York. The School was held in a large hall on the first floor of a two-storied pile, the Chapel being on the second. This arrangement by the way prevails in all American Churches, the halls beneath them, halls which have the appearance of large subterranean rooms, being set apart for Sunday School purposes and for ordinary Lecture-meetings. On crossing the threshold I found myself standing under a lofty gallery, overlooking the hall proper, the elevated enclosure for the chair at what might be called the head, and the low platform beneath for the Superintendents and the speakers, ordinary and extraordinary. The enclosure set apart for music had a large piano, and a fine harmonium, with the seats needed before them: and the platform below had a table in the centre and seats arranged in rows along the two horizontal sides. The Hall itself was beautifully carpeted, and furnished with seats arranged in rows with a passage between, and aisles on both sides. The school was broken up into classes when I was guided in, but I was most cordially received by the Superintendent and some of the Officers. The Minister of the Church of which this Sunday School might be represented as the nursery exclaimed feelingly—while shaking hands with me—"Christianity is bringing the distant ends of the earth together!" While I was engaged in conversation with some of the office-bearers on the low platform, the School was reassembled by the sweet strains of the piano in a manner the quietitude of which took

me, accustomed to the luxury of deafening noise in Indian Schools, by surprise. The pupils I found before me were not only boys and girls, but young men and young ladies, the former occupying the back, and the latter the front seats. When they had all taken their proper places, the singing began; and oh how unutterably sweet it was. The instruments were handled in a masterly manner; and some hymns new to me were sung, in tunes equally new, with a sweetness and a pathos that brought tears into my eyes. I could not hear the new hymns and the new tunes without concluding that we in India are emphatically behind the age in singing, as in every other thing almost. The singing over, the whole school, the teachers and the taught, repeated the whole of the 91st Psalm from memory; and though a lot of voices were raised, there was a perfect harmony, and every word could be distinctly heard. The Indian Sunday Schools have a great deal to learn, and great progress to make before they can successfully imitate this beautifully quiet and natural style of recitation. But before I hazard a general remark I must ask the reader to accompany me to the second of the two schools I visited.

This, one of the best conducted, if not the largest in the world, the Sunday School in connection with the great Methodist Church, St. John's, on the other side of the Hudson River, is held in a magnificent hall with overhanging galleries and nice apartments around and underneath. We were in rather too early, but, as we were seated on the big platform at the head, we had a fine opportunity of looking around, as well as of seeing the pupils coming in singly or in pairs, and occupying their respective places in the most orderly manner conceivable. No noise greater than a little buzz was heard inside, and this, even was hushed as soon as the Piano and the Cornet began sending forth strains of music to call in those loitering outside. A few sweet hymns were sung and the School was broken up into classes. Seated on what might be called the vantage ground, I saw many groups of boys and girls, both grown up and little, seated in semi-circular rows around their teachers both on the floor beneath and the gathering above, listening to the lectures given and answering the questions put without making a noise greater than the buzz I had heard before the commencement of the exercises. While they were thus engaged I walked around with the Superintendent, taking special notice of the classes in the hall and on the gallery, and of the infant class separated from the main school by a moveable screen. Going down one floor, I saw the highest class, a class of thirty grown-up young men at work. I believe a class of young ladies was at work somewhere, though I do not exactly remember to have seen it. The reading-session seemed more prolonged than ours in

India, but when it was over, sweet music and song brought in an agreeable change. As soon as this portion of the business was over, the screen referred to was drawn aside with magical speed, and the little ones of the infant class appeared with a sweet song of Zion on their lips. The effect of their sudden appearance and sweet song was touching indeed; and the manner, in which they jointly repeated a verse of scripture before they were again screened off and dismissed, was admirable indeed. Then came singing, recitation and catechising, all which exercises were gone through in an edifying manner. Then came the missionary collection, and the pupils gave the more liberally as they saw before them a live convert from heathenism. With the exception of Mr Moody's Sunday School at Chicago, which had about fourteen hundred pupils, this was the largest Sunday School I saw in America, the number of its pupils being about 800.

The number of Sunday Schools has been increasing with wonderful rapidity during the last two decades. Of the Sunday Schools in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church of the north the following notice is taken in the Bishop's Address more than once referred to. "In the Sunday School department considerable progress has been made. The number of Schools is reported at 20,340; the officers and teachers 226,367; and scholars 1,538,311; being an increase in four years of 1,234 schools, 19,754 teachers, and 139,580 scholars, the increase in scholars being larger than the membership of the church. One of the most gratifying features is the report of 352,908 conversions in the four years; and it reminds the church it must look largely to its scholars for its future growth." Let it be observed moreover that the money collected in these Sunday Schools, if not in all Sunday Schools in America, is made over to the Missionary Society, and is utilized in non-Christian lands in propagating the truth as it is in Jesus. The Sunday Schools in connection with our Church in America contribute annually about four lacs of rupees in aid of the great work carried on by its Missionary Society. Children's associations, boys' associations, girls' associations, youngmen's associations, young ladies' associations, as well as associations of men and women of maturer years may all be presented as offshoots of the work accomplished in Sunday Schools, where pupils are, not merely taught to live as Christ did, but brought into magnetizing contact with a Living Saviour by whose spirit their hearts are regenerated, and their spiritual energies are awakened and thrown into the channel of Christlike piety and Christlike philanthropy. Sunday Schools would be mere shams if Christ were set forth within their walls as the Prince of Reformers, the greatest of the Prophets, the model of virtue, the exemplar of character,

and not as the One Living and True Saviour able to save to the uttermost them that come unto Him.

But to conclude. When we look at little children in the American churches, we see the spirit of piety, benevolence and missionary enthusiasm at work, bringing forth results to which nothing seen amongst the best-behaved children in heathen lands affords a parallel. When we look at grown up boys and girls in these sanctuaries, or at young men and young women, or at persons of maturer years, the same spirit is noticed accompanied even with brighter results. The spirit of Christ-like piety and Christ-like benevolence is ubiquitous, being at work in an ascending scale of associations from those at work among little children up to those at work among men and women hoary with age, and displaying its trophies in and out of the Church Universal, in shades of sin and sorrow in Christian lands and in the dreary wastes of heathendom; and in the teeth of such intense moral earnestness and in the midst of its glorious triumphs there are people foolish enough to affirm that Christianity is dying in Christendom. The progress shown by the Missionary enterprize of the age, an enterprize fitted to show an unusual degree of religious earnestness in one and all the Protestant Churches of Europe and America, is enough to give the lie to a statement so ludicrously absurd. In the beginning of the century there were seven Missionary Societies at work; and now there are seventy! In the beginning of the century there were only 170 Missionaries engaged in preaching Christianity in heathen lands;—now there are 2,400 Missionaries and 24,000 native agents! In the beginning of the century there were 50,000 converts;—now there are 1,700,000! In the beginning of the century the amount collected for Missionary purposes was Dolls 250,000 now it is over 8,000,000!

Are not these results tokens of an unusual degree of life and activity? Will our countrymen who publish mendacious statements about the supposed moribund condition of our religion, in ignorance rather than in malice, cease to utter what can not but be represented as impudent falsehoods?

RAM CHUNDER BOSE.



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JOGADHIYA UMA.

BY THE LATE MISS TORU DUTT.

"Shell-bracelets ho! Shell-bracelets ho!
Fair maids and matrons come and buy!"
Along the road, in morning's glow,
The pedlar raised his wonted cry,
The road ran straight, a red, red line,
To Khirogram for cream renowned,
Through pasture-meadows where the kine,
In knee-deep grass, stood magic bound
And half awake, involved in mist,
That floated in dun coils profound,
Till by the sudden sunbeams kist
Rich rainbow hues broke all around.

"Shell-bracelets ho! Shell-bracelets ho!"
The roadside trees still dripped with dew,
And hung their blossoms like a show.
Who heard the cry? 'Twas but a few.
A ragged herd-boy, here and there,
With his long stick and naked feet;

A ploughman wending to his care
The field from which he hopes the wheat;
An early traveller, hurrying fast
To the next town; an urchin slow
Bound for the school; these heard and past,
Unheeding all,—“Shell-bracelets ho!”

Pellucid spread a lake-like tank
Beside the road now lonelier still,
High on three sides arose the bank
Which fruit-trees shadowed at their will;
Upon the fourth side was the Ghat,
With its broad stairs of marble white,
And at the entrance arch there sat,
Full face against the morning light,
A fair young woman with large eyes,
And dark hair falling to her zone,
She heard the pedlar's cry arise,
And eager seemed his ware to own.

“Shell-bracelets ho! See maiden see!
The rich enamel sunbeam-kist!
Happy, oh happy, shalt thou be,
Let them but clasp that slender wrist;
These bracelets are a mighty charm,
They keep a lover ever true,
And widowhood avert, and harm,
Buy them, and thou shalt never rue.
Just try them on”—She stretched her hand,
“Oh what a nice and lovely fit!
No fairer hand in all the land
And lo! the bracelet matches it.”

Dazzled the pedlar on her gazed
Till came the shadow of a fear,
While she the bracelet arm upraised
Against the sun to view more clear.

Oh she was lovely, but her look
Had something of a high command
That filled with awe. Aside she shook
Intruding curls by breezes fanned
And blown across her brows and face,
And asked the price, which when she heard
She nodded, and with quiet grace,
For payment to her home referred.

“And where, O maiden is thy house?
But no, that wrist-ring has a tongue,
No maiden art thou but a spouse
Happy, and rich, and fair, and young.”
“Far otherwise, my lord is poor,
And him at home thou shalt not find;
Ask for my father; at the door
Knock loudly; he is deaf but kind;
Seest thou that lofty gilded spire
Above these tufts of foliage green?
That is our place; its point of fire
Will guide thee o’er the tract between.”

“That is the temple spire.”—“Yes, there
We live; my father is the priest;
The manse is near, a building fair
But lowly, to the temple’s east.
When thou hast knocked, and seen him, say,
His daughter, at Dhamaser Ghat,
Shell-bracelets bought from thee to-day
And he must pay so much for that.
Be sure, he will not let thee pass
Without the value, and a meal,
If he demur, or cry, Alas!
No money hath he,—then reveal,

Within the snail box, marked with streaks
Of bright vermilion, by the shrine,

The key whereof has lain for weeks
Untouched, he'll find some coin,—'tis mine.
That will enable him to pay
The bracelet's price, now fare thee well!"
She spoke, the pedlar went away,
Charmed with her voice as by some spell;
While she left lonely there, prepared
To plunge into the water pure,
And like a rose her beauty bared
From all observance quite secure.

Not weak she seemed, nor delicate,
Strong was each limb of flexile grace,
And full the bust; the mien elate,
Like her's, the goddess of the chase
On Latmos hill,—And Oh, the face
Framed in its cloud of floating hair,
No painter's hand might hope to trace
The beauty and the glory there!
Well might the pedlar look with awe,
For though her eyes were soft, a ray
Lit them at times, which kings who saw
Would never dare to disobey.

Onwards through groves the pedlar sped
Till full in front the sunlit spire
Arose before him. Paths which led
To gardens trim in gay attire
Lay all around. And lo! the manse,
Humble but neat with open door!
He paused, and blest the lucky chance
That brought his bark to such a shore.
Huge strawricks, loghuts full of grain,
Sleek cattle, flowers, a tinkling bell,
Spoke in a language sweet and plain,
"Here smiling Peace and Plenty dwell."

Unconsciously he raised his cry,
 " Shell-bracelets ho ! " And at his voice
Looked out the priest, with eager eye,
 And made his heart at once rejoice.
" Ho. *Sankha* pedlar ! Pass not by,
 But step thou in, and share the food
Just offered on our altar high
 If thou art in a hungry mood.
• Welcome are all to this repast !
 The rich and poor, the high and low !
Come wash thy feet; and break thy fast,
 Then on thy journey strengthened go."

" Oh thanks good priest ! Obeisance due
 And greetings ! May thy name be blest !
I came on business, but I knew,
 Here might be had both food and rest
Without a charge ; for all the poor
 Ten miles around thy sacred shrine,
Know that thou keepest open door,
 And praise that generous hand of thine :
But let my errand first be told, -
 For bracelets sold to thine this day,
So much thou owest me, in gold,
 Hast thou the ready cash to pay ?

The bracelets were enamelled,—so
 The price is high." " How ! Sold to mine ?
Who bought them I should like to know."
 " Thy daughter with the large black cyne
Now bathing at the marble Ghat."
 Loud laughed the priest at this reply,
" I shall not put up, friend, with that ;
 No daughter in the world have I,
An only son, is all my stay ;
 Some minx has played a trick, no doubt,

But cheer up, let thy heart be gay,
Be sure that I shall find her out."

"Nay, nay, good father, such a face
Could not deceive, I must aver;
At all events, she knows thy place,
'And if my father should demur
To pay thee'—thus she said,—'or cry
He has no money, tell him straight
The box vermilion-streaked to try
That's near the shrine.'" "Well, wait friend, wait!"
The priest said thoughtful, and he ran
And with the open box came back,
"Here is the price exact, my man,
No surplus over, and no lack.

"How strange! How strange! Oh blest art thou
To have beheld her, touched her hand,
Before whom Vishnu's self must bow,
And Brahma and his heavenly band!
Here have I worshipped her for years
And never seen the vision bright;
Vigils and fasts and secret tears
Have almost quenched my outward sight;
And yet that dazzling form and face
I have not seen, and thou, dear friend,
To thee, unsought for comes the grace,
What may its purport be, and end?

How strange! How strange! Oh happy thou!
And couldst thou ask no other boon
'Than thy poor bracelet's price? That brow
Resplendent as the autumn moon
Must have bewildered thee, I trow,
And made thee lose thy senses all."
A dim light on the pedlar now
Began to dawn; and he let fall

His bracelet-basket in his haste,
And backward ran the way he came ;
What meant the vision fair and chaste,
Whose eyes were they—those eyes of flame ?

Swift ran the pedlar as a hind,
The old priest followed on his trace,
They reached the Ghat but could not find
The lady of the noble face.
The birds were silent in the wood,
The lotus flowers exhaled a smell
Faint, over all the solitude,
A heron as a sentinel
Stood by the bank. They called,—in vain,
No answer came from hill or fell,
The landscape lay in slumber's chain,
E'en Echo slept within her cell.

Broad sunshine, yet a hush profound !
They turned with saddened hearts to go ;
Then from afar, there came a sound
Of silver bells ;—the priest said low,
“ O Mother, Mother, deign to hear ”
The worship hour has rung ; we wait
In meek humility and fear.

Must we return home desolate ?
Oh come, as late thou cam'st unsought,
Or was it but an idle dream ?
Give us some sign if it was not,
A word, a breath, or passing gleam.

Sudden from out the water sprung
A rounded arm, on which they saw
As high the lotus buds among
It rose, the bracelet white, with awe.
Then a wide ripple tost and swung
The blossoms on that liquid plain,

And lo ! The arm so fair and young
Sank in the waters down again.
They bowed before the mystic Power,
And as they home returned in thought,
Each took from thence a lotus flower
In memory of the day and spot.

Years, centuries, have passed away,
And still before the temple shrine
Descendants of the pedlar pay
Shell-bracelets of the old design
As annual tribute. Much they own
In lands and gold,—but they confess
From that eventful day alone

Dawned on their industry,—success. * * * *
Absurd may be the tale I tell,
Ill-suited to the marching times,
I loved the lips from which it fell,
So let it stand among my rhymes.

THE CONTINENT.

WHEN a dark fellow like myself speaks of the Continent, the reader has every right to conclude that he is to be teased to death with endless accounts of rotten kingdoms and effete nationalities. But I am glad to be able to assure him that his first thoughts in this matter are by no means the best. A Bengalee gentleman of the old school feeling aggrieved by what he could not but look upon as an act of gross injustice sought redress in a queer manner. He literally had his face whitewashed, and entering his office began to work at his desk without the slightest symptom of sorrow or shame. His office master passed by, and, observing the coating of white solution over his face, enquired :—what's the matter with your face, Babu ? "matter !" said the Babu in his broken English, "I keep these books and he (pointing to a European gentleman) keeps one book : you give me one hundred rupees, and him three hundred, because he is white. Now I am white, give me three hundred rupees, and I be satisfied : I not want nine hundred !" I have been "home," and so I am white without the solution made use of by our friend ; and therefore the Continent I speak of is progressive Europe, not stationary or rather retrogressive Asia. Some degree of preparatory education is needed to enable a man to enjoy a visit to Europe ; and a little of this may be secured by a few days' stay in London and a careful inspection of some of its well-known places of resort. Some knowledge for instance of architecture may be hastily picked up in the Crystal Palace where in more than one of the side rooms you see models of pillars, windows and gateways representing different ages and styles of architecture ; Doric or Ionic pillars, Norman or early English doorways, Gothic and Decorated windows, capitals of the Tudor period, and arches belonging, to the age called Transition, all in miniature. Some insight into the mysteries of painting may be obtained in the picture-galleries,

particularly the national, wherein one sees not only the master-pieces of English Art, but also imitations of the noblest specimens seen in the world-renowned picture galleries of Italy. In a similar manner a little knowledge of statuary may be picked up,—picked up not only in halls of statuary, but even in such places as the studio of a photographer, wherein photographs of the precious relics of Grecian and Roman Arts as well as those of the choicest products of modern times may be bought for a trifle and carefully examined. With a good handbook in your possession and your eyes open, it is possible for you, in the course of a few days' stay in the metropolis of the British Empire, to pick up a knowledge of the fine arts enough to make your visit to the continent profitable as well as pleasant. But I left London one cold, but fine morning for Dover, Calais and Paris without even a particle of such knowledge; and therefore the reader may rest satisfied that he is not to be worried with crude criticism on continental palaces and cathedrals and the grandest picture galleries of the world. Gossip—gossip unmitigated and unmitigable, is what I propose retailing “in my graphic account” of my travels in Europe.

I left London, as I have already said, one fine morning—fine in the London sense of the term, that is a morning with fog enough to prevent your right hand from being visible to you—I left London one fine morning before I had thoroughly recovered from the fever I caught on the Lord Mayor's day, while witnessing the grand procession consisting of things new and old ranging between nice-looking fire-engines, the inventions of the hour, and mounted knights in armour, or men appearing in masks fitted to bring back the oddities of a by-gone age, in progress along a crowded street, under balconies draped with crimson cloth and decorated with flags and amid shouts of joy raised by bands of little boys and men, who, if the Lord Mayor elect had been unpopular, would not have hesitated for a moment to show their displeasure

in hisses, yells and varieties of unearthly sounds! What a difference between the spontaneous demonstrations in free countries and the Police-got-up demonstrations in India! I noticed nothing remarkable in my journey from London to Dover, but I had a foretaste of hell while crossing the channel, which was, as it generally is, very boisterous. It is said that hardy sailors, whom the big swells of the Mediterranean, the dashing waves of the Bay of Biscay and the frightful billows of the Atlantic cannot affect become sick while crossing this narrow well of waters in a vessel, which because necessarily small reels and staggers when it becomes furious even more than bigger vessels in broader seas. All my fellow passengers, without almost an exception, were sick; and I had to sit in the midst of a company of people who were *all* engaged in operations, which while they made me exceedingly squeamish, could not but lead me to think, of the sufferings of the infernal regions. What a relief when we completed the passage, and found ourselves seated in a railway carriage on French soil! The most difficult portion of my journey was now before me. I did not understand a word of French or Italian, and I had not a friend to help me on. I had furnished myself with Cook's coupons, and continental coins, and I had in my hand a guide book presented to me by a kind friend in America; and with this equipment I pressed on with confidence as if I was travelling in my own country. Months of travelling in foreign lands had made a hero of a timid Bengallee, and the degree of coolness I had failed to show while walking in the streets of Southampton was now natural to me. What I saw of France while journeying towards its beautiful capital convinced me of two well-known facts *viz.*, that it is a rich country, and that its wealth is more or less agricultural. Fields rich with waving grain and tinged more or less with purple extending around hamlets composed of substantial dwellings, and showing like cornfields in our own country, women at

work oftener than men, appeared one after another in endless succession as we rattled along a road cut through a country which seemed perfectly level. The hamlets of course differ from our own in appearance as well as in their possession of certain places which show the prevailing tendency of French life in all its universality to festivities and amusements such as hotels, cafes and theatres. Within our carriage I saw nothing remarkable till a priest entered with a young lady and a gentleman. There was something strange about their appearance, something that seemed to indicate some anxiety in the minds of the triumvirate. They got and remained for about an hour in the carriage, but they seemed absorbed in thought so decidedly that they did not exchange a single syllable with one another; and they did not seem aware even of our presence in the carriage. Some plot seemed at work in their minds, very likely in behalf of the Church now universally despised in France, as the priest by his devotions showed himself incapable of cherishing a plot with a meaner object. When the prescribed moment of prayer came, he brought out his string of beads, devoutly kissed the cross attached to it, closed his eyes in secret prayer, counted off the round balls muttering a prayer over each, kissed the cross afresh, closed his eyes in secret prayer once more, and put the precious treasure back into his pocket. He did not take more than a quarter of an hour in going through the whole operation; but his attitude showed that he was determined not to be guilty of an act of omission in the matter of saying the prayers prescribed by his order. I reached Paris at about six in the evening, had my baggage passed through the Custom House with very little trouble indeed, engaged a cab, and drove into the hotel where I purposed remaining during the few days I was to spend in the most beautiful city on the surface of the globe, the Queen of cities.

I began my business of sight-seeing on the ensuing morning, which happened to be a sabbath morning. My first wish

was to get into the famous cathedral Notre Dame and see a regular Roman Catholic service held within its massive walls. In consultation with the manager, who spoke English, I made out a list of the places I might see after service, sallied out and got into a street car of the color mentioned previously by him. A street car in Paris is in keeping with the general beauty of the city, and is decidedly superior to anything of the sorts you see anywhere else on the surface of the globe. It has like the London Busses cushioned seats inside as well as on the top. My object being to see the city I went up, communicated my wish to be dropped near Notre Dame to the conductor by signs and gestures—by simply repeating the word Notre Dame and striking my own breast—and occupied a top seat. As the car rumbled on I had my first view of the city, and, I must say, my expectations were more than realized. Streets overhung with ranges of buildings which appeared faultless in their uniformity, beauty and polish, shops adorned as shops nowhere else are, squares spreading around central chandeliers, occasionally a magnificent building interrupting what might justly be called a monotony of beauty. What I saw was in every respect worthy of the unrivalled reputation of the city, the plan and garniture of which will ever display the genius and taste of Louis Napoleon. The streets of Paris radiate from “stars,” which have varieties of names given them, such as Place-de-Havre, Place-de-Bastille &c, and are so broad that the wellknown expedient of barricading which enabled the Parisians so frequently to defy the Government is thrown beyond the confines of possibility. Each street is overhung on either side by a range of buildings which appears one single structure of the same height, the same color and the same proportions, and which terminates on either extremity in a rectangular corner of a peculiarly lovely appearance. The transitions from beauty to ugliness, from magnificence to coarseness, such as offend the eye in cities like London and Calcutta, are unknown here; and if there is a monotony in

its appearance, it may, as I have already said, be called the monotony of beauty. The broader and the more glorious streets are the famous boulevards of Paris, and as you walk along one of these you see the beauty and fashion of the gayest capital of the world moving in procession along the sidewalks, or gathered around the innumerable tables placed thereon by the owners of restau'ranty and cafes. London lives in homes, New York lives in hotels, and Paris lives on the boulevards; for nowhere else do you see groups of beaux and belles, not only moving along in endless procession, but sipping their coffee or wine on the streets, seated around small tables spread thereon. But to resume the thread of my narrative, the conductor dropped me near the famous cathedral, and at the entrance I saw played one of those tricks for which holy shrines in India are distinguished. From a little distance I saw a man in the garb of a devotee laughing and jesting with a person, but when I approached the man changed his attitude, closed his eyes, appeared absorbed in meditation and prayer, and stretched out his wallet to give me a poor sinner an opportunity of benefiting myself by throwing in a silver piece. I however treated his counterfeited devotion with the contempt it deserved, and walked in. And as I walked through the vaulted aisles, and round the nave and choir, I felt edified more than I had been while moving to and fro within the walls of St. Paul's in London. The statues and pictures I saw now were calculated to stir up my devotional feelings, not merely to remind me of the bloody scenes off Trafalgar and at Waterloo. Here a faultlessly beautiful statue of Mary with the newborn babe in her stretched-out arms within a niche opened in a profusely decorated pillar; there a number of Jewish women with the virgin mother at their head bewailing over the lifeless body of the crucified Saviour under the spread out wings of angels looking down with intense interest and evident sorrow; here a dying Archbishop commending himself to the mercy of God with folded arms and

uplifted eyes; there a weeping saint praying earnestly on her knees for pardon and for grace—such images combined with paintings similarly redolent of holy associations, and the many chapels, each glowing under a flood of light emanating from the many colored candles above the raised altars beautifully covered with a piece of crimson, gold-embroidered and gold fringed velvets, could not but attune the mind naturally vagrant, and the heart naturally wayward, to that worship, spiritual doubtless but not the less formal, for which the House of God is reared in this world. Notre Dame, though it has statues of two of the Louises of France, Louis XIV and Louis XV,—which however I did not care to see—and the coronation robes of Napoleon concealed in the Treasury, can not in any sense be called the national mausoleum of the French people. It is emphatically a church, and its associations are such as are proper in the House of God, not such as are calculated to mar devotional enthusiasm by recalling scenes of fratricidal struggle and carnage. When I got into this cathedral mass was being read in several of the side chapels, and in that specially behind the choir; and I saw small groups of people gathered behind the robed priests engaged in the holy exercise. The service in the choir had not yet begun, and so I had an opportunity of walking round, and taking in as much of the sacred adornments of the huge building as I could. Beside the Madonnas innumerable, the statuary and pictorial representations of holy scenes amid the niches and in the chapels, that which struck me as particularly interesting was the form of a living female devotee bent in meditation and prayer before one of the holy shrines. What a difference between realities and representations of realities! The feeling stirred up within my bosom by the sight of one living woman engaged in real earnest devotion was intenser by far than that evoked by a dozen statues or pictures of female saints similarly engaged, those there were each and all emblems of exquisite beauty and faultless proportion. While I was walking

and musing, the chairs in front of the choir or the seats on the nave reserved for worshippers were occupied and a small, fractional portion of the cathedral was filled. By and bye a band of priests came in a procession and occupied the seats reserved for them within the choir. Then began the grand singing of the service, the wearing of vestments, the genuflections, gyrations, the washings, the singing of bells, the holy exercises in a word culminating in the elevation of the host and what may be called the prostration of the assembled devotees before it in silent adoration. I watched the countenances of the worshippers seated around me, and the scenes noticed in Protestant churches seemed re-enacted in this Romish Cathedral,—the majority careless, indifferent, utterly regardless of what was going on, engaged either in exchanging whispers and smiles with their next-door or rather next-chair neighbours, or in cherishing day-dreams of the mildest stamp; but the minority, the chosen few manifesting, unconsciously of course, the deep feelings of devotion, stirred up within their bosoms by the choral service in progress in their faces. The service over, many of the sincere devotees remained to visit the side-chapels and that behind the choir, and to benefit their souls by lingering among associations so pre-eminently fitted to stimulate piety and philanthropy. I am no admirer of Romanism, and I never scruple to express my abhorrence of the fundamental errors of doctrine and practice associated with it. But I am decidedly of opinion that Protestantism has erred, and erred grievously in ignoring those elements of our nature to which special appeal is made in the Romish Church, and in effecting an unnatural divorce between religious and æsthetic culture.

I had a desire to see some of the other great churches of the city before returning to the Hotel; but though I got into several street cars and halted at several of those connecting stations called *correspondences* I could not make myself intelligible to the conductors and alight at the proper places. So

being disappointed and chagrined I signified my wish, by means of signs of course, to be dropped near the *champ elysees*, or the Elysian Fields, as they are called, which may be represented as the choicest portion of the choicest city of the world. What Paris is to the other cities of the world, that the *champs elysees* is to the other portions—*districts* shall we say? of Paris. Almost all the grand sights of Paris cluster around these picturesque fields so beautifully intersected by broad avenues, and so beautifully dotted with choice enclosures and gay booths. The *Tuileries* with the magnificent quadrangle behind, called the *Louvre*, and the gay gardens in front; the *Palais Royal* with its court yard surrounded by galleries full of beautiful shop-restaurants and cafes; the Place-deconcord with its mono-obelisk, grand fountains and colossal statues; the *Hotel des-Invalides* with its glittering dome supported by graceful columns and rising above the tomb of Napoleon, a massive sarcophagus lying beneath a majestic altar and amid marble statues of the most finished order; the Palace of Industry with its rich collections of the most beautiful specimens of industrial art, beautiful statuettes, beautiful clocks and watches and beautiful objects of various kinds and various prices; the small *Arc-de-Triomphe* modelled after the arch of Severus at Rome, but far more elaborately decorated, and the grand *Arc-de-Triomphe-de-e' Etoile*, the loftiest and the grandest arch in the world; the *Bois-de-Boulogne* with its broad acres, its shaded avenues and its groves innumerable of beautiful trees;—why half the beauty of Paris clusters around the *Champ Elysees* which are ablaze every evening with groups of gay pedestrians, and made festive every night with concerts held around illuminated parks and groves, and varieties of amusements which one must see in order to appreciate. I visited the place for the first time on the evening of the Sunday the best portion of which I had profitably spent among the hallowed associations of the grandest Cathedral of France,

and one of the grandest cathedrals of Europe. Passing through the Place-de-la-Concord I walked into the gardens of the Tuileries which were literally gay with groups of loungers clothed in all the glory of the fashion of the hour promenading along the walks, gathering around the statues, or crowding before the booths set up for refreshment. The avenues between the aforementioned square and the lofty and profusely decorated Arch of Triumph presented the same gay spectacles. Sunday evenings see the public resorts in all Continental cities rendered specially gay and attractive by groups of fashionable people rambling within their precincts; and this may justly be said of all American cities the parks of which are specially seen in all the glory of their festive garments on these evenings. It is only in Scotland that out-door recreation is prohibited on Sundays, and that the sabbath wears a mantle of quietude which places it in marked contrast to the days of the work, or those days which are called weekdays, or days of week in contradistinction to the day of rest hallowed by God Himself.

I saw Paris out of, not in season, and therefore not in its gayest garb. The gay people were as a rule out of town, and those who were in were prevented from displaying their gaiety in the resorts of beauty and fashion by the nastiness of the weather. Bois-de-Boulogne presented what might be called a scene of desolation, clumps of trees, bare, leafless and therefore dreary-looking, and lawns destitute of the freshness which is their peculiar glory. The appearance of the city was in some respects of a piece with that of its most extensive and magnificent park. The buildings and the streets were of course the same, but the glory derived from the presence and amusements of the devotees of fashion and festivity was to a great extent, crippled. But yet theatres, operas, circuses, and other places of public amusement were in full swing, and the boulevards presented a gay spectacle when the weather permitted. I had made up my

mind not to leave Europe without trying to find out the secret of the boundless popularity of famous actresses. These persons had appeared to me the heroines of the hour, goddesses universally worshipped; and their pictures I had noticed oftener in America than the pictures of the President elect, oftener in England than the pictures of Royalty itself. My illness had prevented my getting into a theatre in England, and I had made up my mind to do so in Paris, and pry into the quality which places actresses above princesses of the blood and high-born devotees of fashion in popularity. My conscience had never wavered in the matter, but I had been impelled by curiosity to ascertain the views of a lady of deep scholarship and profound piety in London; and I had been agreeably surprised to receive from her the following reply—"By all means get into a theatre and see all that is worth seeing." I walked one evening towards the grand Opera House which stands crowned as it were with its colossal eagles of glittering bronze, at the head of the broad avenue, which is the only street on the surface of the globe illuminated by two rows of electric lights. I ascended the grand stair-case in front and got into what might be called the great ante-chamber. Here I saw crowds of people gathered around the closed doors anxiously looking forward to the moment when they were to be thrown open. The largest of these crowds, or the crowd consisting of persons who had brought the lowest class ticket, were placed in what might be called marching order, or were made to stand in a long column before the door through which, when opened, they were to march in. The eagerness manifested by them to get in, and the inconveniences to which they voluntarily submitted to secure to themselves the pleasure they expected to have within took me by surprise, and led me to say to myself—"If these men were as eager to go to a church as they are to get into a place of amusement they might secure to themselves such pleasure as is not followed by pain!" I joined this long and

and lenthening column, as I could not, though bent on gratifying what I could not but regard as proper curiosity, conscientiously pay more than two francs and a half for the purpose,—the lowest rate, the highest being twenty franks. We were conducted in, and led up to the highest gallery through a stair-case somewhat spiral. I occupied a seat favourable to my purpose, and looked around. A beautifully carpeted pit overlooked by a great stage, and overhung ranges of galleries rising one above another to a great height, all covered with velvet cushioned seats and adorned with nice-looking hangings and fringes, the whole building illuminated magnificently by a central chandelier of gigantic proportions, and a row of lights surrounding the graceful curve of the stage as with a gay festoon,—such was the scene that burst on my view. In a few minutes the seats on the galleries and on the pit were almost all occupied by the devotees of fashion and of pleasure, and the fascinating business on the stage commenced. The Play was one of Egypt, and Egyptian scenes passed one after another before our eyes, Egyptian scenes *Frenchified*, and therefore thoroughly improved,—Egyptian dances, Egyptian bands, Egyptian crowds, Egyptian grandes, an Egyptian palace and an Egyptian host in motion. These were all imitations, but imitations better by far than the originals. The most interesting parts were played by a young and beautiful actress in Egyptian costume, and the imitative powers she displayed were miraculous indeed, and showed a genius eminently fitted to explain the unparalleled popularity of famous actresses. She had an audience, nearly as grand almost as that addressed by Burke when the accusation of Warren Hastings was begun, but far more appreciative, inasmuch as it consisted mainly of *connoisseurs* of both sexes who had for years breathed the atmosphere of theatres, and who therefore could detect and expose the slightest flaw which her utterances and gestures might show. And besides her movements were narrowly watched by a number of celebrated actresses, who were looking

at every thing she did with intense interest through eyeglasses and binoculars. But she was in every respect equal to the occasion, and acquitted herself so creditably that loud bursts of applause greeted her while she was acting, and prolonged cheering was her portion when the curtain finally dropped. She evidently played the part of a faithless wife suddenly and unexpectedly called to account by a husband generally complaisant but rendered vigilant by some opportune disclosures, and her determination apparently was to compose him by means of specious explanations to the sleep so very favourable to the accomplishment of her vicious purposes. With this object in view she sung, she walked to and fro, she whispered to her maidens, dropped down with a shriek, she wept, she sobbed, she appealed with tears in her eyes and a voice broken by cries—in a word she acted so well that the whole thing became a reality, and the audience almost forgot they were in a theatre looking at a mere play. I could not understand her words, but her action was expressive and so life like that I had no difficulty in obtaining an insight into the plot she was engaged in developing. But what surprized me most of all were the changes I noticed in her face, the anxiety, the sorrow, the depression and the ultimate triumph pictured in it as she passed through the successive stages of the story she was engaged in enlivening or realizing. She however appeared in every respect a French lady in Egyptian costume, her utterances and gestures being regulated by the approved rules of highly civilized society, and not marred by the roughness and the effects of the disposition to overdo from which they could not possibly have been freed if she had been really an Egyptian woman. Her genius was undoubtedly great, but, exerted as it was in gilding vice, and making that amiable which is in reality loathsome, I could not but look upon it as misdirected and misapplied. Apropos of theatres I may point out the marked difference between those at work in Christendom and those at work in India. Indian theatres, judging from

the specimen, so to speak, I recently saw in Calcutta, are not very far behind second or third class theatres in Europe and America in the beauty of their scenic representations, and the astonishing effect of the imitative powers displayed. But they seem at first sight to indicate a purer moral atmosphere. They bring on the stage characters, which in Europe would be laughed at as incongruous with the ideas and associations, to which theatres owe their immense popularity. A young woman personating a faithful wife, and kneeling down on the stage to offer up prayers to God;—such a character, recently brought on the stage in Calcutta, would be considered a monstrosity in Christendom. When I mentioned this recently to a few young friends, they almost involuntarily exclaimed:—“Theatre-going people in India breathe a purer moral atmosphere than their brethren in Christendom!” But the conclusion is scarcely fair,—that, to which the difference noticed is calculated to bring us, being that grosser ideas of religion, ideas which lead the devotee to unite vice with devotion, prevail amongst our countrymen, and they in consequence are not scandalized when they see such things as devotional earnestness in conjunction with associations fitted to demoralize. My little bit of experience in the Opera-house in Paris and a Bengalee Theatre in Calcutta has brought me to the conclusion that, if the current ideas on which their success is based could not be elevated, theatres should be discouraged; and some other sources of amusement resorted to.

Of course I visited the picture galleries of the Louvre and those of Versailles, the grandest palace on the surface of the globe. I walked through the various halls and apartments of the last-named palace along with a recently married couple who were spending their honeymoon at Paris, and the remarks they almost involuntarily made while passing through them amused me not a little. When, for instance, we entered the grand hall called *Galerie-des-Glaces*, and looked at its polished

floor adorned by rows of marble busts representing the worthies of French history, its beautiful walls rendered still more beautiful by pictures of prodigious dimensions representing some of the bloodiest battles on record, and its roof profusely decorated and gilded, the gentleman exclaimed—Oh it is ger-e-rand! and the lady exclaimed—Oh it is lovely! I was determined not to be out-done in criticism, and so I called to my aid the adjective ridden to death in America, and exclaimed—Oh it is elegant! If twenty other persons had made use of twenty other expressive adjectives, all these put together and in conjunction with those we were retailing could not have adequately set forth the grandeur of the galleries which show the history of France embodied in pictures and statues, and the state apartments, in one of which the king of Prussia was recently proclaimed Emperor of Germany. But what brought back pensive recollections to my mind was the sight of the beautiful rooms which are pointed out as emphatically those of Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate queen whose name or memory is embalmed in this palace as that of the unfortunate Queen of Scots is in Holyrood palace in Edinburgh. The high aerial balcony from which she appealed to the mercy of the mob below with her boy in her arms, and appealed in vain, was also pointed out to me. The gardens of this palace, the grand fountains of which are made to play on particular Sundays and days of festivity at a cost on each occasion of about four thousand rupees, we could see very little indeed of in the fag-end of a day, the best portion of which had been spent in its galleries and halls. The last thing I did in Paris was to get up to the top of the Vendome column, the graceful column elected by Napoleon to commemorate some of his victories, and thrown down recently by the communists, who in that act showed a better appreciation of the doctrine of the brotherhood of man than the Scotch reformers showed of the spiritual nature of Christian worship when they destroyed the noblest

specimens of the arts of painting and sculpture in their country. These monuments, monuments raised to commemorate victories, are indeed standing insults to the nations humiliated, and standing embodiments of that spirit of self-complacency, bray and bluster which should be discouraged. I was impressed with this idea very powerfully when I stood before a group of statuary on one of the broad avenues by which the Capital at Washington and the gardens attached to it are surrounded. The group among other things represented the South, in the shape of a beautiful female with her hair disshevelled and her face buried in her hands, repenting of the foul rebellion from which it had been brought back to the path of loyalty to the Union by the all-conquering sword of the North, standing by it in the shape of a beautiful female looking benignantly at her once proud but also now humbled sister. The group of statuary, if I have correctly interpreted it, represents or embodies a tie, the South being by no means in the attitude of penitence in which it is made to appear. The group is moreover a standing insult to the South, and is one of those almost innumerable statues and monuments raised to commemorate its humiliation, by which the breach between the rival members of the union is being widened. If the North means peace and permanent union, as it doubtless does, let all those signs by which the South is perpetually reminded of its folly, defeat and humiliation be wiped out; let the past in a word be not merely forgiven but forgotten as far as possible. But it may be said that this argument pushed to its legitimate consequences would lead to the destruction of all records of history,—all the memorials so to speak, embodied in narrative and song stereotyped as they in this age can not but be. But there is a difference between insults hurled at you as soon as you cross the Rubicon of your territory and the insults which you must consume your midnight oil in order to get an insight into. I am no friend of communism. When dissociated from all objectionable features, and made, as it were, to stand upon

its own legs, it embodies an error of gigantic proportions; but when found in intimate association with atheism, promiscuous intercourse and the utter annihilation of moral distinctions, as it was in the case of the French communists, the most notorious of whom were shot, as if they were mere pigs in an enclosure behind Versailles, it is positively loathsome as well as pernicious. But it was, even in the impure atmosphere in which it was elaborated, relieved by one, if not a few good ideas: and that is the desirability of destroying those costly monuments which commemorate the defeat or humiliation of peoples who ought to be spared the sight so eminently fitted to stir up the gall of their nature by reminding them of what they naturally wish to shut their eyes to!

My journey from Paris to Genoa where I spent the intervening sabbath was by no means of the most pleasant description. I got into the right train, and I had for my companions a French family consisting of a husband and wife belonging evidently to what is called the lower middle class, but with ample means, and a young Frenchman apparently poorer. They were ignorant of English almost as completely as I was of French; but by means of signs, gestures and significant smiles we introduced ourselves to one another, and became friends enough to have confidence in one another. The family opened their wellstored wallet almost as soon as we left Paris, and offered me and the young Frenchman bread and meat and wine successively and were evidently sorry when we both thankfully declined their offers. Then they brought out some sweet biscuits, and literally compelled us to partake of them. This ceremony at once convinced me that they were not "highborn" devotees of stiff formality; and the exuberance of genuine good nature depicted on their countenances or heaving out of their eyes invited and enlisted my confidence; and I felt happy in their company, though unable almost to exchange a syllable with them. The day past pleasantly away, and the night did not by any means seem inau-

spicious ; and so I laid me down in peace and slept. Next morning we found ourselves in Lyons, sallied out and enjoyed together a hearty breakfast in the Refreshment rooms, and came back to our carriage. The doors were closed, the bell rang, and when we were on the eve of bidding farewell to the grand station of Lyons, so beautifully situated over a square adorned with marble statues on all sides and a grand fountain in the centre, a person passed by uttering a sentence ending in the word "Marseilles." The man disappeared, and the train was in motion. Marseilles,—where was I going to? Ah! I had been too careless—had forgotten to step out of the train and get into another. What was to be done? I communicated my difficulty by means of signs to my friends in the carriage, and they examined my coupons, and urged me by expressive signals to set my mind at rest. When we came to the first station after leaving Lyons, the station-master was apprized of my mistake; but he only referred to us to the station-master at the next station; and this gentleman, when we came to it, ordered my luggage out, conducted me into the waiting room, opened his watch, showed me the hour when the return train to Lyons was to arrive, and left me a little more composed than I had been for about an hour before my speechless interview with him. I sat down or walked to and fro, now quailing before the phantoms of fear conjured up by my imagination, and now triumphing over all my troubles through the mercy of Him to whose unerring guidance I had committed myself. A few passengers walked in, and I felt a little assured. The train expected came, I stepped in, and was once more on my way towards Lyons. I have the misfortune to believe in "special providences" at a time when enlightend science makes God Himself quail before the formidable inflexibility of the law; and I earnestly prayed that I might come across on the platform of the Lyons station some person, who would speak English, understand my case, and snatch me out of my trouble. And

the first person I came across when we reached that platform was a French minister of the Gospel, one of the many Protestant Missionaries sent abroad within the borders of France by Mr. Macall, whose unrivalled success is one of the moral wonders of the age. He could speak English, and we became friends as soon as we knew each other. He took me to the Station-Master, explained my case, and showed me the train by which I was to go back to Culoz where I should have availed myself of the train towards Turin the previous night. His conversation was to me instructive, inasmuch as it gave me an insight into the religious condition of his country, which like most of the countries professing Romanism, was recoiling from the extreme of superstition towards the extreme of rank infidelity; but which under present circumstances was perhaps more favourable to the spread of Protestantism than it ever had been. This bit of information, however, I was prepared for, as I was for what he said regarding the prevailing desire of France for peace, rest, and what might be self-culture. The priests of course were trying to bring back the old order of things; but their efforts were not only not backed, or rather were opposed by the influential classes as well as by the masses of his countrymen. There is really a rebound from Romanism in France, and there is ground for apprehending that a leap on her part into the abyss of universal scepticism may be followed by a revolution, and that the consequence of a political convulsion may be the restoration of monarchy and Romish supremacy. A truce to thought. I went back to the above-mentioned changing station in the night, passed through the Mount Cenis Tunnel early the next morning, reached Turin at breakfast time, and after passing through a series of tunnels nearly as long as that of Mount Cenis in a train as slow as a bullock cart, I reached Genoa in the evening. I drove through several of its narrow streets, and took shelter in a splendid Hotel, determined to spend the following day, which was Sunday, in it.

On the following morning I sallied out after breakfast to attend service in the great Cathedral of Genoa, San Lorenzo, which I reached after walking through several of its narrow streets. I entered this hoary sanctuary, built in the twelfth century though often remodelled so as to present a variety of rather an odd mixture of styles within its walls, before the commencement of its grand service. A priest, however, was at the time muttering a service on an illuminated altar towards the right side of the choir; and a small group of worshippers might be seen gathered before it. I walked round, saw what was worth seeing in the building, and sat down in one of the two or at the most three small forms reserved for the purpose. There were chairs almost innumerable, but they were heaped up in a corner of the nave; and the man in charge of them never brought out one till he had a small copper coin thrust into his hand in the shape of a fee. While I remained seated, worshippers began to assemble; some however coming in through one gate, halting for a few moments, and going out through another. The conduct of one of these last struck me as particularly strange in a Christian land, but such as was fitted to remind of the varied styles of worship in vogue in Hindu temples, and even Mahomedan mosques. She came in through one gate with a basket of commodities for sale on her head, placed it down, knelt before the illuminated altar alluded to, took up her burden, and walked out through another,—thus finishing her worship in about a couple of minutes. The aspect of the place, so full of holy associations, was certainly solemnizing, but the countenances of the majority of the devotees assembled did not indicate much solemnity of feeling or devotional earnestness. A few however appeared deeply engaged in the sacred avocations of the hour, bent before chairs paid for and secured, and pouring over the prayer book opened before their concentrated gaze. Meanwhile the officiating priests in their gorgeous vestments came in, and strains of music, pathetic and sublime, announced the com-

mencement of the grand service, which was nothing less than High Mass. All the solemn exercises, the changing of vestments, the muttering of prayers, the ringing of bells, the genuflexions, the paternosters were gone through with due formality; and then began the ceremony of taking round the host in a procession. A large company of young priests in white surplices came out in order with lighted candles in their hands and stood ready for the signal to march round on one of the aisles. A grand canopy was held aloft by four priests before the door of the choir, and a priest approached the altar with a large gold-embroidered crimson umbrella. The president Bishop came under the shade of this umbrella with the *Host* held up by both his hands, walked to the door, and stood under the uplifted canopy. The priests holding up the canopy then moved towards the long column of young priests standing on the aisle with lighted candles. And now the grand procession began to move slowly, cheered on, so to speak, by a grand song of triumph raised by the young priests in white surplices. It went round the nave, and, as the worshippers saw it, they knelt down before the host thus paraded. It was indeed sickening to see the spiritual worship of Christianity converted into such a mummary. But there is danger on the other side, danger in making it too spiritual to suit the masses of mankind, who cannot grasp spiritual ideas excepting through the medium of symbols fitted to make an impression upon the senses. What Church can stand up and say that it holds up an even balance between the excess and the defect of symbolism in its forms of worship!

A night's journey in a railway carriage brought me from Genoa to Rome. While travelling in Italy, and perambulating its capital, I noticed many things, which convinced me that I was approaching home. The villages I noticed seemed, like Indian villages, abodes of crushing poverty in conjunction with squalor and filth, though surrounded each by broad tracts of exceedingly fertile land; the cities, magnificent indeed in

some of their aspects, but intersected by narrow roads as a rule, and built moreover, like our own, on plans which may justly be characterized as antiquated; and the country itself full of the dire consequences of the centuries of misrule gone by, and of the incubus of ignorance and superstition from which it has yet to be freed entirely. I could not see the sights of Rome, ranging, so to speak, between *magnificent* ruins and magnificent buildings in perfectly good order, between the reliques of ancient and the results of modern civilization without being reminded of Delhi, which embodies almost the entire history of India in its stupendous array of structures, and even more stupendous array of ruins. What a contrast between America which has no ruins and Italy which through its dilapidated castles, broken arches, shattered pillars, ruined baths, and scarcely discernible aqueducts leads the mind back, across the charm of ages, to the time when the greatest empire of antiquity was passing through the zenith of its prosperity and glory; and which moreover embodies the history of the early growth and development of our religion in tens of thousands of monuments and engravings concealed within the bowels of mother earth! "In one respect your country is inferior to the more ancient countries of Europe" your country has no ruins—said a European gentleman to an American. The American promptly replied—"We don't believe in ruins, or we would build them!" But does not Delhi in this respect beat Rome? Do not some of its ruins, those chestering around the Kootub lead the mind back to an age earlier even than that indicated by the most ancient of the ruins of Rome? Nor are the magnificent halls of Delhi unfit to be compared to some at least of the cathedrals and halls of Rome. But here the comparison must end. A building like St. Peter's, within which one stands awe-struck as one does in a valley surrounded by mountains of Himalayan height and Himalayan proportions, India has yet to see; while we have nothing fit to be placed side by side with the museums and

picture-galleries of small Italian cities, not to mention the museum and picture-galleries of the Vatican.

It would be simply absurd on my part to attempt a description of what I saw in Rome. The greatest moral-painters the world ever saw have failed to do justice to its sights, and the best thing a gossip-monger like myself can do is to leave them to themselves, and pass into the region of gossip at once. What good do the great Cathedrals of Rome do? They are certainly made much of by strangers, and strangers have their very best feelings stirred up by their grandeur, proportions and decorations. But by the people of Rome, they are neglected, utterly neglected. I attended a service in St Peter's, held in one of the side chapels, and I was surprised to find that the priests engaged in conducting the service were about five times as numerous as the worshippers were assembled to profit by it. The few who were assembled were engaged in chatting and laughing during its continuance, and did not manifest the slightest degree of seriousness till the presiding Bishop lifted up the host. Then they all knelt down for a moment, and reassumed their attitude of supreme indifference and carelessness. Two of them, both females, then took it into their heads to go through the ceremony of kissing the foot of St Peter, or rather the bronze statue of Peter towards the right side of the altar; and the careless way in which they finished it took me by surprise. They went laughing and chatting towards the statue, and then one of them approached it, brought out her handkerchief, wiped the foot reserved for the homage, kissed it, and came back laughing. The other went through the operation precisely in the same way, and they both moved for the door chatting and laughing as they would have done if they had been walking out of a theatre. I had noticed solitary cases of earnest devotion in Notre Dame and in the cathedral of Genoa; but it was my misfortune perhaps that I did not see a single instance of a man or woman devoutly engaged in prayer and meditation in the superb

cathedrals of Rome ! Nowhere is Romanism more thoroughly disliked than in Rome, as its recent disturbances indubitably prove. The same conclusion is arrived at when we notice the indifference with which they pass by the great productions of art on which the concentrated gaze of strangers is fastened, sometimes for hours. As I passed through the narrow street of Rome I could not but linger before the sacred pictures hanging within and without the shops skirting them, imitations or some of the choicest productions of the art of painting ; and when for the first time I saw in a shop a picture of Christ with the crown of thorns on His head, and blood marks on his temple and face, I wept. But the Italian, not only passes by them un-shedding, but practises his multifarious tricks amid all the holy associations they are so eminently fitted to conjure up ;—he lies and cheats, flirts and jilts under the tears of Carlo Dolci's *Mater Dolorosa*, the uplifted, heavenwards gaze of Murillo's *Mary Magdalene*, the inimitable beauty of Raphael's *Madonna del Sala*, and the unutterable severity of Michael Angelo's *Day of Judgment*. But he is not alone in such indifference and wickedness. How often do we read the chapters of the New Testament in which the crucifixion of the Saviour is graphically related with perfect indifference and apathy ; and how often do we sin in thought, if not in deed, with the glorious array of scripture facts and scripture truths shining before us ! The difference between him and the Protestant lies perhaps in this—he tries like the Hindu to combine devotion with practices of an immoral character ; while the Protestant, though conscious of spiritual aberrations, looks upon and flees from such a heterogeneous combination as an insult to God, vestiges innumerable may be seen in Rome fitted to bring one to the conclusion that Romanism is rotten to the very core. But why is not an attempt made to reform it ? Are there not priests enough in Rome to commence and vigorously push forward the needed reform ? No place on the surface of the globe harbours so many orders of priests in such

varieties of costumes as the eternal city, within the precincts of which you cannot spend half a day without seeing bands of priests, in black, blue, and red vestments, passing in endless succession before you. But the reform must first, like charity, begin at home, in the sacerdotal colleges of the great city; and when these have been thoroughly weeded and pruned, a healthy influence may emanate from them, and electrify the body now lying as a dead corpse, a mass of corruption and rottenness. We are certainly not compelled to say of Rome what we may be proved to say of theatres. Theatres are not susceptible of improvement; nay theatres tend by necessity to demoralization, and therefore they ought to be entirely suppressed;—such is the argument brought forward by many good people in favor of the entire suppression of theatrical amusements of all sorts. But a similar argument against Romanism will not do. Though corrupt to the very core, we dare not represent it as irreclaimable; and we certainly have no sympathy with the species of spiritual vandalism which would cheerfully give the best cathedrals of the world to Antichrist. We look forward to the day when Rome will be thoroughly reformed; and St. Peter's will be to Christendom what the temple of Jerusalem was to Jewry. Romanism has an advantage which Protestantism has not, a centre of union, a grand temple to which all its scattered branches all the world over look with the attachment, the reverence, the *home-feeling*, so to speak with which the Jewish communities scattered all over the Roman Empire in the time of Christ looked to their beloved temple at Jerusalem. But the day is not distant when the different sections of Protestantism, united into a homogeneous whole, will merge in Romanism reformed; and the Christian world, or the whole world Christianised will look to St. Peter's Cathedral as its centre, if in the meantime a grander Cathedral is not built in Jerusalem, on the site, if that is discoverable, of the temple destroyed by Titus!

A word about Mariolatry, and I shall have done. That there is such a thing as the adoration of Mary, as well as the invocation of saints, in the Romish Church, cannot be denied though perhaps the evil is not so generally spread among educated Roman Catholics as is imagined by Protestants. Nor should we wonder at its prevalence among the unthinking masses who profess Catholicism, but know little or nothing about its vital principles. Mariolatry has been connected by some writers with chivalry as an effect is connected with its cause. Chivalry was a sort of woman-worship, and some of its by no means unamiable principles may be seen enshrined in the worship of the virgin-mother prevalent in popish countries. But Mariolatry ought to be traced to a cause more universal than chivalry, a principle co-extensive with the entire habitable globe. And that is the universal tendency among men to recognise a female principle in the Divinity, to look for a mother as well as a father in heaven. The Hindus have done so for countless ages, and the goddesses worshipped by them now are but the successors of those worshipped by them in by-gone times. But what a contrast between the ideas and principles symbolized by them and those enshrined in Mariolatry. These goddesses like the goddesses who have been worshipped in all heathen countries since the beginning of days, are either monsters of vice or monsters of ferocity. Even in the case of the goddesses worshipped in ancient Greece, which were represented by marble statues of exquisite proportion, physical beauty was marred by moral ugliness, and the scriptural idea of a whited sepulchre, the exterior attractive but the interior full of rottenness, is conjured up as soon as we think of them. It is only in Roman Catholic countries that we find a goddess who unites in herself the perfection of moral with physical beauty, a goddess who is not merely a paragon of internal loveliness but a model of grace, purity and tenderness. What a contrast between the statues of Venus and those of virgin Mary

seen in Rome! Those are calculated to stir up some of the vilest passions of the human heart, while these are eminently fitted to stimulate some of its noblest emotions! Even in degenerate Christianity, or Christianity neutralised by the formality and superstition borrowed from heathenism, we see what is calculated to set forth its infinite superiority over all other forms of faith!

RAM CHANDRA BOSE.

REALITIES OF INDIAN LIFE.

VI.—THE FIGHTING ZEMINDARS. SHAHABAD.

THE name of Kooer Sing became well known to British readers in connection with the Mutiny of 1857. It was famous in India even before that period as that of a very turbulent zemindar of Shahabad who gave no end of trouble to the district authorities. He was always fighting and quarrelling, and not unfrequently with his own relations, among whom was a lady named Utchraj Kowar, the widow of his brother Rajputtee Sing, who was quite as pugnacious as himself. The bitterness and hatred with which these disputes were carried on were not confined to the belligerent principals, but extended even to their servants and attachés, and very often these fought with each other of their own accord, without the knowledge of their masters and without any especial cause of quarrel whatever.

It was on the eve of the Mohurram that a party of Utchraj Kowar's servants were disporting themselves near a tank in the village of Jugdespore, with their arms lying scattered on its banks. They had remained nearly three hours on the spot when word was brought to them that a party of Kooer Sing's servants was approaching that way.

"How strong are they?" asked the leader of Utchraj Kowar's party of his scout.

"I think they outnumber us," answered the boy. "But there is no time now to avoid them; they will soon be here."

"Tis well," said the chief; "I don't want to avoid them. Take to your arms, my brethren, and be ready for action."

Every thing was put in order at once, nor too early either, for they had scarcely finished arming when Kooer Sing's party was in sight.

"What are you doing here on my master's land?" asked Bhujáon Ojah, the leader of the new comers in a peremptory tone.

"You lie!" replied Bussawan Tewary, the leader of the party addressed. "This land does not belong to thy master, but to thy master's sister-in-law, and it is thy party that has no business here."

"Ha! Questionest thou our right in Jugdespore? At them, friends; for that doubt, if for nothing else, they owe us a severe reckoning."

A savage fight ensued, the combatants on both sides yelling and rending the air with their cries. The lady's party however, being much weaker than the other, was eventually defeated, two of them being killed and three severely wounded, while of Kooer Sing's party the leader only was wounded, of which wound he subsequently died.

It was very difficult to trace out the offenders and capture them, as the whole district of Shahabad had a mor'al fear of Kooer Sing and his relatives, and not one would come forward to preach against them. The Police lost no time on the inquiry, but were often obliged to relinquish the pursuit, on either being baffled in the search, or thrown on a different scent. Working under such disadvantages the progress in getting on with the case was very slow, and only so far satisfactory that a few of the culprits were apprehended, but not all of them together. They were brought to trial as each was captured, and one of the first placed on trial was Treebhuwan Sing, the most active fighter on Kooer Sing's side.

Nothing is more painful than uncertainty, and for sometime Treebhuwan's case was made uncertain by the character of the evidence the Police were able to procure against him. The first plea set up on the prisoner's behalf was that of an *alibi*; but this did not stand, as the witnesses affirmed, though in a hesitating manner, that they had seen him on the spot during the fight, and had recognised him. It was then urged that even if he was present he did not take part in the affray. This completely bewildered the witnesses.

"Was he armed?"

"Yes, Sir. He had a sword in his hand."

"Had he drawn it out of the scabbard, or was it unopened?"

"He had an open sword in his hand."

"Be not afraid. Say distinctly if you saw him using the sword in the fight."

"We saw him with the sword in hand, but did not see him use it."

The prisoner drew a long breath in relief; he thought that the case against him had now completely broken down. Unfortunately the court held that a man present in an affray with an open sword in his hand was not likely to have been a disinterested party, and this inference was confirmed by his being immediately after recognised by one of the wounded men as the person who had attacked and struck him down.

"They are surely not going to convict me on such evidence as that?" exclaimed Treebhuwan. "Why the man was in such a funk at the time that he could not possibly have recognised me or any body else had he four eyes instead of two."

"How do you come to know his state so well if you were not assailing him?"

The Court held the evidence sufficient for conviction, and sentenced the prisoner to seven years' imprisonment, with labour and irons.

VII.—ZEALOT OR SAINT.

Hurry Thakoor was a Brahman of Chittagong who had divine service at his house every day, before an idol named Mahámáyá. The service was paying, for the congregation was never insufficient, and no one who joined the gathering failed to pay down a trifle before the altar. The service consisted of the usual *poojah* rendered to the idol, followed by religious lectures and instructions, which were occasionally accompanied by singing and chanting. The bell attached to the house had a particularly sweet sound, and it was generally observed that many of the worshippers were drawn to the place only by its musical tinklings.

In another part of the town dwelt a Mahomedan named Moonshee Tukee, who enjoyed the reputation of great sanctity, and was much venerated by his co-religionists. But unfortunately he was a zealot, and his antipathy for idols was so great that he could hardly control his temper in their presence. As a rule however his infirmity was not much exercised, for he seldom stirred out of doors, and when he did so it was usually for the purpose of strolling through the Mahomedan, not the Hindu, part of the town.

One day Tukee had occasion to go further than was his wont, and was obliged to pass Hurry Thakoor's door.

"I wonder why there is such a crowd in this place to-day?" asked he of another Mahomedan who was passing by.

"Oh Sir! the house is crowded in this manner every day. The Hindus have got an idol here named Mahámáyá, or the wife of God, and they gather in large numbers daily to worship her. Wont you walk in, Sir, to see the idol?"

"No, I wont I do not want to pollute my eyes by seeing it. I should rather sit out here by the roadside, to save if I can some of the heathen dogs from final destruction."

He accordingly took his seat by the roadside, and kept calling upon the Hindus to desist from entering the house to worship an idol; but they of course paid no heed to him.

"The way to Hell is always densely crowded," muttered he to himself; "but I shall see if I cannot close this one door at least."

Tukee passed the Brahman's house again the next day, though he had no particular occasion to do so. He was in fact dragged thither by his temper, and seeing the same sight as before he became so incensed that he lost all mastery over himself.

"Trust me Mahámáyá that thy reign is over," said he defiantly as if addressing the idol, after which he suddenly disappeared from the spot, trembling in wrath. He went to mature his plans of violence, and getting together some four or five *budmashes* to assist him, came back to the place after night-fall, broke into the house, and attacked the idol fiercely with a pole-axe.

"Look out you Brahman dog," he exclaimed, "and see what has become of your goddess;" and when one of the family came out to meet him, he struck him with the handle of the axe, which compelled him to retire. The alarm being now given several others came to the spot in haste, and among them Hurry Thakoor himself; but, seeing that Tukee's violence had subsided, the family decided on taking legal measures against him for the desecration he had committed, and refrained from ill-treating him.

"Let us go straight to the thannah," said Hurry Thakoor, as he collected his witnesses the next morning. "We will make the infidel pay a heavy bill for the mischief he has done;" and they did start together towards the thannah. They had not gone beyond a few paces however before they met with Tukee in a shed, sitting before a fire, and Hurry Thakoor took it into his head to offer him a lecture there on the outrage he had perpetrated.

"Speakest thou to me, dog, in that threatening tone? I have demolished thy idol with this pole-axe. What is to prevent me from demolishing the idol-owner also?" Saying this he

rushed upon the Brahman with his axe, which was however wrested from him by the companions of the Brahman. But the Mahomedan by-standers now remonstrated. Tukee had not sought for the Hindus, they said. Why then, did the Hindus come to him to renew the quarrel of the previous night? If they had any complaints to make, the road to the thannah was open to them; but they had no right to hunt Tukee to disarm him.

"We did not seek him," answered Hurry Thakoor, "to renew the quarrel. Meeting with him on our way forwards we only wished to remonstrate with him for what he had done. As for his pole-axe, here it is. Only we shan't allow him to use it against us in a passion, as he threatened even now." Saying this he returned the axe to the Moonshee.

"Ha!" exclaimed Tukee, "am I armed again, and shall it be to no purpose? Here is fire enough to light a pyre for all the heathens, and shall I not do it when I have the axe with one to guard against any interference?" And taking a lighted wisp of straw in his hand he ran out towards the Brahman's house, and fired it and the adjacent houses successively, in different places. He then ran frantically around the houses brandishing the axe in his hand, and threatening to strike down any one who should attempt to extinguish the fire.

The vehemence of the zealot filled the bye-standers with, fear, and no one was bold enough to beard him and put out the fire. The consequence was that all the houses were burnt down, and there was much loss of property; but the inmates of the houses succeeded in escaping out of them. The pole-axe was eventually wrenched from the grasp of the Moonshee by the police, by whom he was arrested; and, being convicted of outrage and arson, he was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in the Alipore Jail.

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GREAT BRITAIN.

Who can describe the pleasurable emotions with which we, after emerging from the frightful storm which had made life itself insupportable to us in the Bay of Biscay, we strained our optic nerves to see the Light-house of Mohant near the French coast. The white tower and the hilly coast appeared before the shades of night fell upon us, and made further discoveries impossible. We walked upon the Deck as long as we could, having been deprived of the privilege for about three days past, and retired with the exulting assurance that on the following morning our journey was to be over, for the time being at least. We rested well, making amends for the two or three bad nights we had had, and got up early on the morning, made ourselves presentable, and appeared on the deck. "There is Portland, the English coast!"—that was the first salutation, "Good morning" indeed! All was astir within the vessel. The crew were bringing out the bag and baggage, and the passengers were moving to and fro in quest of their trunks and boxes. Then began the toilette business of the ladies who were determined to appear in their best

dresses, and that of gentlemen who did not believe in being left behind by their "sweeter dears" even in personal adornments. By the time these agreeable operations were over, the breakfast was served; and very hasty meal was all we cared to have. When it was over, the sight on the decks was glorious indeed! They, the quarter deck and the lower ones, were ablaze with gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen whose eyes were fixed on the lovely hills of the country which was their own. The weather was fair, the sea calm, and the vessel careered majestically on its smooth surface. By and bye the needles, two pointed rocks detached as it were by a strong current from the dale of Wight and England proper appeared: and the steamer splashed through them. What a lovely scene burst on our view! We moved on in high spirits between two ranges of hills covered with fresh grass, crowned with clumps of giant trees, with houses gleaming through their rich foliage, and old fashioned English castles ready as it were to extend their protection to us. "The Old country is smiling upon us," exclaimed a gentleman who was one of the best informed and most mannerly on our side of the deck. "It always smiles upon its children"—said his better half, a lady not likely in this world to forget her position as an English woman, albeit of the lower middle class. I was not unaffected by the inspiration of the moment. Thoughts broad and expansive took possession of my mind, and feelings unselfish and generous glowed within my heart. The great events of England's history rushed back to my mind unbidden, and I felt proud that I was a unit, albeit poor and miserable, of the aggregate population of an empire on which the sun never sets. But the dark spots of English history also came back to my mind, and I almost spontaneously exclaimed:—"a great nation like a great man is after all a heap of inconsistency and folly, and is moreover fated to remain such till the end of the chapter!" The vessel moved on slowly and majestically, regardless of the thronga of recollections,

some dark and pensive, and some bright and cheerful, which were agitating the bosoms of its inmates. The grand harbour of Southampton appeared with its forest of vessels, its sparkling waters and its high embankment, and steam launches moved to and fro to take the passengers ashore. As we approached the lofty embankments, we saw crowds of porters, backmen and operatives looking at us with intense interest, and not a few ladies and gentlemen who had come to welcome their returning relations on board our launch. "The shore was reached, greetings were exchanged, tears of joy and sorrow—alas! no joy in this world unmixed with sorrow, were shed, and the passengers dispersed, leaving me a stranger in a strange land to shift as well as I could. My first anxiety was to get my luggage out of the custom house, and this was no small affair, as I had to spend several hours in the sitting room before I could once more call my trunk my own. I engaged a porter, who placed my heavy trunk on a wheelbarrow, and walked slowly towards the Railway station,—after of course having paid the toll demanded at what might be called the outer gate. My thoughts, as I moved on, were by no means of the most cheerful stamp. Where was I to go? I might be robbed in a hotel, might be robbed on the way, might be robbed by the porter, my companion and guide. If a ruffian should assault me, where was I to look for protection. A Bengalee of right orthodox type, the idea of defending myself by a right use of the weapons of defence nature has furnished me with never for a moment crossed my mind; while being a homeless wanderer, vagabond if you please, dear reader, I could not think of retreating homewards, protesting all the way that if I was once more beaten I would fall upon the aggressor like a lion! The world is in a natural condition—says the optimist. There is no harm, in smoking said one—only smoking leads to drinking, drinking to intoxication, intoxication to indigestion, indigestion to dyspepsia, dyspepsia to consumption and consumption to death, that is all!

The world is in a natural condition, only when you are in a strange land, you are in constant fear of being overreached, cheated, led astray, assaulted, murdered and thrown into a ditch—that is all! I reached the station, but I was informed that I could not start for London except at a very unseasonable hour in the night—the day trains for the metropolis having all left. What was I to do? This was the puzzling question—but the solution came in the shape of a respectful porter, who advised me to stop in one of the hotels on the other side of the street, assuring me that my illustrious countrymen, Dr. ——— had spent a night or some days—I don't remember which ——— in it.

I must interrupt the thread of my narrative to give some account of this august personage, Dr. ——— the champion of Calcutta Theism in America. I had the honor of seeing him at America and of getting moreover an insight into his antecedents. These had by no means been immaculate. He had professed Christianity and got into a Theological Seminary through the kindness of a Missionary secretary, had been expelled therefrom or proved a runaway, had been proved guilty of and punished for bigamy in Canada, had been loaping from place to place in various disguises since his release from imprisonment, and was lecturing on Indian Theism in the streets, the doors of respectable halls being closed against him, when I had the privilege of being graciously invited to see his wife at ———, an honor I felt compelled, as I had a character to maintain, to decline. Our Brahmo friends have been deceived by him, as hosts of good men in America, and they will feel obliged for particulars fitted to undeceive them. The man, a native of Madras, called himself a Doctor, and was earning his livelihood mainly by practising as such. Of course when I walked into the hotel aforementioned I knew nothing about him. At the door of my first resting-place in England, a girl sumptuously dressed, with her hair cut in the most fashionable style appeared, and most courteously welcomed me

in. When I looked at her dress and adornments, and when moreover her conversation displayed manners which might be called lady-like, I was tempted to mistake her for a lady of rank, perhaps a Lieutenant-Governor's daughter and to address her as such. But I "rose to the occasion," and asked her to show me into a room, and have a little supper prepared for me. "What will you have for supper?"—was her question indisputably legitimate. I hesitated, believing that my answer was sure to bewray me; she however came to the rescue by putting another—"will you have a chop?" "If you please"—was my emphatic reply. Within a few minutes my order was executed, and a nice chop with a loaf, some butter, a cruet and etceteras, was placed on the table in the coffee-room. I finished my supper in a short time, and walked out to see the city of Southampton. Here I had a foretaste of the enjoyment I was to secure to myself by looking at the innumerable vestiges of good taste and refinement accumulated in the great cities of the civilized world, the polish or elegance noticeable in the system of streets, the ranges of the overhanging houses, the garniture of the shops, and the faces and dresses of the pedestrians on the side-walks, or of the more fortunate occupants of the equipages on the middle paths. And here I had a bit of experience which was to prove to me a safe-guard against one kind of molestation. Most unfortunately I left the royal highway, and entered a lane, and walked on for a few minutes. Nothing of any consequence occurred till I began retracing my steps; but when this process was fairly in progress, I found myself surrounded by a troop of urchins, some of whom took hold of my hands, crying "Jacky shake hands!" "Jacky shake hands," I found myself in a mess; but I moved on majestically shaking hands right and left, and breathed freely when I walked out of the infernal lane. But how—the reader will ask—did this bit of experience prove a safe-guard to me against one species of annoyance? A little schoolboy wrote an essay on pins, and, among

other good things done by them, he affirmed that they had saved hundreds of lives! How?—the teacher enquired. “By not eating them”—the clever little pupil replied. I was saved from that sort of annoyance by never entering into a lane in the great cities I visited in Christendom, and by showing an extra amount of respect to little boys and girls! I had also the misfortune to lose my way, but being directed by a gentleman and a police-officer I returned to my hotel, within the parlour of which the young girl alluded to and a lot of girls, much younger than she, were engaged in singing love-songs with the help of a piano. They showed a disposition to ask me to enjoy the ditties—but I knew my vocation, and so I asked if they would entertain me with one or two of Mr. Sankey’s hymns. They obliged—as their object was gain. The way, however, in which they sang two or three of these well-known hymns showed that they were not quite up to the mark in the trade of psalm-singing. However my object was gained, and, introducing myself as a preacher of the Gospel, I asked them to kneel down and join me in prayer. They did and, though some of them while going through the operation laughed at my oddity, I conducted my first family service in a Christian country with a heart full of thankfulness and joy. Observe that if the party had not been a party of girls, they would not have been so pliant; as in America on a subsequent occasion I was not allowed to go on by a hotel-keeper of the rougher sex. I retired into my room, thanked my loving Saviour on my knees again and again for my deliverance from the perils of the sea, and fell asleep believing that a power mightier than that of the Queen was my protector.

I got up early the next morning, washed and walked out to find every body asleep as if “at dead of night” and the doors fast closed. I looked out through the window casement, and the fog and the drizzling outside convinced me that I was in a country where early rising was rare, and what we here call morning walk an impossibility. I returned into my room, and

kept myself profitably engaged till some stir in the household convinced me that the sleepers were up. I had a cup of tea and some breakfast, went to the station, took a third-class ticket to London, and sat down on a cushioned seat in a third class carriage, decidedly better furnished than corresponding carriages are in this country. I thought that passengers, specially ladies, would shun me as a venomous reptile as their sisters here do, and leave me sole occupant of my compartment, and consequently "monarch of all I surveyed." But I was, I must say agreeably, surprized when I saw lady after lady walking in, and planting themselves on all sides, right, left and front. When all were seated, an officer came to check the tickets. I was flurried, could not lay my hand on my ticket, and expected to be dragged out as under similar circumstances I would have been in my own country. But railway officers have to be courteous there, and the person I had to deal with simply said that I would have difficulty in London if the ticket was really lost. The ticket however was found after all and shown, and the train started. The scenery outside and the conversation inside were both of the most agreeable type. We rattled on at the rate of thirty miles an hour through smiling fields, along green meadows, by beautiful sheets of crystal water, and under the shade of picturesque hills crowned with lovely woods. The month was the inconstant, fitful, capricious month of April, and the season was the beginning of spring. The fields were covered with green, the trees were putting forth their fresh leaves, and nature appeared clad in all the beauty of budding youth. How dreary the winter had been was shown by the ghastly nakedness of the varieties of trees on which lovely spring had not yet displayed, or had but slightly displayed its renovating power. How happy was I to be in a position to form some idea by personal experience of the contrast between the dreariness of an English winter and the loveliness of an English spring, as well as to see with my eyes the varieties of

trees and plants of which I had only read! Here and there an English village or an English town appeared to rear its head above smiling fields and rapid streams, while the Refreshment rooms in a few of the stations showed an amount of neatness and polish to which nothing in the country affords a parallel. The picturesque scenery through which we passed was a source of inexpressible delight to me;—and such moreover was the conversation of my fellow travellers. They were evidently representatives of the lower middle, if not of the artizan classes; but the measure of intelligence they showed took me by surprise. The topic of their talk was the all-engrossing topic of the hour, the elections. It was my good fortune to see England shaken to its centre by general Parliamentary election, as it was to see America convulsed by a Presidential election. My companions, who by the way, were all females and who seeing me thinly clad gave me a seat in the very midst of them, were evidently agitated, so much so that they could not for a moment conceal their political sympathies. They were liberals, and liberals of the most radical school, a fact shown not merely by the tenor of their conversation, but also by the papers they had with them. One of these by the way had an article headed by these words written in broad characters,—“*Dizzy, Disorder, Disaster and Destruction* ;” and the owner of that paper a girl of about eighteen, seemed the staunchest of these all. They had an animated talk in the course of which they denounced the Tory Government about to be brought to a close most vehemently, and did not, I am sorry to add, spare even Her Majesty, the Queen, whose absence from England at the time, occasioned as they imagined by her conservative leanings, they had the audacity to represent as an unworthy stratagem. Of course they denounced the Afghan and Zulu business, and seemed not to find words to express their abhorrence of the Pro-Turkey leanings of the political clique, the members of which they did not scruple to represent as opposed to morality and reli-

gion in general, as well as to England's true greatness. They admitted that there were some Tories or Conservatives in their ranks; but they alleged the desire of such to appear above their rank in society as the true secret of their conservatism. Is not this the secret of the almost all pervading conservatism in the official ranks in India? From them I heard that the country had declared against the iniquitous policy of the conservatives, and brought their leader, who appeared in a cartoon in *Punch* seated in a chair, full of anxiety, yet unable to decide the question—To be or not to be, to a decision. The great heart of England always beats in unison with truth, honesty and justice; and woe be to the chief who in England pursues a policy of spoliation even under the fair name of scientific boundary. The great heart of England cried *Mercy*, when the excited press of India breathed out threatening and slaughter, not against the mutineers only, but against its innocent millions. The great heart of England expressed its deep sympathy for the North, when a political faction evinced their purpose to recognize the South, then represented by a confederation which was justly denounced as a confederation against justice and humanity. The great heart of England sympathized with the oppressed Christians in Turkey when they rose *en masse* to shake off the oppressive and galling yoke of the Sultan. And the abhorrence it expressed for the underhand, tortuous policy of a statesman who wished to build the fabric of England's greatness and his own on naked falsehood and wanton aggression, can not be measured. The elections then in progress showed England's greatness and the contemptible littleness of the party then in power. I reached London, shook hands with my intelligent fellow-travellers, stepped into a cab, and got into a house, of which more will have to be said by and bye, in time to have a good dinner.

After dinner I spent about six hours in walking through the streets of this great city, giving of course rest to my wearied legs occasionally by getting into street cars, and once

stepping into a steam-vessel and enjoying an inner-trip on the bosom of the Thames. I walked along one of the broad streets in East London, approached the Exchange where I halted a little to have a view of the surrounding buildings and also of the grand statue of the iron Duke in front, then passed on having the famous Leadenhall streets towards the left and the Fleet street, the streets of Editors towards the right, entered the narrow streets of Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, walked through St. Paul's towards the brink of the river, got into a boat, and sailing majestically under the high embankment, the "Big Boen" of Parliament House and the grey walls of Westminster Abbey, disembarked somewhere on the strand, strutted along some of the fashionable streets of West-end, sat in a park in front of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square,—am I really trying to name, not to say describe, all the streets along which I toiled on ere I reached fatigued and exhausted, the house in which I had found shelter some hours before? Next morning after breakfast I was again on the move from London towards Liverpool in a very comfortable carriage of a train which was represented, and very justly, as the fastest train in the world. It moved generally at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and in some places even sixty. Our belief that American trains are as a rule faster than English ones is fallacious;—there is not a train in America which can stand a comparison, as regards rapidity of motion, with this, which completed a distance of two hundred and some odd miles in about four hours. We had to pass through several dark tunnels on leaving the station, but as the carriages were lighted as soon as we entered a tunnel and kept lighted till we had passed through it, not much inconvenience was experienced. In about an hour, however, the successive tunnels were passed through and the country burst upon us in all the pride of its returning beauty and freshness. The scenery, somewhat richer than what had regaled my eyes on the previous day, I feasted upon once more with renewed

zest, having been freed from the smoke and fog of London. A remark of Washington Irving's came back to my mind, as I beheld every available little space near a private house or a public road clothed in living green and I could not but conclude that the taste of the English people was displayed, not only in the garniture of English towns, but in that of English villages and English country houses, I had the privilege of travelling with a gentleman and lady of great respectability and broad intelligence, and the places of historic interest on both sides were pointed out to me. But I will not bother the reader with their names. I reached Liverpool in the evening, spent the night in a hotel, and left England on the following morning for America.

After some months' wandering in the greatest country of the New World I returned to Liverpool in a vessel considerably damaged by a series of storms. Some facts I noticed at once with very great interest. One is—*poverty*. A number of boys, shoeless, hatless, ragged and dirty, first attracted my notice; and as I had not been their compeers in America I came to the conclusion that England was poorer than the magnificent country I had come from. The cheeks of the ladies I saw while rambling along the streets had more of the bloom of health, or in other words appeared rosier than those of ladies in America; and hence I concluded that the Americans had deteriorated physically. And the buildings appeared much more solid and substantial than those in America, though not so fresh. And when in London among massive structures which have stood for ages I spoke to an Englishman of these contrasts between America and England, assuring him that I had noticed more stability in the health of the English people and more solidity in their buildings, he almost involuntarily exclaimed:—"You will find the same in our social and political institutions, and in the types of piety held in reverence amongst us!" This is perhaps too broad a generalization; but sensible Americans even

admit that there is some truth in it. I had time in Liverpool only to see St. George's Hall, the largest in England, if not in Europe, with its colossal Lions and grand equestrian statues of the Queen and Prince Albert. From Liverpool I proceeded towards Edinburgh in a morning train; and a more pleasant railway journey I have not had in my life-time. Two seasons, the renovating spring and the glowing summer, had come and gone since my first visit to England, and nature had already begun to blush amid the richness and variety of its autumn hues. The fields were green upon the wholes but their greenness was here and there tinged with gold; and the rich foliage covering the trees appeared similarly variegated. Here a tree with purple leaves, there one with such as had become completely yellow, and yonder a grand tree of the forest looking down upon the other two in a Joseph-like garment of many colors—such varieties, added to the picturesqueness presented by an endless succession of hills and dells, meadows and downs, fields and commons, made the scenery unutterably charming. And it improved in grandeur if not in variety, as we approached the borders of Scotland. The hills appeared larger, the trees sturdier, and the fields fresher. I reached Edinburgh in the evening, and hired a cab, and took shelter in the house of a Missionary father in Portobello. I spent about a fortnight under his hospitable roof; and the kindness I received from him and his partner in life, my mother, revered and beloved, in the faith, could not have been greater if the tie of union had been one of blood, rather than one of a spiritual character. Through his influence I had the honor of seeing some of the great men, great intellectually and religiously rather than socially and politically, of Scotland, and, though, old and infirm, he had the condescension to guide me to many places of interest, and specially to the house of the only surviving member of the illustrious band of my teachers. My sole object in visiting Edinburgh was to pay my respects to the Missionary

from whom I had received my first favorable impression about Christianity, and the two Missionaries, the Rev. James and Mrs. Kennedy who have been watching over the seed sown in my heart by him and his colleagues from various places during the last twenty-six or twenty-seven years. But I had nevertheless the pleasure of seeing a little of the country to which under God I owe my education and my conversion, and a good deal of the most picturesque city in the whole world.

I saw Edinburgh from various points of interest, but the view I had from Calton Hill left the most favorable impression on my mind. I stood on a vantage ground, with my back towards the unfinished structure called the National monument and overlooked by the crowning balustrade of Nelson's Monument which is about 350 feet above the level of the sea, and beheld the Old Town stretched out in lines of buildings, some discernible and others not so, endlessly multiplied towards the left, and the New Town with its fresher structures clustering around lovely patches of vegetation, and rising above the gleaming waters of the Frith, towards the right. The Melville Monument and the coronal steeple of St Giles' were most conspicuous among the objects visible. I of course went round the Hill, and saw its various parts and the various parts of the Town, escorted by a guide, whom I had to pay about half a shilling, and who for such consideration entertained me with a great deal of archeological information about the varied spots to which he was pleased to invite my special attention. I beg to state for the benefit of the reader, that as a class these guides are broken soldiers who invent and retail stories which sometimes appear in the journals of green travellers as well attested historical narratives. I might have been taken in but for the salutary warning conveyed to me by my host and hostess. From the Hill I descended into the narrow lane which separates it from the famous High School, a nice-looking, academic structure of solid stone, and went towards Burns' Monument opposite. No poet has been more

a favorite to me than Burns, who is by the way one of Carlyle's heroes ; but I must confess I felt disposed to laugh when they showed me a plate and a spoon and a fork stating—"these were made use of by the poet!" I have not hero-worship enough to be tempted to revere such reliques, and I had peremptorily repaired to see near Washington the varied articles of furniture made use of by George Washington, one of the generals for whom my heart overflows with admiration. From this monument, not unworthy of the bard of Scotland, I proceeded to the palace around which so many memories, some of a sombre character, cluster, Holyrood, walked to and fro in the long but by no means magnificent Hall now known as its picture gallery looking lingeringly at the pictures of Scotia's old sovereigns, inspected Lord Darnley's Rooms and the Tapestry Room, stepped into the apartments where Rizzio was murdered, observing with a world of scepticism in me the blood marks shown on the oaken floor, and finally honored with my visit the rickety but beautiful Chapel Royal, where Charles I. was crowned, and where in the royal vault, repose the ashes of some of Scotland's Kings and one Queen at least. I had to retrace my steps to enjoy a stroll in the gardens, which receive their beauty from the terraces covered with lawns and flower beds rising one above another, and their sanctity from the grand Monument of Sir Walter Scott. Close to these beautiful gardens are ranges of substantial buildings containing the Museum and the Picture Galleries. The museum is of an antiquarian type, and leads the mind back through the weapons and utensils of the Bronze and Stone Period to the time when honored Egyptian heroes and sages were embalmed in mummies, which have defied up to date the ravages of time. But in its anxiety to preserve precious reliques which symbolize time immemorial, it has not forgotten some stirring chapters of modern Scottish History, as among the mementos of the dead past it shows in very good order the stool which Geddes hurled at the chaplain who in

obedience to the royal command began to read "the collects of the day" in the very heart and centre of Presbyterianism, saying in her elegant style—"The Lord callie your whain wod ye rede mass at my lug?" A paltry thing indeed—but the first link of a chain of events which demonstrated that Scotland was determined not to allow herself to be conquered religiously as well as politically, or in matters appertaining to her religion as well as in those belonging to her independent national existence. And when Scotland stands determined, woe be to the party who opposes her! The Picture Galleries present a rich collection of the master pieces of British art, but one of the pictures appeared as indeed in the land of John Knox, I mean the large picture which shows the Father represented by a venerable old man bending over the Crucified Son on his lap with a countenance expressive of profound sorrow, if not with tearful eyes. In one of these galleries I saw some artists, both male and female, engaged in making copies of some of originals on the walls. I examined one of these copies, and I must say I could discover little difference between it and the original, save in the freshness and flush of its color. The road, which separates these buildings, which may justly be represented as the outlying glories of the metropolis of Scotland, from the city Proper, is called the Prince's streets, and is the grandest in all Scotland, the overhanging buildings and the beautiful shops tending, specially when brilliantly illuminated in the night, to make a walk along its side-walks an enjoyment indeed! One of the broad streets branching inward from it leads to the University, which with its adjoining Museum of Arts and Sciences, is worthy of a day's careful inspection. The university itself consists of a large quadrangle surrounded by rows of lofty buildings made of solid stone, all, excepting those towards the left set apart for its Library, one of the grandest college Libraries in the world, being utilized as Lecture—Halls. Here I saw the chair occupied by Dr.

Chalmers, the grandfather in the faith of Dr. Duff's converts, and that occupied by the man who was in some respects the antipodes of Dr. Chalmers, Sir William Hamilton; and here moreover I saw the old, eloquent, but eccentric master, Professor Blackie, whose wellknown book, *The Natural History of Atheism* I had read, with much interest and no little surprize, while recrossing the Atlantic. The museum attached to the university stands behind its own rows of buildings, and is one of the grandest in the world, and in some respects even more complete than that of London. I noticed with special wonder the innumerable varieties of smoking instruments collected in the large apartment or hall set apart for them, and said to myself that if a person could only obtain an insight into the history of each of these instruments, he could trace the art or science of the hubble-bubble from its rise through innumerable branches in innumerable countries to its present high stage of development!

I of course spent a couple of hours one fine day in the Edinburgh castle from the highest accessible point of which a beautiful view of the city is had,—saw the ancient Regalia of Scotland, how poor compared to the Regalia seen in the crown room of the Tower of London, looked into queen Mary's room in which James VI was born, and into queen Margaret's chapel, one of the oldest in that country, and beheld with immense pleasure the vasty old big cannon used at the siege of Norham Castle in 1497, called *Mons meg*. In a word I observed religiously all the ceremonies of the place, but it was when, on descending from it and walking for a few minutes along the High Road, I found myself in front of St. Gibb's that my spirit, always calm except when somebody treads upon my corns, was stirred up. The church of John Knox, the pulpit of John Knox, and the grave, supposititious or genuine, of John Knox—the thought that I was in the midst of the grandest associations of Scottish history enlarged my mind and broadened my heart. But I could not look into this sacred

edifice without being convinced that a great change had come over the spirit of Scotland since the times of the Scottish reformer, and that if John Knox were to rise from his grave, and to be close by, and behold the decorations of his own church, he would stand aghast. Pictures of our Lord, pictures which might recall to his mind the innumerable works of art he had been instrumental in destroying, occupy a prominent place among these decorations; and the grim face Presbyterianism had in his day has given place to one radiant with culture and refinement. Scottish people now do not believe, as they did once, in giving the best music and the best singing of the world, as well as the master pieces of the arts of painting and statuary, to the devil; and the services in the churches of their romantic country are enlivened by lively tunes sung by trained choirs, though not as a rule by strains of sweet music. And who can measure the gap that yawns between the sermons which had their "seventeenthly" subdivided into fine sections, and the polished discourses now delivered by cultured preachers from Scottish pulpits. It will be too much to say that the change realized in the spirit of Pre-byterianism since the stormy times of Scottish reformation has been in every respect beneficial; but it is nevertheless true that the amenities of culture that system has borrowed, and is borrowing largely now have made it more amiable by far than it ever was. Is a happy change noticeable in Scottish Sunday Schools? Are boys and girls of tender years compelled now as they used to be, to prefer the shorter catechism to the Bible;—to gulp down definitions of justification and adoption rather than feast upon the picturesque narratives of Holy Writ? I am apt to believe the days of penance in this, as in other respects, have passed away—never, yea never to return! Close to this sanctuary stands the Parliament House of Old Scotland, the grand hall of which, once resonant with lofty flights of oratory, now resounds with nothing grander

then the tread of loitering barristers, who in gowns and wigs are seen pacing up and down, under its carved oaken roof, and between its rows of paintings and statues, during court hours. In the square between the Senate-House and St. Giles's you see an equestrian statue on a stone slab. It is said that the ashes of the great reformer of Scotland repose beneath this slab, dedicated now to the glory of a hero, who is before John Knox on whose grave his statue stands what a pigmy is before a giant. The rumour however regarding his tomb here is not credited by many sensible men. "Why has not Edinburgh a monument to perpetuate the memory of John Knox, while it has reared so many in honor of inferior men?"—I naturally inquired. "All Scotland is his monument!"—was the prompt reply. A short walk along the High Board, past St. Giles's brought me to John Knox's little house, and, though destitute of hero-worship except what has self for its object, my pace slackened as I approached it, and I stood somewhat spell-bound before its humble doorway. "Here lived the reformer who never feared the face of a man"—I kept muttering. How little I appeared to myself before the august figure my imagination conjured up! A cup of tea graciously handed by a lady, a dinner invitation from a member of the ruling class, a smile of condescension playing on the lips of a person who is great on account more of his color than of anything else—Oh how often these trifles tempt us to a cowardly betrayal of the interests of our country! We are not respected, nay we are despised because we are not *true* men, and refuse, solely and wholly on account of fear and self-interest, to stand by our countrymen, when such posture on our part is calculated to do them and us good. We need men of John Knox's stamp to rouse us to a sense of our duty to our country, and to nerve us to strenuous efforts in its straight path. Nothing I saw in Europe and America did me more good than the train of thought suggested to my mind when I stood wrapped up in meditation before the house of Scotland's austere, and redoubtable reformer.

I paid a flying visit to Glasgow, but I had not time to see any of its sights, besides the grand Cathedral, a spacious Gothic structure built in the twelfth century, in the crypt of which the tomb of Thungo Park is shown, and the new University buildings on a small hillock pacing one of the finest parks in Scotland. I had no time, and not much inclination to visit the scenes graphically described in the poetry of Sir Walter Scott, who has a monument in almost every great city in Scotland. I left the land of the brave, the land of the free, the land never conquered except in prehistoric times, "the land of peasant heroisms and peasant martyrdoms," with thoughts fitted to spread a blush of shame, I mean a color darker than that of my skin, not my cheeks;—thoughts fitted to set forth the contrasts between the spirit of the country of which I was taking leave and that of the land I nevertheless love as my own. "Scotland has wild and grand prospects"—said a Scotchman in the presence of Dr. Johnson. The doctor's reply perced him like an arrow. "Sir, Ireland has wild and grand prospects: the best prospect that you Scotch people have is the road that leads to England!" This was my road now girded with iron belts; and the morning of my departure, coming after a night of storms such as had damaged the shipping of the narrow seas round about Britain and resulted moreover in considerable loss of life, was most auspicious to me. I saw, while rattling up towards London, a night which I had never seen, but which I had longed to see. But before I allude to it, let me prepare the reader by saying that my greatest trial in Scotland proceeded from the weather, which besides being fickle and uncertain, was colder in October than it ever is in the coldest months of the year in the North-West Provinces. I used to have all the clothing with me on; and yet I would shiver inside a warm room and beside a glowing fire. I was all right when I was on the move, walking along streets, ascending stair-cases, going up and down terraces and hillocks; and I was all right when stretched full-

length in my bed under a cart load of blankets in a heated room. But when I sat down as well as when I stood motionless, my knees would quake and my body from head to feet exemplify the mechanical principle of perpetual motion. My cry was that of Dr. Duff in Scotland. "Oh for a little of the Bengal sun!" And while shivering in Scotland and in England I was reminded of a remark made to me in America:—"If you had to spend a cold season in our country, you would go to heaven sooner than you expect!" I had, I suppose, no intention of doing that, or of going to heaven through a watery grave. A missionary on board a tempest tost vessel became very nervous, and badgered the captain with question after question. Once, when the captain was busily engaged, he approached and enquired:—"Are we safe captain?" The captain already vexed said:—"If I do not succeed in steering the vessel in this direction, we shall all be in heaven in fifteen minutes!" "God forbid!"—exclaimed the missionary. It is curious to enquire how a natural shrinking from death consists with an ardent longing for heaven. Where has my Gossip carried me? Am I not speaking of the weather at Edinburgh. There I had all the trouble of intense cold without its compensating pleasures. I saw fields here and there covered with hoar-frost, but did not have a single opportunity of seeing hills and dales, fields and meadows, and roads and lanes covered with snow. But this pleasure I had to my heart's content while moving up towards the British capital. The hills overhanging the straight road and the fields clustering around it were that morning, most fortunately so far as I was concerned, covered with a thin coating of snow; and as the sun shone upon them, the glitter they displayed convinced me that there were sights in cold countries for which a child of the sun like myself might long. My companions were a family consisting of husband, wife, a blooming daughter and two little boys,—all belonging to the lower middle, if not to the artizan class, and each showing

a redundancy of health in rosy cheeks and lustrous eyes. I was friends with them in about an hour; and the tedium of a long journey was whiled away by pleasant talk and stirring hymns sung by the young lady, who was frank and at the same time dignified in her manners. One circumstance convinced me that the family did not belong to the highly cultured classes. The young lady brought some bunches of pine, luscious grapes out of her mallet, and placed a couple on my knees before distributing them to her own party. This persons of refined education and stiff manner would never do. Must the truth be told? It is the poor, who in civilized countries never hesitate to share whatever delicacies they may have in their possession with their fellow-traveller in railway carriages. I noticed this peculiarity in Scotland, in England, in France, and while travelling in Italy alongside of the Alps and the Appenines. I do not affirm that the poor have larger hearts than the rich—I believe they have. But I do affirm that they are not prevented from being generous by the adamantine walls of stiff formality. I myself had a market full of good things supplied to me by the kindhearted lady; who had received me in Portobello as a mother would have received a son, and we went on exchanging something more substantial than pleasant talk. I reached London in the evening, and drove in a cab to the house, already referred to, in which I had found shelter while on my way to America. To give some idea of the kindness shown to strangers and foreigners in England, let me mention that my generous hostess received me kindly, although she had to send out a lady to make room for me.* On being apprised of this fact, I offered to remove on the following morning after breakfast; but the lady sent out or obliged to spend the night in an arm-chair was amongst the first to oppose the proposed movement. I spent about a fortnight in this house, and the refined hospitality with which I was favored under its roof put lasting obligations on me, while the order, polish and deep piety I noticed not only in

the father and mother, but in the children also, proved sources of instruction to me. A word about the young lady, who to see a stranger from a heathen land entertained, voluntarily doomed herself to an arm-chair. A French lady, a native of Alsace-Lorraine, of features exceedingly handsome and manners thoroughly polished, her talk, albeit in a tongue to her foreign, was a source of delight as well as instruction to me. She spoke of the French feeling in her own province as decidedly hostile to German domination, and expressed her belief that sooner or later the snatched Territory would revert to France. In her opinion the French families, or men, women and children who had emigrated from it immediately after German occupation had made a great mistake; but in spite of this she assured me that the belief in its ultimate dismemberment from the German empire was general, though not apparently well-grounded. Hearing of my intention to visit Paris, she spoke of the places which I should visit; and her pronounciation of French names was of itself so fascinating that I appreciated her remark that a foreigner could not speak French well because its beauty depended on accurate pronounciation,—a remark of which I was reminded subsequently in Paris by a French lady, who after repeated attempts to make me pronounce the word *versailles* properly gave up the business as a bad job!

How little space have I left for even a cursory reference to what I saw in London! London, the greatest city on the surface of the globe, a world in itself, the Babel of the nineteenth century.—I spent a fortnight in doing nothing but exploring its streets and seeing its sights. Yet how little did I succeed in seeing of it! A year's exploration of the City may give one some idea of the extremes which meet in it, its architectural grandeur and littleness, its inexhaustible wealth and boundless poverty, its learning and ignorance, its piety and impiety, its virtue and vice. An attempt to "do" London in a fortnight or even in a month is simply absurd,—

is somewhat like an attempt to master the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in a short school term! I saw some places of interest in and in the vicinity of London, strutted along some of its fashionable streets, looked into some of its well stored shops, lunched in some of its splendid eating-houses, rambled in some of its grand parks, examined cursorily some of its curiosities, attended service in some of its famed churches, and left the city with the feeling that it would have been better I had not visited it at all! But I must give up philosophising and come to facts. I am a heterodox thinker, and as I must begin by stating that I was more scandalized than edified by what I saw in St Paul's. A great many statues, mostly of the heroes of the world, standing in rows in what is supposed to be the house of God, a corner of it given to a large monument to the memory of the Iron Duke, and the crypt almost wholly occupied by him and Nelson—I almost indignantly exclaimed—"these persons or their monuments and statues have no business here!" The Duke of Wellington may have statues innumerable in squares and parks and places of public resort; but the house of God, let that be reserved for heroes of a different type, for Wicliffes and Wesleys, Howards and Wilberforces. Or if the Duke is allowed a place on account of the propriety of his moral character, what business has Nelson, who led a questionable life and had moreover the audacity to say in his deathbed—"Doctor I have *not* been a great sinner"—and so enter the other world with a lie in his right hand—what business, I say, has Nelson in the grandest Cathedral of Christian England! But the explanation is within reach;—England is *not* properly speaking *Christian* England, and St Paul's, like the Westminster Abbey, is more England's national mausoleum than a house of God. What however I heard in St Paul's did one more good than what I saw. Seated under its majestic dome I had the pleasure of listening to a grand choral service from beginning to end, and its effect in my mind was a complete revolution of belief and

thought. Like all good dissenters I had been dead set against choral services, but here I noticed their propriety and elevating influence. In large cathedrals, such as St Paul's which can seat about thirty-two thousand people, a service conducted by a single man in natural voice is entirely lost ; and therefore it must give place to one chanted by a number of voices in unison to the reverberating sound of an organ of gigantic proportions. And in such cathedrals, while the mind is preoccupied with an idea of vastness and sublimity, a service so chanted is peculiarly suited to the posture of the soul, and eminently fitted to heighten its sense of elevation and place it in communion with realities grander than any this world can boast of. In the Westminster Abbey also I was disappointed, but my disappointment here arose not from what I saw but from the spirit in which I saw what I did see. I walked under the fretted vaults among monuments which " epitomize a nation's history"—among kings long since dead and gone and heroes, philosophers, sages, legislators and champions of literature and science some of whose ashes are still warm—almost unmoved ! Scarcely any ideas grander than those of which I am conscious when passing up and down in an ordinary burying-ground brightened my mind ; and scarcely any feelings grander than those which are stirred up by the ordinary events of life thrilled my heart. The *sang froid* with which I looked for and identified some of the clusters of monuments around me, and the perfect indifference with which I passed over those before which an Anglo-Indian would have stood wrapped up in what Grote calls retrospective veneration, convince me that I have very little hero-worship, and that the little I have I am disposed to reserve for myself. But the service I attended in consequence of a fortuitous conjuncture of circumstances within this grey pile overcame my *insouciance*. That service was also choral, and held in such a place it did what the place itself, with its grand associations and recollections embalmed in statuary and monumental inscriptions, had

failed to do ;—it roused my soul from its lethargic calm, and led me to think of the spirit^ul land above, and its melodious strains of seraphic music. The service was followed by a sermon by Dean Stanley, who is better entitled to volumes of posthumous praise than President Garfield whom a tragic accident has lifted up to the skies. The sermon consisted of a couple of manuscript pages written in his elegant style, and had nothing remarkable about it ; but I could not but note with interest the formality with which the great Dean walked to the Pulpit with a skull-cap crowning, as to speak, vestments of holy significance, preceded by a priest holding up his badge of office. Here was Dean Stanley, the most liberal thinker in England paying homage to meaningless forms ! Do not liberality of sentiment and narrow mindedness go together—the same man displaying independence of thought bordering upon latitudinarianism and superstitious veneration for usages at which every sensible man is disposed to laugh ? Or are we to conclude that our liberal-minded theologians, like our learned Parolits, think that, though popular notions of religion are absurd, they ought to be maintained for the benefit of the masses, who are unfitted owing to want of culture to rise above them ?

In this connection,—before passing on to lighter themes—I may mention that I made an attempt to hear Spurgeon preach. I walked several miles, found my way into the Tabernacle, managed to get a prominent seat in one of the galleries—but who can describe my disappointment and that of the thousands literally of persons congregated within its walls when the great preacher's son read his father's note expressing his inability consequent on indisposition to preach that morning. The son preached a good sermon, and, though a chip of the old block, his ability to keep that vast congregation together may justly be called in question. I heard Mr. Archibald Brown, another great preacher in London of a thoroughly evangelical type, and also the escentric Parker who rhapsodizes from the

Pulpit precisely as he rhapsodizes in his books, which, but for the devotion of his hearers, would not be sold. There were almost innumerable lectures delivered during the short period of my stay in London, some by the notorious Bradlaugh who on one occasion had the brass to invite the committees of the Tract and other benevolent societies to a public discussion, but, as I was bent on sight seeing I could not attend any of these.

From churches to places of amusements the move is not natural except in the case of travellers, who have to get accustomed to harsh transitions, from the sublime to the ridiculous, and from the ridiculous back to the sublime. But before referring to the shrines of pleasure I saw in, and in the vicinity of, London, I must be allowed the privilege of commending in unequivocal language one prominent feature of modern civilization, its proper estimate of the market value and its utilization of female charms. The *New York Christian Advocate* in commenting in a recent issue on the low political morality of the State capitals in America referred to the shamelessness with which influential ladies utilize their charms in compassing political ends. But such utilization is universal in the civilized world among certain, if not among all classes of people. The owners of shops understand the value of female charms, and leave no stone unturned to engage pretty girls to stand behind their counters, and sell their goods. The hotel-keepers are aware that they can not attract fashionable, and therefore free-handed people to their establishments except by employing pretty girls, who can coquette as well as serve; and taverns—don't mention them! Even the refreshment rooms on the railway lines are in the hands of pretty girls who induce you by their good looks and pleasant conversation to drink an extra cup of tea, and, if you are not a teetotallar, an extra glass of liquor. But it is in places of public resorts, the famed shrines of pleasure, that you see, the science of facilitating sales by means of bright smiles

and significant glances carried to perfection. Of this fact I was made cognizant in America in various places ; but nowhere more thoroughly than in the neighbourhood of the Falls of Niagara. As soon as I had come down from the highest floor of the house on the Canadian shore overhanging Table Bay,—one of the lofty points from which the Falls are seen—a girl, one of the prettiest in America, caught hold of my arm, and took me into a long room full of choice things, *souvenirs* of the sacred spot. When I looked at her beautiful face, and saw moreover her eagerness to sell something or to take me indelibly marked on her lonely brow, I regretted I had not money in my pocket to be fished out by a display of female charms ! At some distance from this fairy shop, I came across in another a pretty girl who might justly be called a woman of one idea. She also condescendingly caught hold of my arm, and urged me to take something from Niagra to my own country. “Where do you think is my country?”—I said. “Spain of course”—was her reply. “No” I said with emphasis. “What is your country ?” I simply said—“Please guess !” “You are a native of Mexico ?” “No” “An West Indian ?” “No” “I can not guess: what country do you come from ?” “From India.” “Ah from India, will you not take to distant India something from Niagara ?” Sell—Sell—Sell—that was the all engrossing, preponderant idea of her mind. The prettiest girls in England are to be seen in the Crystal Palace selling *souvenirs*, feeding hungry pleasure—hunters, or simply cracking jokes with the sons of fashion attracted in more by their charms than the amusements of the place, its concerts and organ demonstrations. I do not mean to say, only in the Crystal Palace, for in this respect the Alexandra palace is very successfully competing with it. Perhaps both these resorts of pleasure-hunters are beaten by the Royal Aquarium, which is really a place of amusement under the sacred name of science. Believing it to be a place of scientific interests

I paid down a shilling at the gate and walked in, and, to my surprise, I found science thrust into the back-ground, and things setted to attract devotees of pleasure in the foreground. Small shops of attractive nick-nacks under the control of beautiful girls dressed in the best style were seen clustering around a place reserved for the circus and theatrical amusements of the lower floor, while a grand restaurant with innumerable tables covered with snow-white sheets and well-dressed girls of attractive features ready to serve and it coquette occupied the main apartment of the upper floor. I approached one of these shops, and the beautiful girl, its presiding angel, immediately took out a toy-bird, plied the screw, and made it fly. "Will you buy this?" "No" I said with emphasis "I am not a little boy." She brought out a nice scent bottle and enquired if I would buy that. "No" was my reply "I have no taste for these things." "Will you buy it for me?" This, I thought, was very cool indeed, and so I walked away. I stayed a short while to see a Zulu war dance in an upper chamber, and while passing to and fro I could not help noticing that the chief attraction of the place, or at least one of its principal attractions was the proper value set on female charms by the owners of shops on the first floor and those of the hotel on the second. Meanwhile the Zulus came in all the glory of all but complete nudity, raising unearthly yells. They stood in a row in front of a Queen of love, who seemed omnipotent in charms, being as nude as they were, and decidedly uglier. They jumped and howled and howled and jumped till every body, and perhaps they themselves felt that there was after all not much difference between their amusements and those of wild beasts. As soon as their dance was over, the circus on the first floor commenced. A brilliant assemblage gathered around the enclosure marked, sweet strains of music floated from the stand beneath a nice canopy, a little girl dressed as a fairy of sweet, attractive features stepped in, bowed to the audience,

and sat on a fiery steed in full speed. By and by she jumped and stood upon its back, and began gracefully to waver her hands and shake her feet. A few ropes covered with crimson cloth were held aloft, one after another, and the little girl overleaped them, one after another, springing on each occasion from the back of the galloping animal and coming down thereon. What a contrast between the one scene and the other! For a moment I was tempted to doubt the unity of the race. But man in his most civilized state cannot forget that he has somewhat of the monkey nature in him and so when this feat was over, another horse was brought in, a nice-looking, fair-haired dog was placed on it, and the same operations nearly were gone through. The sight recalled to my mind a remark of Dr. Johnson's to the effect that if dancing were attractive of itself, or apart from its accompaniments, men would like to see a toad dance!

I do not for a moment intend to reflect on the moral character of all the girls employed in places of public resort, but I do maintain that their position is demoralizing; and that those, who enrich themselves at the expense of their modesty, show a disposition contemptibly mean nor can it be doubted that not a few of them are of the advanced school. I came across one of these in a railway refreshment room. I stepped in to drink a cup of tea, and in course of conversation with her, to which by the way she had invited me by stating that, though a foreigner, I spoke English fairly, I happened to speak of marriage. She interrupted me with apparent impatience, asking in astonishment great, though by no means mute—"Do you believe in marriage?" I of course abruptly brought the talk to a close, as I did not like to enter into a controversy with a young and handsome girl on the doctrine of free love. But hearing the demoralizing influences emanating from noted centres of pleasure and amusement, even the little I saw of London was enough to convince me that it is a dangerous place for young Indians who have their characters yet to form. You have not to seek vice—but vice seeks you in the metropolis of Great Britain and Ireland, the greatest city of Christendom, and of the world. Men and women ready to solicit, and women ready to address are to be met with in every street on every day and at almost every hour; and strangers are particularly approached, as their wealthiness and gullibility are assumed at first sight. But the amount of vice in the shape of drunkenness and debauchery noticeable on Sundays is fearful indeed. The grogshops are closed during morning hours, but when the services are about to be over, they are opened; and streams

of persons pour in and out in endless succession till a late hour in the evening. And then—why respectable people never dream of going out! The best explanation of this rampant vice was given to me by a revered Minister, who has for years striven to stay the putrid stream by means of wholesome Gospel preaching. There is not, he said, more vice in London than in other cities, but its population being large, as large in short as that of Scotland, all the vice of an ordinarily large country is presented here within a narrow area: hence its conspicuousness. But vice is not the only thing one sees in London. Piety and philanthropy exhibited in ecclesiastical establishments and benevolent institutions, in Bible and Tract societies, in city and foreign Missions, in homes which remind us of those above, and in characters the excellencies of which even angels behold with admiration and wonder, are in some of its parts as noticeable as vice in others. And while the latter is seen in all its ghastliness in our cities in India, the former are not seen in the lofty types but for which a city like London would be a veritable hell! So long as disloyalty to Christianity exists in Christendom, vice cannot but exist, but its existence does not affect our argument in favor of our religion inasmuch as it hinges on the fact that loyalty to it has raised types of piety and benevolence which have not their counterparts in non-Christian lands.

RAM CHANDRA BOSE.

THE BENGAL PEASANT.

CHAPTER VI.

HIS DEBTS.

To a student of Social Economics the Mahajani system of Bengal must be highly interesting. Apart from possessing all the features of adaptability to the economical needs of the country, its structure evinces unmistakeable proofs of growth and development according to certain fixed economical laws. It is not an institution thrust upon the country by a despotic prince or capricious legislation, but has gradually evolved itself out of the units of Bengali society as modified by their wants, their occupations and other surroundings. Were it otherwise, it would not have outlived the changes of political rule, the

numerous vicissitudes of the country's fortune and the volley of the many foreign influences brought to bear upon it. And the mere fact that it still exists as a recognized institution of the land argues its fitness to the normal condition of the people.

Its features are simple and homely, its texture comprehensible to the peasant intellect and it professes to unite in its principle economical motives as well as other higher, viz alleviation of distress which human 'flesh is heir to.' The system has its faults and failures, but take it as a whole, it is highly popular, and is almost venerated by the people. The Bengal capitalist is considered by the borrower as not only an accommodator but a benefactor—not one who is to be repaid his loan but is to be obliged in return for his benevolence. Again, the borrower is taken to be an object of interest and affection. Thus veneration and love on the one side, affection and interest on the other, made up a synthesis which formed a point of departure in all monetary dealings. It was a synthesis quite in unison with the patriarchal spirit of days gone by and was sustained by the religion of the country.

The borrower was viewed as a sort of *jilius familias*, whom it was the lender's duty to sustain and not swallow. The religion of the country, whose unhesitating commands are charity and good works, stamped with her seal what was only conventional.

It will thus be seen that the present cry raised against the Mahajani system is greatly unjust. Nothing could be a greater mistake than to view the Mahajan as a Skylock pure and simple. All legislative or administrative measures which have been passed upon that hypothesis are, so far as their sweeping character goes, extremely crude and quite unsuited to the requirements of the country. It is fashionable now to look upon the Mahajan's demand for accumulated interest as grossly extortionate and unholy and inconsistent with all principle of enlightened state policy or justice. The legislature think it their duty to repress such demands by stringent statutory edicts, and the sedate judge from his pedestal of impartiality pronounces them to be usurious, and therefore against the equity and natural justice to admit or allow. A retrogression to the old usury laws has been on more than one occasion proposed, and in the Western Presidency has been sanctioned, subject to certain conditions. In Bengal the Mahajan has been interdicted from purchasing estates and landed properties in execution of decrees, and an elaborate procedure has been framed giving the Collector plenary juris-

diction for arresting the conversion of the money-lending classes into land-holding classes. There is not a shadow of doubt that these are but the spasmodic actions of the protective principle which at one time governed mediaeval Europe, which professed by its stern behests to regulate the daily affairs of life including food and drink. Happily for the cause of human progress the Protective principle is now a matter of antiquarian interest, and the march of economical ideas has utterly exploded its hollowness as an all governing principle. The law of supply and demand has established its claim upon human affairs with the certainty of a mathematical demonstration. The science of statistics has ripped open the unsoundness of questionable generalizations and the falsity of facts popularly believed in. False theories and absurd hypotheses have been overthrown, and the value of every human concern has been made to hinge upon the principle of the greatest amount of good. It is under these favourable auspices that the Bengal Mahajani system comes in for examination and scrutiny, and the time is not far distant when the problem of its worth or no worth will be solved to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

The Mahajani system, which even at the present day is considerably interwoven with native society, is of no recent origin. It is coeval with the growth of that society. Whether we look into authentic history or legends, we come across instances of giving and taking of loans. In the code of Menu, the subject of banking has been exhaustively treated and elaborated into a diversity of rules varying with the nature and conditions of loans. The rules of interest have been prescribed in minute detail, and the broad principle that they ought to vary with the amount of risk incurable by the lender enunciated. One cannot but wonder that in those archaic times when custom was acknowledged to be the sole regulator of dealings between man and man there should be written law to control monetary transactions, and what is more that the principle of competition—a creature of comparatively later times—should dawn itself upon the mind of our ancestors. But such nevertheless is the fact. The reason why is not far to seek. It is a proved fact that, given a society, its dynamical condition is more natural than a condition of rest. Social motion means progress, and progress is at the same time the father of competition. Custom is essentially the outcome of statics, competition of dynamics. If custom was our sole pointer, society would move in a vicious circle. Competition makes it fly off into a tangent as it were. So if even

in those rude times, though custom was adored, competition subjected native society to periodic aberrations. It is not our intention to dilate here upon the effect of custom on ancient Hindu society, but only to advert how it was now and then modified by competition. As yet competition was but a gleam of light in the midst of custom which rendered darkness more visible.

It is to be deplored that we have no historic evidence showing how the indigenous banking system gradually expanded itself, or the different stages it attained from time to time. There is not a scintilla of doubt whatever that it was strictly simple in its character, and simplicity is its beauty.

There is no Bengali word as far as I know equivalent to 'bond.' The words 'khat' and 'tamassuk' we have become familiar with now-a-days, are of Moslem origin. An ordinary loan was secured by word of mouth and supposed to be attested by Dharma the God of religion. The debtor would, at the time of taking the loan, look heavenward, and this was considered by the creditor as being more efficacious than 'sealing and delivery.' Religion had then a firm hold on the feelings of the people, and evasion of one's lawful debt was viewed as a sacrilege hateful to God and man. I have witnessed in obscure nooks of the Mofussil a remnant of this form of loan, and the debtor coming forward to admit it in all simplicity coupled with religious submission. He bites his tongue at the idea of denying it as grossly immoral and irreligious, though had he been more business-like, he would have successfully thrown his creditor overboard.

Instances like this are really touching, and show that progression in our laws and simplicity of human nature are in an inverse ratio. We wish that the entire Statute Book was blotted out that men might revert to this primitive simplicity.

Simple as was the method of giving loans, the procedure for realizing them was simple also. Both parties had to resort to the temple of the nearest tutelary god or goddess, take

the necessary oaths and finished their differences in a moment. No technicalities, 'law's delay' or expense tired their patience or taxed their purse. If justice failed in the end, as it assuredly did in some cases, the Divinity was appealed to—to take note of the sin or ingratitude of the delinquent. Society being still in its swaddling clothes, nothing more appealed to the imagination of the delinquent than the misfortune of his line of heirs becoming extinct, an apprehension which among certain classes and persons obtains up to this day. •

Ask an old Hindu what punishment is reserved for a person who waives a just debt or who enjoys another's property through fraud or force, and he will tell you, it is the extinction of the sinners' race. Vague fears like these can have effect only for a time, and human history proves that they are pooh-poohed by a succeeding generation. The fond mother feels much annoyed at seeing her boy sitting upon pillows, and as a deterrent induces him to believe that such a mode of sitting would trouble him with boils on his haunches. This plan works admirably for a time. The brat would by no means sit on them again, and if you force him to do it, he would lodge a formal complaint against you before the mother. But as he grows up, he begins to laugh at the 'pious fraud' practised upon his credulity.

Divine ire and extinction of one's race if he was inclined to be fraudulent were mighty deterrents, and their character as such was sustained by the religion, and moral law of the country. Hindu sages have uniformly considered indebtedness to be not merely an obligation but a sin.

Vrihaspati says, 'He who having received a sum lent or the like does not repay it to the owner, will be born hereafter in his creditor's house, a slave, a servant, a woman or a quadruped.' 1 Digest 334. And Narada says 'when a devotee, or a man who maintained a sacrificial fire, dies without having discharged his debt, the whole merit of his devotions or of his perpetual fire belongs to his creditors.'

'The grand-son shall pay the debt of the grand-father which having been legitimately inherited by the sons has not been paid by them; the obligation ceases with the fourth descendant.' Yajnavalka ii § 90.

These and a hundred other religious sanctions were prescribed by the sages as a safeguard against possible evasions of just debts. But religious and moral sanctions have a hold on men's feelings for a time, and with the march of matter-of-fact philosophy sink, into oblivion. If therefore in the ancient Hindu times, the religious and moral duty of the son to repay his father's debts became a simple and legal obligation and gradually a legal obligation to repay to the extent of the paternal assets, it was only a verification of the truism above enunciated. Thus we find Katayana laying down, 'that the son is not liable to pay if his father's estate is held by another,' 1 Dig. 273.—a principle recognized and adopted as law at the present day.

All moral law, when degenerated into municipal law is liable to be indifferently obeyed, and sometimes positively violated. Under stated circumstances, men's motives become not how to obey it, but how to evade it. A demurrer here, a plea there and an equivocation elsewhere become customary. Thus it was, that borrowers commenced waiving just debts and lenders commenced making unconscionable claims. Both parties came to perceive that divine justice was slow to overtake them, and if they committed a sin, subsequent penance might take away its offence and the sting of the impending punishment.

Each party thus metamorphosed began eyeing the other with distrust and longed for something safer than mere word of mouth. Each saw that the latter was inexact, inaccurate and liable to be indifferently recollected. What was to be done? To go to the length of taking a bond from the borrower was impossible, for the bulk of borrowers were incapable of reading and writing. Somebody else must write,

but this too was impossible, as it presupposed a fiction of law, unknown to such a stage of society.

The perception of the usefulness of writing in the securing of loans is an important epoch in the history of banking. It emerged out of certain social necessities, felt by the debtor and creditor alike. Honest creditors began to feel the un-wisdom of trusting to memory as the referee in cases of doubt and dispute, while the embarrassment of the debtor was equally great. Judging from the fossil remains of the system, we find the first point of departure towards written obligations is the writing of a slip of paper called the *tuk furd*, or a memo: of the loan. This practice is still extant in obscure villages in the districts of Burdwan, Nuddea, Jessore and Pubna, and this '*furd*' is prized by them to be as good as a bond. The '*furd*' is given to the debtor, and in cases of difference its production concludes both parties as to the *quantum* of the loan.

This may be styled the '*furd*' stage of money-lending in Bengal, and one more developed than the first stage wherein loans were secured only by word of mouth. The '*furd*' stage though an improvement upon its predecessors was nevertheless a crude stage, for it left the creditor entirely in the debtor's hands, and if the latter was fraudulently bent, the non-production of the '*furd*' would bring on the fulfilment of his unholy wishes. The creditor found that he kept nothing in his hand as evidence of the loan, and the necessity of keeping an account gradually dawned upon his mind. Every Mahajan now-a-days keeps his accounts the elaborateness of which is in direct ratio with the extent of his business. The principal books are the *jama-kharach* and the Khatyan. The former purports to be a day book consisting of loose slips of paper stitched at one corner, and the latter is just the ordinary ledger.

Sometimes they contain the signatures of their borrowers, but this must certainly have become the fashion at a later

stage. The 'tuk-furd' which the debtor got was elaborated into a Hatchitta, having the debit and credit sides distinctly written.

These circumstances paved the way for the introduction of what are called tomassuks or bonds. The exact time when they came into vogue cannot be determined with any amount of accuracy, but there is no doubt that the giving of bonds was vastly in use during Moslem rule in the times of the great Moguls, and about the time the British obtained the Dewanny of these Provinces. Money-lending had grown into a system, had been adopted by some as their lawful calling, with all its sins and shortcomings full-blown.

It is very curious that in this country as in Europe, money lending should have passed through the same stages of growth and development.

'In the developed Roman Law,' writes Sir Henry Sumner Maine, 'the convention as soon as it was completed, was in almost all cases, at once crowned with the obligation, and so became a contract, and this was the result to which contract law was surely tending. But for the purpose of this inquiry, we must attend particularly to the intermediate stage, that in which something more than a perfect agreement was required to attract the obligation. This epoch is synchronous with the period at which the famous Roman classification of contracts into four sorts, the Verbal, the Literal, the Real and the Consensual had come into use, and during which these four orders of contract constituted the only descriptions of engagement which the law would enforce.' *Ancient Law* p. 325.

In Bengal, we had in the first place the verbal, then the literal in the shape of the *tuk furd* and accounts and lastly the consensual obligations or bonds. And these Provinces are well calculated to foster the giving and taking of loans as a system. For causes we shall presently advert to, the body of Mahajans are indispensable, and to extirpate them would be to the people a calamity.

In Bengal, the tilling of land and borrowing of capital have been from time immemorial inseparably linked together. Cultivation is impossible unless done with borrowed capital. This *nexus* between the cultivating and lending classes is the key to the correct understanding of their respective positions. You may abolish the Mahajans, but so long as the cultivators have a thirst after loans, other Mahajans would spring up. This thirst after loans is the result of the operation of certain sociological causes on the agricultural organism, which we proceed to categorize.

I. The exhaustion of the soil. Barring exceptional tracts which abut the course of rivers and streams, and have the privilege of being annually invigorated with alluvial deposits, it may be predicated as an established truth that there has been a gradual exhaustion of the soil. This is borne witness to by grey headed cultivators and others qualified to pronounce an opinion. In other parts of India it has been just the same as the following official testimony will show.

Mr. A. D. Hume, in his pamphlet recently published in England writes:—

‘Agriculture in India has become, and becomes daily, more and more what Liebig happily designated a system of spoliation. Deep as the purse may have been, and rich as much as our soil unquestionably was, it is clear that a time must arrive when by continually taking out a great deal and putting back very little, both purse and soil are exhausted. Unlike the European peasant, the Indian husbandman more or less fully realizes the evils of this system: it is only on compulsion that he robs his mother soil, and it is only in comparatively quite recent times that the spoliation has acquired the alarming intensity that now characterizes it’

Further on he says:—

‘It is impossible for Government to disbelieve this: they may think and perhaps rightly that it will last their time but they cannot doubt as to what they are preparing for

their successors. It is its own land that Government is allowing to go to ruin, its own financial blood that it lets run to waste.'

Such is the testimony of a gentleman who had filled the responsible office of Agricultural Secretary to the Government of India. It is to be deplored that correct statistics are not forthcoming, which may corroborate it. It is a noteworthy fact that whereas in the time of Akbar the average yield per acre was 19 bushels of wheat, it is 14 bushels now as the highest yield.

This deterioration of the productiveness of land becomes all the more certain, when it is considered that Bengal peasants are wholly ignorant of and indifferent to, the advantages of irrigation and the well manuring of the soil; and their agriculture, so far as the implements of husbandry goe, is still in its primitive stage. Habitual indolence considerably aggravates their otherwise helpless condition, their motto being that unless Providence help them they have no business to help themselves.

II. The peculiar character of the peasant tenures. We speak not of those in which the peasant has permanent and transferable rights, as they are virtually 'peasant proprietorships held subject to the payment of a quit-rent. But we allude to the mass of tenures in respect of which the peasant is no better than a refined villein or a starved metayer. It is not our intention to rake up the old controversy relating to the transcendental rights of the Zemindars, and how far they require to be controlled to amelioriate the condition of the cultivating masses. Lord Cornwallis might have meant them to remain as Levites in perpetuity, and their inferiors as Helots. But the fact cannot be gainsayed that if the peasant was owner of the land he tilled, he would have tilled it better. 'This is quite a natural sequence the force of which is not weakened by sundry instances of peasant folly or peasant ignorance. 'The peasant is ignorant or foolish,' ergo

he should not have complete ownership over his land lest he may spoil it,' may certainly be good policy towards the foolish who form the exception, but it is decidedly the reverse in respect of the wise. And it is an open question whether the peasants are more foolish than their landlords. The issue is not, whether the peasants' present status is a legal status, but whether for the promotion of agriculture, for arresting the gradual deterioration of the soil and the decay of the peasants, ownership of their holdings should not be unconditionally bestowed on them. If self-love and self-interest are innate in man, should we not presume that they would prompt him to love his 'own' land more than another's? If this is conceded, should we do something to bring about such a natural state of things? We do not propose a spoliation of the Zemindar's rights that they be vested in the peasants. By all means respect them, if respect is due.

But it is one thing to respect them and quite another thing to tolerate a system of peasant tenures, which goes to reduce the peasants to famished serfs, and increase the bulk of poverty and peasant misery. Is it possible to conceive of any system of peasant-tenures to thrive which has for its index enhancement of rent and eviction? It is fashionable to talk of the peasant's right of occupancy as his *Magna Charta*, but this one right has brought on greater misery to him than his other affairs put together. It has been a fruitful source of discord and litigation, culminating in the peasants' ruin. The effect of the operation of this right is perceptible, and the startling fact may be told that in the teeth of it, the ratio of tenants-at-will has enormously increased and threatens at no distant date to absorb the entire peasant population. This has been the result of the fight between the Zemindar and peasant since 1859, a fight which involved only the principle whether the latter should have fixity of possession in regard to his tenure or should hold at the former's will.

III. The abnormal export of food grains. This is a question the merits of which have been discussed thread-bare. Each time there was a famine or scarcity exportation and its virtues or vices came to be cause and scrutinized. Government trembled at the sight of the stupendous problem which called for a solution by them. Happily the problem has been solved, the Gordian knot has been cut, and time alone will show how far the solution will promote the weal or the reverse of the people. Lord Northbrook's minute on the prohibition of export is now esteemed as a *resjudicata* in Indian economics, and the late Famine Commission have pronounced his Lordship's arguments to be simply unanswerable. His Lordship says :—

“It seems to me that an export trade in food grains is a great advantage to a country in the condition of Bengal, raising its own food supplies, having no import trade in food and whose population is poor. The existence of such an export ensures the production, in ordinary years of more food than is required to meet the demands of the people. The natural rise of prices in times of scarcity must divert a portion of the ordinary export to home consumption, and thus a reserve easily and readily available is habitually maintained.” Minute, dated January 30, 1874.”

Now, it is observable that Lord Northbrook's conclusion would be ‘unanswerable’ if his premisses were true. Is his minor premiss true? Is it true that the country yields ‘more food than is required to meet the demands of the people’? It would be a mistake to suppose that the demands of the people co-extend with the eating only, for eating represents only a fractional part of the popular demands. To conceive of their extent would be to conceive of the food they eat, the dress they wear, the other food they had by barter, the seed they require for sowing, the wages of labour, the means of husbandry, the rent they pay and sundry extraordinaries. If taking a sum total of these, you find that the produce in-

creasing the demand, by all means export the residuum, but it would be irrational to stick to exportation, because political economy tolerates it, free trade requires it, forgetting the homely motto, charity should begin at home!

What is the fact? Our's is a poor country. We are a poor people, now is nearly established truth and admitted as such. What do these mean? Simply this that there is less surplus food at our disposal than what rich nations have. If surplus food be the germ of all national wealth, how can you say that our country is wealthy, when it is subject to chronic famines? A famine in India is not merely a failure of this crop or that crop, as it is in Europe. It means a paralysis of the economical energies of the people. It is a want of means—a want of capital or surplus food.

These are the three principal causes, which have given rise to chronic indebtedness of the peasantry, and by the law of co-relation, have expanded the giving and taking of loans into a system. There may be other special or local causes but these are only derivative, they no more sustain the collapse of the peasant organism. Fathers' funeral ceremony or daughters' marriage might cause a loss of financial blood, but cannot engender the poverty of the peasant masses and beget chronic indebtedness.

CHAPTER VII.

In its earliest stage, the Mahajani system was chiefly confined to loans of food grain—paddy in particular. The paddy was raised by the mahajan who was either a cultivator himself or cultivated it by means of hired labour. His capital was essentially the surplus food—left unconsumed which he stored up in his barns or golas. These golas are little conical shades resting upon blocks of wood, so arranged as to keep their bases perfectly dry. The grain was sold out by the mahajan's servant, styled a Koyal, who received from the borrower a fee in grain for his labour varying with the

quantity of grain actually sold out. The grain was never weighed but measured and a sack was used as the unit of measurement. The standards of measurement are the *kata*, the *arri*, the *sali*, the *bish* and the *pouti*. The *kata* varies in each locality. In some it is $1\frac{1}{2}$ seers in weight, in others $\frac{1}{4}$ seers. Five cottahs make an *arri*, 20 *katas* make a *sali* and so on.

The Mahajan is either his own accountant or has a paid accountant who is remunerated in coin and grain. But these are not his only earnings. He gets lots of perquisites from the debtors when he has to open or close their accounts. These perquisites have a traditional stamp on them resting upon the tacit consent of both the lender and borrower.

The account is contained in three Books—viz the Stock-book, the Day Book [*jama kharach*] and the Ledger or *khatian*, generally these are loose sheets of paper stitched at the corner liable to be altered. There is a disposition on the part of respectable mahajans to substitute bound books in lieu of those variable things, but as it is, the innovation has just commenced. When the borrower wants it a memo is given to him in which loans and payments are entered in the proper columns, and it is taken back when the loan is discharged.

The accountant is sometimes the *tagadgir*, and on him involves the task of collecting the mahajan's dues. If the mahajan's business is large, a staff of *tagadgirs* is maintained, who receive a small monthly salary, in addition to what they get from the debtors as bonus.

Except the most advanced districts, loans whether of grain or money generally start with a verbal promise to repay at the time of the harvesting of the crops and are entered in the mahajan's books. It is when they become unliquidated debts, that the borrower consents to give a bond or other instrument in writing as a sort of security. The original loan and the stipulated interest or profit are consolidated into a new principal and fresh interest is stipulated for.

These bonds, styled *khuts* or *tamassuks* have a peculiar history of their own highly interesting as a subject of study. The desire to evade the Stamp Act being yet keen in the mufussil and the motive to have the bond cheaply being ever strong, it is engrossed on plain paper. If it do not see the light of our courts, well and good; if it do, the prescribed duty and penalty are paid and the instrument is afterwards stamped! When there is no intention to evade the Stamp law the bond is written on the proper Stamp paper the value of which is written 'paid' by the intending borrower. If the lender pay it is added to the amount of the loan.

Stamps are not available at all times and in all places. To obviate all inconvenience possible, it is customary with the Mahajan to keep a sufficient stock of stamp paper of the lower values. The name of the buyer in the endorsement on the back of the paper is either left blank to be filled up by the Mahajan or it is any villager's name written who is likely to borrow money. In the latter case, the stamp is utilized by interpolating the name of the borrower in the endorsement as a joint vendee.

This precaution is taken in courtesy to a tradition which is considerably in force in the mufussil that, whoever executes a document should be the vendee of the stamp on which the document is engrossed. If things are not so, it is liable to be suspected.

In out of the way places, the permission given by the borrower to purchase a stamp paper for the bond or the delivery of the paper to the Mahajan is as good as its execution. This proceeds upon a conviction of the integrity of the Mahajan, who is esteemed by the borrower as morally incapable of getting up a bond at variance with the borrower's intentions. I have witnessed hundreds of cases in which but for the borrower's readiness to confess judgment, the bonds sued upon would have been pronounced as concoctions pure and simple, and the lender thrown overboard. The borrower

invariably apostrophises by saying that the Mahajan is my benefactor, my King my *ma bap*. If he is after ruining me, it is my ill luck. But having been benefited by him I cannot swallow my religion and deny the debt. It is a just debt and I admit the claim. The Judge is compelled to pass judgment according to defendant's confession irrespective of the merits of the Mahajan's claim.

In a large ratio of cases, the method of executing a bond is to touch the pen when the borrower cannot write his name, when he can write, to write his name. These are done when the stamp paper is wholly blank, the contents being left to the Mahajan to conveniently fill up.

Blank papers are thus signed or executed out of deference to the mahajan's feelings, and the debtor is charitable enough to suppose that the recitals would not be written in supercession of the terms of their mutual understanding.

The Registration Law since 1864 has given an impetus to the writing of bonds, and it has become customary to execute written bonds. As yet a large ratio of the peasant population are ignorant of writing, and thus executants of bonds cannot be their own writers. It is true the Mahajan's accountant can write, but his relation to the Mahajan is viewed as a disqualification, which is liable to become serious, in cases of dispute. The Mahajan fears that the evidence of his accountant relating to the bond would be viewed by a Court as no better than that of an interested witness, and hence the accountant is rarely the writer of his bonds.

The borrower being unable and the Accountant thus disqualified, who is to write the bonds? Following the rule of demand and supply we have now in every village, professional bond writers or *Nobisindas* as they are called. They have a smattering of education, it being confined to the reading of primers and writing of documents and accounts. In many places, they unite in them the threefold character of drafting and writing documents, giving evidence and practising as

law-touters in Courts. In the village they are considered as great authorities and sometimes are dreaded. All the village litigation which finds its way into our Courts is shaped by them. In the art of giving false evidence they are great adepts. They elude our searching cross examination Proteus-like, and laugh in their sleeve when they quit the witness box to breathe once more the atmosphere of impunity.

They write the bond for a fee which in the generality of cases equals the amount of the stamp-paper. This fee the borrower pays unless arranged differently. For giving evidence a separate *honorarium* is allowed the amount being regulated by the sort of evidence to be given and the risk to be run.

It has been stated that the payment of the loan is timed with the harvesting of the crop, whether vernal or autumnal. This is a very convenient arrangement. The time of payment is either the month of Bhadro when the Bhadri crop is gathered, or Mag when the Amun is cut, or Falgoun or Choit when the 'Rabi' or vernal crops are stored.

In regard to these loans, the most important thing is the rate of interest stipulated for. Ordinary loans of grain carry 50 per cent profit. This profit is called in some districts the *Barri*, and its rate varies from 25 to 50 per cent according as the loan is dull or brisk. I have not witnessed a higher rate than 50 per cent. The percentage is in the absence of any contract to the contrary for the season, and if the loan is not discharged the rate remains in force for the next season and so on. I have seen instances of paltry loans swell up into enormous debts with accumulated profits of years and years.

The rates of profit are by no means exorbitant and are never considered as such. They are customary rates admitted and accepted by all classes of the peasantry. Their customary character has been found by our courts after the most searching judicial enquiry.

In regard to loans of money the rates of interest vary from

two pice to one anna per Rupee per month. The latter is sometimes considered to be an exceptional rate, but two pice has grown into a customary rate and acknowledged as such by the entire peasantry from one end of the country to the other. Talk of the customary rate of interest in their presence and they will understand you to mean the half anna rate.

The rate is one pice generally in cases where there is a hypothecation of land or other immoveable property and it is the hypothecation which causes the diminution of the rate.

Where jewels are pawned, and there is nothing striking in the character of the loan or the parties, the rate of interest slides down into 18 to 24 per cent per annum. Where the debtor is a well to do man and the creditor is a habitual lender the rate is still lower being 12 per cent per annum and sometimes 9 per cent.

The rate of interest levied from borrowers in and about large towns is generally frightful being two annas or six pies per Rupee per diem. These borrowers do not belong to the cultivating classes. They are fish-mongers, keepers of vegetable stalls, fruiterers, artizans or mechanics, owners of carts or hackneys, petty shop keepers, prostitutes and others. The lenders are called *kisti wallahs* and we have a regular gang of them in Calcutta and its suburbs. The loans they advance become due on the 72d day, and $\frac{1}{72}$ th portion is payable daily, the interest for the entire time being paid in advance or deducted from the principal at the time the loan is given.

Then we have a class of loans vastly in fashion in the towns of Lower Bengal, which in consequence of their extreme urgency are called *chotas*, in which the rate of interest is sometimes 25 per cent per diem. But these are abnormal instances.

The darkest chapter in the history of money-lending is however the realization of loans. We do not say that each and every mahajan is a wolf or that every debtor is a lamb. There are mahajans who in regard to the honesty and fairness

of their dealings are the ornaments of our race, whose forbearance and self-sacrifice are proverbial. There are debtors also whose equivocation, evasion, ingratitude in the matter of debts they have truly contracted rank them with execrable monsters. But these are exceptions which do not affect a logical generalization. So that when we say that the realization of debt is the darkest chapter of money-lending, we speak of the generalization and not the exceptions.

The method of realizing debts is one step short of spoliation. It is one elaborate system of low chicanery, vile artifice, and deliberate fraud. Payments are wilfully ignored, receipts intentionally withheld, and when payments are made in kind it is undermeasured, underweighed and undervalued. A sort of dstraint hangs upon the borrower's crops, goods and chattels and even his person is held under a sort of restraint. When crops are still unripe, the mahajan's people keep guard over it, and such is his power that the borrower reaps it to be conveyed to the former's khamar (threshing yard). Sometimes the mahajan takes it away by force, threshes and appropriates it as he lists. With respect to other properties of his debtor, the mahajan exercises a similar might. Nothing is more common than the forcible removal of the debtor's cattle and implements of husbandry. Household chattels share no better fate. The sanctity of the Zenana is not even respected in the searching for properties.

Like the allodial owner in the Norman times, the mahajan considers each peasant debtor to be his villein if not his serf. He commands the services of his *Assam*; the debtor, and these are often rendered *gratis*. Was it the tilling or harrowing of his land, the sowing of crops or transplanting the seedlings, was it the building of a fence or the thatching of his house, the clearing of jungle or the felling of timber, the Assami is to do it without any remuneration. To do man-servant's work or maid servant's work the Assami must prepare himself. But this is not all, Assamis must fight out

the mahajan's battles, must further his political strategies and must give false evidence on his behalf in Courts of Justice, when required.

The mahajan's other sins require to be here described. Nothing is more in unison with his ambition than the prospect of a debt running or continuing and being realizable at any time. Nothing mortifies him more than its possible extinction. With watering tongue and wistful eyes he peruses the roll of the bonds and obligations with which the fate of a great many fellow beings is entwined, and wields them *interrorem* as weapons of offence and mischief.

Thus constituted, it is the mahajan's care to put every possible obstacle in the way of extinction of debts. The debtor is all anxiety to discharge his burden, but he must pass through Herculean difficulties before he attains the wished-for result. The Accountant would not make up the account. The receipt is withheld, the bond is not returned, a fee wanted for his abana, a fee for the Koyal and twenty other hindrances are put in the way. So that if the debtor at last receives absolution it is prized as a new birth.

Why does he put up with these inconveniences? Simply because it would be foolish to quarrel with the alligator when the debtor is in water, and verily the mahajan is an alligator when he has no rivals in the trade in the village. I have known hundreds of cases in which the quondam debtor was put into Court to answer a false claim because he ceased to take loans from the mahajan. But irrespective of this extreme consequence, the debtor believes that ill-luck might force him to whine again at the mahajan's door for a loan, at least there is absolutely nothing to render such a contingency impossible. Droughts, bad seasons, zemindar's demands, parental funeral ceremonies, are urgencies over which one could not have control.

It may be thought that the above picture is overdrawn. No such thing. The annuals of our Courts will abundantly

bear out all its outlines and shades, and reasoning from principles it would be amply substantiated. In former times, the mahajan was a God-fearing man and the edicts of religion had a firm hold of his feelings. The modern mahajan is comparatively more free. With the march of civilization he has learnt to distinguish duties moral from duties purely secular. Business is business, the pointer of which is profit. The ellipses he supplies by inserting '*by means fair or foul.*' He has the power of the purse and therefore mightier than he who has it not.

The debtor is just a debtor in need—helpless, ignorant and indifferent to his true interests. So that the two make up a co-relation in which they are befitting counter-parts. It is just the same co-relation between the grinders and the food, between a power on the one hand and a capacity on the other.

Religion failing to terrify the Mahajan what have we got in its stead? Public opinion is still in its infancy in towns, and its feeble voice does not penetrate into the recesses of the Muffossil. Here the axis round which rural life rotates is either the constable's baton or the Zemindar's Gomastah's chopine. Talk of social rules and laws here, why it would be as prudent as to throw pearls before swine. Talk of the potency of the Magistrate in repressing the evils, why only 1 per cent. cases reach his ears. Then again who is to prove the charges? A helpless man steeped in want is unable to bring proofs, and what Magistrate would try a charge without proofs? Supposing proofs are adduced, it is usual to evade the Magistrate's jurisdiction by giving to the cause a civil coating.

A large number of abuses which the Bengal Mahajani system has called into being are referrible to the covetousness and fraud on the part of the Mahajan's agents. The Mahajan may not know the extent and enormity of the abuses, but nevertheless in the generality of cases he suffers them to

exist. It is a tacit winking at the misdeeds of his servants, a winking which he knows will in the end redound to his advantage. If he does not wink, he becomes a *particeps criminis*, when at the beginning of the new year, he finds his balance sheet to be abnormally swollen showing unexpected profits.

CHAP. VIII.

Having categorized some of the causes which maintain the *Mahajani* system in Bengal and the abuses which have become constitutional with it, it is necessary to say something regarding the remedies which have been adopted.

These may be classified into

1. Indigenous
2. Legal.

By the indigenous remedies, we mean such as have become evolved out of the evils themselves, in the same way as in the human body a re-action sets in often a collapse or a remission ensues after a continued fever. Action and reaction have been established to be a law which does not govern bodies physical only, but its operation is extended to bodies social. This is the boast of social science to have discovered, but the truth is co-eval with a comparatively ruder state of society.

The poet talks of 'When evils are at their worst, they often mind,' and this is but the poetic husk of a grain long discovered. Social sciencemight have elaborated the truism, might have brought other phenomena under the all-absorbing induction, but the credit of having discovered it is not strictly her due. But let that pass.

The earliest history of the *Mahajani* system reveals instances of evasion of just debts on the part of the debtor. There were debtors and debtors in primitive times, and we are not prepared to say that they were all honest and God-fearing men. There were creditors and creditors, and it

would be overdrawing the righteousness of those times did we say that the creditors were, one and all, honest and honourable men. If their evasion of just debts came to be pursued as a policy as the times advanced, it followed a natural law. Given a system consisting of hard and fast rules, given the existence of growing abuses of the system, given the indifference of Municipal law to check the abuses, efforts will spring up for their control. Human history demonstrates this with mathematical certainty. The vices of the French aristocracy and clergy brought forth the Revolution. The vices of slavery caused the American civil war. Need we recount any more instances? Thus was it with the Mahajani system. It was evasion in the first place, positive denial next, and if at the present day, the debtor has got into the habit of denying his just debts, it is but the prolongation of an indigenous remedy which he has prescribed for himself.

The Bengal debtor has no reason to be more dishonest than any other mortal under the sun. His physique or mind does not differ in structure or function from the rest of humanity. The moral and religious atmosphere he breathes is not a whit less pure than what his fellow-men breathe. His wants and needs are not a whit greater than those of others. He has no traditional love of fraud or evasion. And yet the startling or fact remains that we have greater evasion of just debts, in quantity and quality than we had twenty years ago! This is ascribable to cause or causes which in former times did not exist in an appreciable degree. An investigation into these causes is doubtless very instructive, though not at all difficult. If we conceive the causes which maintain the mahajan's extortionate demands to be positive agents, the debtor's evasion would just have for its support negative agents.

Evasion has different forms in this country which are reducible into two classes, partial or complete. It is partial, when the debtor having the means to pay puts off payment *sine die*

by coaxing the mahajan to take an acknowledgment in writing of the old debt. Such a subterfuge harmonizes with the mahajan's instinct which views the complete discharge of a debt with anxiety. The acknowledgment is either in the form of an '*ekrur*' or a *kistibundi* [instalment-bond.] It sets forth the character and amount of the unliquidated debt, a fresh promise on the debtor's part to pay, and the old covenant to pay interest at the rates stipulated in the original bond. Some times there is a condition tacked in the *kistibundi*, that on default of paying one *kist*, the whole money will become due.

In Nuddia, Jessore and other metropolitan districts, the practice of giving and taking *kistibundis* is very common. They well suit the mahajan's armoury, at the same time leave to the debtor some chance of escaping from the debt altogether. Conditioned as our peasantry are, illiterate and ignorant, the instalment-bonds are difficult to prove, and there is no consideration (either money or grain) the passing of which can be proved. It is one thing to prove a bond and quite another to prove the *kistibundi*. The proof in the former case becomes comparatively easy as the proof of the passing of the consideration to a great extent proves the bond. In the latter case, there is an absence of consideration substantial and material. It is this difficulty which the debtor counts upon in evading payment.

This is passive evasion. But in many cases it attains a stage of activity. The debtor invents a plea of payment in whole or part. All services which he gratuitously rendered to his mahajan are reduced into a monetary valuation and claimed as a set-off against the debt. First fruits and other free-will offerings are thus treated, and the mahajan's demand is resisted with them. Sometimes the debtor colludes with a discarded agent or dismissed servant of the creditor and goes to the length of taking fabulous receipts and fraudulent discharges. And this collusion reaches its climax when the agent is a man of no worth, such as to render action against

him for accounts, &c., wholly unfructuous. The receipts very frequently become subjects of judicial determination, and the Courts uniformly consider them to be binding upon the mahajans.

But the most successful method of evasion is when the debtor goes over to a rival mahajan, and by his aid thwarts all efforts at realization. This change of mahajans is a striking feature of the Bengal Mahajani System. The debtor becomes like a Brahmini bull placed between two fields laden with rich and luxuriant corn quite welcome to enjoy either. If the owner of one threatens him with a club he goes to the other and *vice versa*. His condition is truly enviable. Directly one Mahajan grows unkind to him, another is sure to pat him on the back and welcome him. It has been our experience to witness hundreds of debtors in this agreeable predicament. One Mahajan says, come unto me all ye who are laden with debt and I will give you rest', and there are people who are willing to respond to the call. But this is not all. The new Mahajan pledges himself to be the debtor's protector thorough and absolute. Was it want, he volunteers to pay money or dole out grain. Was it social support—he is all willingness. Was it the debtor's litigation? well the new mahajan's legal advisers and private agents are the debtor's, ex-officio. All this is very gratifying to the debtor. It removes his needs, supplies his wants and satisfies his craving after revenging his quondam mahajan.

But the debtor does not lack gratitude towards his present benefactor. His confidence in his new friend's honesty becomes so strong that with an easy mind he falls within his clutches. The debtor's moveables and chattels find their way into the new mahajan's house. The cattle find a new possessor in him, and even his farm and field come to be held by the new mahajan, either in name or in practice.

While thus sheltered, the old mahajan's threat to his debtor is referred into criminal intimidation. His agent's demand

in the field or house of the debtor becomes criminal trespass. To send for the debtor becomes abduction. These charges find their way into the Magistrate's Court and are prosecuted and maintained with the utmost rigour possible. In the Civil Court, the debtor tries to take the wind out of the mahajan's sail by suing for a declaration that a particular bond is a forgery, or it is a discharged bond liable to be cancelled and delivered up. In some cases, the mahajan discarded is falsely accused of having wrongfully taken away the crop from the field, or having maliciously made over the debtor's cattle to the pound. These cases either in the Civil or Criminal Courts give no end of trouble. They are not cases between the Mahajan and his disunited debtor, but between the old Mahajan and the new Mahajan arrayed against each other with their respective debtors and dependants as belligerents. Nowhere is the discovery of truth more difficult than in them, no where are subornation, perjury and their kindred vices more elaborately practised than in them. And the result is often disastrous to one or other of the contending parties. Many a Mahajan owes his ruin to litigation of the above stamp, and with him fall his partizans.

The strife between mahajan and mahajan has other phases though it may not end in actual litigation in our constituted Courts of Judicature. Sometimes it is a passive resistance of the policy of one by the other. To see the debtors evade just debts, to instigate them to do the same, to see his rival denuded of debtors, are the mainstays of this policy.

In working out the policy of evasion, the debtor frequently colludes with the Zemindar of the village. There is a Bengali proverb that by means of the thorn the thorn is extracted, and when this is done, both are thrown away. This is exactly applicable to the position of the debtor when he sides with the Zemindar to defraud the Mahajan. It is an incident attendant upon the holding of all tenures that the landlord has a lien over them as well as the crops standing upon them for the

rent unpaid by the tenant. We are not sure whether it is for the weal or woe of the latter that such should be the case, but it has been incorporated with the statute law of Bengal. Unfortunately for the Mahajan, the Zemindar's lien over the debtor's lands and crops is superior to any other lien which the latter may create in favor of any body else.

Thus conditioned, a fraudulent debtor bent upon evading his just debts hies to his Zemindar, and induces him [either to effect a collusive distraint, or under colour of a collusive rent decree to attach his tenure-crops and all. By this means the mahajan is checkmated, and instances of this are not rare. It frequently happens that over the carcass of the debtor's estate, the mahajan and the Zemindar break many a lance to be sure of the offals.

In Bengal, an organised opposition against the mahajan or Zemindar is styled a *Dharma Ghat*. These unions have become common now-a-days. Every rural commonwealth is divided into twain—by the Dharma Ghat. An earthen pitcher anointed with a little clarified butter and vermillion and adorned with garlands of flowers is set up in a conspicuous corner of the village and consecrated by the priest and worshipped. Such of the rustics as mean to take part in the opposition repair thither to take the necessary vows, and the *Dharma Ghat* is invoked to bless the union. Simple as this contrivance may be, its effect upon the rustic is talismanic. Its religious element embues the rustic mind with zeal and devotion, which had seized the crusaders in the mediæval ages. Murder, arson, plunder and other heinous offences are committed for its sake, and the entire village echoes with the din of peasant commotion. For the nonce, the Zemindar's authority is suspended. For the nonce, the mahajan hides his diminished head. And even the constabulary is sometimes kept at bay. We have heard of instances where members of the Dharma Ghat have willingly died an unnatural

death—that the crime of murder might be laid to the door of the Zemindar or mahajan.

Terrible as the doings of the Dharma Ghats are in some cases, they are generally organized bodies to oppose and obstruct the mahajans' or Zemindars' doings. Theirs' is the policy of 'Boycotting', which has become so much in vogue in Ireland at the present day. But first the mahajan cannot collect his dues. But for it his cases are thrown out as not 'proven'. But for it, his barns are plundered. Woe to the person who does not join the Dharma Ghat. He is excommunicated, and a ban placed upon him and his. He is denied the *Hookah*—that renovator of the social life of the Hindus, and symbolically with it of many other things.

Leaving these *Dharma Ghats* or organized bodies of evaders, we come to review the sort of evasion, which the debtors manifest in our courts. It has several forms but the common forms are 1. Denial of the bond or other obligation. 2. Denial of the consideration or the thing lent. 3. Plea of payment in whole or part. 4. obstacles in execution of the mahajan's decrees.

In regard to the first, our experience is that the bond or other obligation is wholly ignored, when the debtor is unable to write or sign his name. This disqualification is converted into a means of benefiting him in the long run, with a bland face he comes up to the Judge with the intent of inducing him to believe that the Mahajan has taken advantage of his ignorance in getting up a false instrument. In many cases, however willing he may be to admit the obligation, he is prevented from doing so, by his legal advisers. They think that to admit the obligation would be tantamount to wilfully taking a burden on one's shoulders, which no prudent man ought to do. Rather deny the bond whole and entire, reason they, and put the Mahajan in the difficult predicament of proving it, than admit it and take the burden of proving a special plea to neutralize its effect.

To the Judge, the difficulty of deciding the genuineness of the bond is sometimes very great. He finds that the debtor and the attesting witnesses are unable to write their names, and it is only three cross marks in the document which respectively denote the execution and attestation of the bond by a fiction of law. With the aid of these marks the Judge has to determine the genuineness or otherwise of the document, supplemented by the evidence of a wily gomastah and two other debtors of the mahajan.

The second form of evasion viz denial of consideration is occasionally resorted to. When the debtor succeeds in gaining over the attesting witnesses to his side, or when he has the prospect of securing false witnesses—he puts in this special plea. It is very interesting to witness the scene of people who had attested bonds deny them or the passing of the loan. Barring confirmed mendacity, the witnesses either say that the signatures resemble theirs or their memory fails them. Where it is impossible for them to deny the attestation, they say that they attested it at the Mahajan's bidding. When questioned as to the passing of the money or other consideration of a document, their answer is they did not see. This expression 'did not see' *when due* has in Bengali more meanings than one. It includes a want of knowledge on *their* part and not a negation of the fact *in toto*. When you goad them to swear that the consideration did not pass they take shelter in that haven of all perjurers 'non-recollection.'

The third form of evading an just debt is to plead its payment. This plea is generally unsuccessful, and there are good reasons why it should be so. The difficulty of substantiating it is great. As a rule, it is not the mahajan's custom to grant receipts of payment, and when payment is a concoction the debtor must be prepared to put in a fabricated receipt it necessary. The receipt is either a forgery pure and unalloyed, or it is had in collusion with a discarded agent of the mahajan.

But the greatest and most perplexing form of evasion manifests itself in execution of decree and obtained by the mahajan. Sir Barns Peacock used to remark very frequently that in this country, the moment a man got a decree, his difficulties commenced. If this is true any where, it is in the cases of a mahajan attemptive to realize his dues by executing his decree. It is in execution that the obstructiveness of the debtor shows itself like a hydra with a hundred heads and you are at the loss, which to take off first. A false plea of adjustment out of Court a false claim—a resistance to the Bailiff in executing the necessary writ, a proplexing application to set aside the sale, a resistance to the auction purchaser in taking possession of the thing bought in execution—sals shoot forth in every direction till the unfortunate mahajan finds himself in a labyrinth of litigation—from which there is no escape. And in exceptional cases, when he is in view of his goods and hopes to reach it, the debtor keeps him at bay,—by threatening him with proceedings in Insolvency.

Such is evasion of a debtor in Bengal. It has undergone a development which to say the least, is quite abnormal. It has well nigh terrified the mahajan. Hence it is that he is after attesting his bonds by the Registering officer. Hence is it that he is reluctant to give loans unless people stand as sureties. Hence is it that hypothecation of the debtor's property has become so much in vogue. Hence is it that he demands a higher rates of interest commensurate with the risk he has to incur.

THE WONDERFUL MIRROR AND TALISMAN.

AN ADDRESS TO FELLOW SINNERS.

Do not be offended at my addressing you thus, for indeed I do not take up my pen to revile you as you can clearly see that by the above form of address I myself am not excluded. It is no use thinking, ourselves better than what we really are. 'How know you, you ask indignantly perhaps, 'what we really are, more than we do ourselves?' What authority have *you* to call us sinners, and presume to sit as a teacher over us? I tell you sincerely and truly that I in myself cannot teach you and consequently have no intention of doing so. I am nothing more than a unit in the great universal whole of 'sinners.' A blind man cannot presume to lead another, neither can a sinner his fellow. But suppose the blind man has discovered, has received a cure for his blindness, and the guilty an expiation for his crime wherein all his fellow sufferers may be partakers, and be healed and set at liberty likewise; will he not be impatient to tell it? That is just the case with me. I have got a wonderful mirror and talisman combined. The former shows every nook and crevice of the human heart; and the latter is enough to cure any disease with which any part of the heart might be infested. I have found the mirror to be such a true representation and the talisman to cure so effectually, that I cannot rest unless I point it out to you and advise you strongly to get one and *use* it, but most likely you have seen it and have it by you, but disregard it, not knowing its value. Or perhaps you do not believe in its efficacy because it is so old, For It is really old and its name is known to every body which is no other than the Bible. It is God's book. His mirror and talisman given to us. Perhaps you do not believe

it to be so, but I will give you some proofs which if you consider impartially will at least convince you that it is something *different* from all books and all other shastras. Now it can never be, that God has given so many shastras. As He is one, His religion and the way of access to Him must be one also for each and all. There are no different rules or different ways for different people. The Truth belongs to no one particular creed or nation but stands manifest amidst many false imitations, darkness, unbelief, and whatever tries to hide it, for all. It stands immoveable; indestructible, sure and steadfast throughout eternity for you and me. So it is wrong to speak of *your* religion, *my* religion, *their* religion, truth in all, and all given by God. I repeat, *God is one, Truth is one, and the way of access to Him is one for every body.* If you cannot now see how this may be, you believe there is only one God; don't you? Well will you go to Him, without any of your own theories or ideas, go to Him as a helpless, little, ignorant child goes to enquire of his parent, and ask Him to lead you to *the* Truth, that you may no more be "carried about by every wind of doctrine" taking something from this religion, that religion, and inventing as you might suppose a truth of your own? If all religions as you suppose were given by God, then we must accept *all*, work out *all*, and believe in *all*; for God does not make any mistakes, and consequently has not said any thing which will be of no use and might be rejected by us. To the mind of God's people there is only one true religion for the whole race of mankind and that is the Bible. Now let me try and point out to you wherein lies its difference from all other books. Suppose you were to take it up and read it through from Genesis to the book of Revelation what would you find? You should think it a book disconnected in its narratives, too voluminous, dry and hardly to be understood. You might be charmed with some of its promises, Jesus's gentle and loving words, but as a whole it would seem to you though you be the most learned of men, as a

thing altogether incomprehensible. I tell you it will seem so to every body who has not God's spirit within him to aid him in understanding God's truth. This is what the book says, revealing as the faithful mirror that no body without God's Spirit *will* be able to understand it. "What things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual thing with spiritual. But the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned" I Cor II, 13, 14.

But does the book seem dry or mysterious to those who have God's spirit within them? Far from it; rather they look on it as their comfort and stay from whence they draw sweetness and strength every day of their lives. Though they may read it over and over again the interest or the sweetness is not diminished in the slightest degree, but many a time new meanings, fresh comforts, gladden and surprise them, which they had not noticed when they read before. While other books however interesting they be at the first reading, lose their freshness and interest on the second, nay, seem monotonous to read them over again, perhaps an actual trial, the Bible far from seeming to them disjointed and incomprehensible, appears as a harmonious whole, the new Testament forming the key to the old.

If you believe this fact you must admit that the Bible is something different from all other books, though you still persist in disbelieving that it is God's book.

Then in no place can there be found such exact description of the human heart in *all* its phases, which fact has induced me in calling it the mirror of the heart. No body but God can reveal the secrets of the heart, even we ourselves are not cognizant of them as He. We are apt to pass over many things which He as the Holy One cannot bear to look upon. Our own hearts often deceive us, and make sins to appear as no

sins. But when God's finger points them out we are suddenly roused up as it were and look within more earnestly, and consider more thoughtfully and find out our own blindness and His perfect truth. As I have told you before that we have *all* sinned, not a single exception. If there is, then that person will live for ever, he shall never die. Death has no power over a sinless being; as it is written: "Wherefore as by one man (*i. e.* Adam) sin entered the World and *death* by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that *all* have sinned." Rom. v. 12. Further, "The wages of *sin* is death." Rom. vi. 23. You are convinced that all will die; are you not? Well that is the proof that all are sinners how much soever a person may *think* that he is not. Again; "*all* have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Rom. iii. 23. "There is none righteous, no not one." Rom. iii. 10. If we say that we have no sin we *decieve* ourselves and the truth is not in us" I John i. 8, 9. Well, this sin of ours becomes more heinous in some persons when they make themselves appear righteous before their own eyes. This false conceit and pride is the worst of all sins; as long as a person is under its influence, he shall never see his need of a God or a Saviour. He will be self satisfied, and will consider heaven to be his right, till all of a sudden he will find himself undeceived when he wakes up in hell. His case resembles very much that of a drunken man who under the influence of liquor supposes himself to be a king while in reality he is a beggar; and lying in his cool comfortable bed, while in reality he is wallowing in the street mire. As long as he is under the influence of liquor, will he ever believe that he is in the most wretched condition though you may try ever-so much to convince him? So the Mirror truthfully reflects while it says; "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked: who can know it? I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins." Jer. xvii. 9, 10. Ye who want safety and peace tremble to believe the dictates of such a false heart, don't rest while it says "peace, peace"

"when (in truth) there is no peace." We are warned of our danger while the mirror points; "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man but the end thereof are the ways of death." Prov. xvi. 25.

Before I proceed further I should like to address a few more words to any that thinks himself good. He has defrauded no man, wronged no man, is not intemperate, a kind husband, a kind parent, a considerate master, a ready and willing host; is naturally sweet tempered and amiable, can he be a sinner? How? Turn to the mirror and see wherein his sin lies. He lacketh the greatest of all virtues namely, "that he should love the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength and with all his mind." Luke x. 27. Pause at every word and weigh them. Language could not have put it more forcibly. How great must be the love! Will his other good works avail him anything while he is devoid of this? "For whosoever shall keep the whole law and yet offend in one point, he is *guilty of all*." James. ii. 10. But this perhaps is not enough to silence him. I hear him interrupting me saying, "but who told you that I do not love God, I *do* love Him, what lack I yet?" "He that is of God heareth God's words." John viii 47. If we love God we must keep His commandments. You say "just so, and that is what I am doing all my life. My actions are manifest, point out to me what commandment of God I have broken"? Consult the mirror again; "And this is His commandment that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ" I John. iii, 23. Dost thou do this, reader? Believe in Him for salvation? For "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, neither is there salvation in any other" Acts. iv. 12. Then all your other good works will be accepted for they will be the outcome of the indwelling of His Holy Spirit. You are called and led to believe, and by that saving faith of yours you are justified from all your original heart sins: for if you look within, you

will often find that sin is working *within* which though not known to man is manifest in God's sight, and as abominable to Him as any deed sins. It is only through God's grace and the indwelling of His Holy Spirit that the heart is cleansed *after* a person has been led to believe on His Son, and he guards and struggles and puts down his heart sins as much as his deed sins. He can never harbour a thought knowing it is sinful or wicked.

•But perhaps some modernists will say, "yes we believe in Christ, but not as Christians do. We are Christ's Eastern disciples, and must worship and believe on Him in our own way. Friend, there is no way but one for every body, as I have told you before, and that is as it is revealed in the Bible. Both eastern and western must bow under its direction and suit themselves to it. We must not expect that God should change and suit Himself to us. He will never do that. Does the Bible lay down divers rules for divers people? I believe not. Some say that Christ has appeared unto them and has changed the former rules and given them a new dispensation. But this is nothing but an invention of the "father of lies" to deceive people. The mirror has not left us without warning. "Then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there; believe it not for there shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; insomuch, that if it were possible they shall deceive the very elect. Behold I have told you before." Matt. xxiv. 23, 24, 25. "There is but one Lord, one faith, one baptism" Ephe. iv. 5. Nobody in the Bible ever baptised himself, so those who do it, must have a separate baptism. The faithful mirror speaks loudly to warn us. "But though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." Gal. i. 8. "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in the Christ of the Bible," Matt. xi, 16. nor attempt to swerve from the rules laid down in it. "Whosoever

shall break one of the least commandments and shall teach men so; he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven." Matt. v, 19. "Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the *old paths where is the good way*, and walk therein and ye shall find rest for your souls." Jer. vi. 16.—Because my people hath forgotten me, they have burnt incense to vanity, and they have caused them to stumble in their ways from the ancient paths, to walk in paths, in a way not cast up." Jer. xviii. 15. Beware of new fangled doctrines, *new* dispensations &c.; they are dangerous and you don't know where they might lead you to. *Stick to the old paths*, and you will be safe. All that is necessary for us to lead us to God, all that is required of us to know and do, all is revealed in God's holy book. Don't ask for new signs to lead you to believe them. The people of old did the same but were refused. "There shall no sign be given unto this generation but the sign of the prophet Jonas." Even if new signs were, accorded it would have been of little good to them. It would not have been sufficient to break their stubborn and hard hearts and make them to believe God's truth. Dives anxious that his relations might not come to the same place where he was, asked for the performance of something out of God's laid rules, thinking that might help them more in accepting God's truth; but was answered "If they hear not Moses and the prophets neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead" Luke. xvi, 31. So you see God will never give way to satisfy your whims. You must put them all aside and take God at His word if you want to be happy.

This warning is to the few who acknowledge Christ, but are too proud to bow to Him in the way as Christians do, they would fain be called by a new name and invent a way of their own. This is foolish, the Bible belongs to no one class of people, but to all, and those who will follow Christ, must be called after His name as the people in the Bible were called (*i. e. Christians.*) Acts. xi, 26.

There are the majority however who ignore the Godhead of Christ altogether. They would think Him to be a saintly person, not more. Alas! *Must* they leave "the fountain of living waters, and hew them out cisterns broken cisterns which can hold no water?" Jer. ii, 13. They would fain have the peace and hope of the Christian but will not submit to the God-given way of obtaining it. They would build places of worship ascribed to God, would sing hymns, offer up prayers, and imitate Christians in every way, leaving out the essential of it (i. e. Christ.) The God whom they think they worship has Himself said concerning Christ. "This is my beloved Son; *hear him.*" Mark. ix, 7. They will be deaf to all that He says, and go on believing in the delusion that God is accepting their worship. They are disobeying and veneration at the same time. Beware of this kind of audacious proceeding friend, before it be too late.

Let us search the mirror and see whether it apprizes that there will be such persons who would be offended if not in anything else, in accepting the doctrine of the Godhead of Christ. This they can never understand and so they think impossible to believe. The doctrine of the Triune God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit three in one and one in three, "none afore or after the other, none greater or less than the other" which the Holy Scriptures reveal and the Christians believe, is to them a complete mystery and since they cannot fathom it, they think they are justified in rejecting it. One can never be more mistaken, than those who think thus. Neither I nor any Christian who believe in this doctrine are able to fathom it. Can any human learning, any scientific researches, any amount of *our* reasonings, be equal to fathom the infinite God when He chooses to keep any thing hidden from us? Is it right to try to keep God within the limits of *our* comprehension? Foolishness could not be greater. The glass in which we drink water might as well think itself sufficient to hold the ocean itself, as

we poor sinful creatures think ourselves capable to understand God. If man could do that, he would be no longer man but as God Himself. Can the lower animals ever enter into our reasonings? Can the child know all the motives of the Parent's actions? If the child would take upon himself to ask the parents the why or the wherefore they have told or forbidden to do such and such things are they bound to give him the reasons always? Would he not rather be termed an impertinent child for making such enquiries? He and would be told simply to obey not to ask reasons. If without heeding the parent's warning he should do what is forbidden him, simply because *he* could not see why they did it, would he not come to grief? God is infinitely high over us. We are mortals, He is immortal, we are sinful, He is holy, we are finite in knowledge, reasoning, wisdom and every thing, while He is *infinite*. Our powers are limited, while He is omnipotent. What foolishness then in trying to bring all His sayings and doings within the modicum of *our* comprehension? He knew that that will be one of our weak points, our drawback in coming to Him, (i.e. the wish to fathom all His sayings which He does not desire that we should understand now;) therefore He has plainly said that He *will* be mysterious, ("what I do thou knowest not now but thou shalt know hereafter." John xiii. 7) and we must believe Him, trust in Him, where we cannot trace Him, Can you not be so far humble O creature, just to trust thy Creator? Can you not bow before your God and say I am ignorant, make me to believe thee where I cannot understand thee? What is faith? A person is not supposed to exercise it when he has seen or known a thing Let the mirror speak; "Now faith is the substance of things *hoped for*, the evidence of things *not seen*" Hebrews xi.i. This exercise of our faith is for this side of the grave; "for when this corruptible" (or corrupt body) "shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality," *then* we shall understand God fully. Look at His condescension and mercy, He does not want more from us than that we should wait till?

He reveals Himself to us. He could have justly maintained His superiority and dignity by not letting us understand Him at all. But no, as a friend is in confidence, so *He* has condescended to give us His confidence that when we go to Him in heaven we shall understand him fully. Is not this enough? Will you still harden your heart and stiffen your neck to believe? Oh, do not this I beseech you, for you will sadly rue. Look at the hope of all His believers. "For *now* we see through a glass darkly; but *then* face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as I am known."

O creature beware of putting up your pigmy reasons to understand your Creator. Beware lest your wisdom as you now call it, be proved at the tribunal of God as the grossest of all foolishness (i e that *man* should ever attempt to fathom *God*;) the most impossible of all that is impossible.

Mark, how the mirror reveals that though men will try to resist God's truth still it will go on doing its work, bringing all the elect of God under its influence. "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God. For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent. Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world"? (Yea verily they shall find themselves utterly foolish who boast in their wisdom now.) "For the Jews require a sign and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ Crucified unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto, them which are called both Jews and Greeks Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God. Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men and the weakness of God is stronger than men." I Cor: I, 18, 22, 23, 24 and 25th.

Again, "to the one we are the savour of death unto death (i e to those who do not accept Christ as their Saviour and the *only* way by which man might be accessible to God but laugh

and ridicule the idea thinking that those who hinge their salvation on Christ are out of their minds—the name of Christ without saving them will be the cause of their ruin because they accept it not.) “And to the other the savour of life unto life. II Cor: II. 16.

“Wherefore also it is contained in the Scriptures, Behold I lay in Sion a chief corner stone, elect, precious: and he that believeth on Him shall not be confounded. Unto you therefore who believe He is precious: but unto them which be disobedient, the stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner. And a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence, even to them who stumble at the word, being disobedient.” I Peter II 7 8, 9. God has purposely given us a mystery just to see our trust and faith in His word. *It is His will* that “Christ should be the way, the truth and the life.” Have you the power to gainsay Him? Have you the power to say I could not understand your revealed way, so I rejected it, and invented another? I tremble to think of your fate if you go on in your hard-heartedness and unbelief, well for you if your reasons stand when God will bring you into account why you rejected His proffered salvation. That will be no excuse for you to say that it was put forth so vaguely in the Bible that you could not perceive it. It is so plainly revealed that it will be sheer madness to say that. If you have not found it so yet I will just put together a few passages so that you may know them before it be too late.

This knowledge that Christ is God, equal with God and that He is the Saviour of mankind, nay more personally *your* Saviour, *your* Redeemer, will give you true peace and happiness, and will prove your talisman in every emergency. Perhaps you will laugh at this statement, thinking you are peaceful and happy already, and do not want any Religious orthodoxy thrust in upon you with the usual assertion that it will entitle you to heaven and give you

real peace. You will say this is always the way with religious professors and this one is nothing but one of them. Thus thinking you will cast back these words that I address to you with impunity behind your back and go on in your pleasure seeking or your own invented religion till like the sadly mistaken drunken man of whom I have mentioned before you wake up, (Oh! solemn thought) *too late* to find your error or amend your ways. Though *you* in your blindness cannot see your wretched condition the mirror truthfully reveals it nevertheless, when it says: "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful and the end of that mirth is heaviness." Prov: xiv. 13.

"He that liveth in pleasure is *dead* while he liveth." I Tim. v. 6.

But to return: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," St. John's Gospel I, 1. This 'Word' here alludes to Christ. I advise you to read the whole chapter through that you may see it more clearly. Again not only Christ was with God from the beginning but that He is the creator of all. You will find these words in Eph. III, 9. "And to make all men see what is the fellow-ship of the *mystery*, (Mark God *does* deal with us in mysteries often,) which from the beginning of the World hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ." In proof of this I must cite another passage; it is rather a lengthy one but lest you should neglect in looking over the Bible through carelessness I must put it before you. "Giving thanks unto the Father which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son. In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins. Who is the image of the invisible God. the first born of every creature. For by Him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones,

or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by Him and for Him: And he is before all things, and by Him all things consist. For it *pleased* the Father that in Him should *all fulness* dwell." St. Paul's epistle to the Colossians i. 12th and following verses.

O! take this fulness, this perfect supply, this talisman for whatever need you have, no where will you find this *perfect* filling *such perfect cure*! Come, taste and see. I assure you your experience will prove more than what I have told you. Don't go against God's plain declaration deluding yourselves that heaven will open to you and God will welcome you, unless you take His revealed way. "I am the door" (says Christ.) "I am the way, the truth, and the life, no man cometh unto the Father but by me." St. John's Gospel x. 9 and xxiv, 6. "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater" for this is the witness of God which He hath testified of his Son. He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God, hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." I Epistle of St. John. v, 9, 10, 11, and 12th verses. As soon as man sinned and brought himself under condemnation. God thought of rescuing us from the power of sin and Satan by His Son who from the beginning was with Him in heaven. Throughout the Old Testament this plan of God is revealed. Christ must make an atonement for sin ere the sinner be accepted by God. The obedience, the purity, and the holiness of which man fell short must be made up in our stead by Christ our substitute and Daysman. And our sin, our impurity, and vileness must all be laid upon Christ who (blessed be His name) will suffer, has suffered in our stead. By this way both the sinner is justified, and sin received its due. This is the atonement, this is the propita-

tion for our sins. Read Isaiah liii. I Tim. ii, 5, 6. I John ii, 1, 2 verses. God has found a ransom in the person of His Son. He suffered and died for us. By His blood we are cleansed from all our sins as it is written, "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all Sin." I John i. 7. After we are thus cleansed we can be fit for the presence of the Holy God who cannot look upon iniquity. Space would fail me to adduce here all the passages relating to this wonderful redemption. In fact the whole Bible is full of it from beginning to end. Nothing but the thoughtful reading of the whole, under the guidance of God's Holy Spirit will enable you to see the height and depth, the length and breadth of God's love for the whole race of mankind. As you go on reading it you will find many things mysterious and incomprehensible which God means to be so for the present, until you go to Him in heaven and know everything. Wait and bow to His decision, and see if you do not realize all the blessings it promises to all God's people. See if you cannot rise above the changes and chances of this mortal life, its pain, its sickness, its adversity and poverty and say with all God's people: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my Salvation." Habakkuk III chapter 17 and 18th verses. "If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things? Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril or sword? As it is written, "For thy sake we are killed all the day long" (so Christ's faithful followers would be despised and set at nought, because the world will find them so orthodox, so illiberal that they send every one to hell who do not believe in Christ, this is too much for the world and they cannot believe that salvation could be obtained only by that way.) "We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all those things we are more than conquerors through Him that loveth us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God,

which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Romans viii 31st and following verses. "I would have you without carefulness." "Casting all your care upon him for he careth for you" I Peter v, 7. I Cor : vii 32. A person who claims for himself this privilege of making God his sympathizer, his friend, can he ever lack anything? Can anything ever mar his happiness? This and nothing short of this will be your portion O friend. Believe God's word. Don't be your own enemy and work against your own happiness. I beseech you be ye reconciled to God, I cannot do more than put before you the truth, if after that you reject it you will bear the consequences. If you want to read the Bible with one who has proved all its sweetness, I can mention you some who are only waiting to minister unto your wants. I will give you their names and address in a separate slip and I am sure you will be quite welcome there.

SACONTOLA DUTT.

THE STORY OF THE SINGING BIRDS.

No. I.

Aunklilannessa, the peerless queen of the Caliph Houranal-rashid was passionately fond of singing birds. The grand vizier, by way of compliment to her taste, presented the princess with two of them on her birthday, which she caused to be hung up in her bedroom, in silver cages, so that, every morning as soon as she awoke she might be greeted with their melodious chant. One night it so happened, that the Caliph who had gone out on his usual round, stayed beyond his usual hour, and the princess, who had fallen asleep, suddenly waking up and finding her bed empty, looked quite uneasy, and instead of going to sleep again lay tossing on her bed and giving vent to her anxieties in incessant sighs. The disturbance roused the birds in the room, and the bolder of the two the kakila thus addressed the princess:—"Fair princess! the absence of thy lord for a few hours only, has made thee, so sad and restless: think how unhappy we must feel, who have been kept away from all those we love, shut up in this room here, for so many years, where we do not see, so much as the leaf of a tree, or hear the sweet rustle of the summer breeze. Take pity on us, princess, and as thou dost hope to see thy lord again, set us poor captives free?" The princess, who was not prepared for such a strange request at first looked a little surprised but as soon as she had recovered, she promised, to grant their prayer, on condition that they

entertained her with stories of their lives. The terms being agreed to the Kakila thus commenced:—Far away in the land of Abyssinia, there rises a beautiful hill all green with vegetation, having a limpid stream warbling at its feet. On the summit of this hill, there is a small palace, where lived a princess and her mother, all by themselves, without even a single slave to attend. Only once a year, there would come several of them, in very rich dresses bearing on their heads, flour, oil, raisins and a skin of wine, which the thrifty mother very carefully laid by and sparingly used. The princess though fair as the morning and beautiful as the day always looked sad, and would often sit and weep mixing her tears with the waters of the fountain, that bubbled in the court yard. But notwithstanding her sadness, she would often come and amuse herself with her birds, of which she kept a good number and it seemed from her manner, that she had singled me out for her special caresses. Often she would allow me to scramble up to her shoulder and there feed me with grains of pomegranate. She would call me by all sorts of tender names, adjust my feathers and give me all sorts of indulgence.

Her gentle treatment so won me over, that notwithstanding that she was my jailor, I came to have a sort of affection for her. I used to feel very sad when I saw her weeping, and one day when I found her more than usually melancholy, I sidled up to her and pecking her cheeks playfully with my bill, asked her what ailed her ‘Silly bird’ she said ‘would my sorrows be the less by one jot, by my telling you about them.’ ‘Yes’ said I, ‘the load would be better borne by two than one.’

The princess smiling compliance thus began:—‘I am the daughter of a mighty prince and the wife of a prince mightier still. My father who used to call me Gulnush loved me with exceeding love, not only because I was his only child, but because I could sing and play beautifully on the lute also. Often in the cool of the evening when my father would drink his sherbet, he would call me and spend the evening listening to me and my lute. One evening it so came to pass that my father fell into a nap while I was playing, and finding the page who used to bring his sherbet, and wait on him all the time I sung, looking very woe begone, I asked him in a whisper why he looked so sad. The page who used to be called Aboo instead of answering me, fell on his knees, and forcibly taking hold of my hand, put it to his lips. The strange behaviour of Aboo so startled me, that my lute dropped from my hand with a loud *crash* which awoke my father. Finding us in this position he sprang up in a rage, caught hold of the

young slave by the throat, and calling loudly for his guards flung Aboo off, upon the floor, with a force, which I was afraid would maim him for life. The guards came up in the meanwhile, took up the poor boy and were ordered to strip him naked, flog him within an inch of his life and then throw him into a dungeon. All this time I was trembling in every limb. My father at length came up to me and taking me gently by the hand, told me in a stern but gentle tone, not to come into his presence any more. Finding remonstrance useless, I went immediately to my mother inside the harem, with my hair all loose, and two streams of tears flowing down my cheeks. My mother who loved me very fondly took me up in her arms, and with many kisses asked me what the matter was with me. I was so choking with passion that I could hardly make her understand, how for no fault of mine I had been commanded by my father not to see his face any more. Months passed off, in this way when one day my mother came and told me, every thing had been settled about my marriage and that I must be prepared to receive the great and mighty prince of Abyssinia as my husband and lord. There was no help for it she said. For ever since the prince of Abyssinia had come of age he had been warring against my father, and the grand vizier hearing that he had lost his principal quan had gone over to him and arranged the marriage as the only means of keeping peace between the two kingdoms. And though I was loath to leave my mother whom I loved very much, I had to part from her, when the prince came and took me to his harem as his chief queen I was quite young at the time, but the prince my husband was a little advanced in years. And though on account of his gentle manners and kind disposition, I came to like him exceedingly, I could never bring myself round to be fond of him.

Sometimes when I sat alone with my maid Momina, the vision of Aboo would flit across my remembrance, and then I thought how happy, had I been, if my position allowed me to share my fortune with him. I would often reproach providence for having made me so grandly miserable. I often fancied that if I tried I could see the poor page, and with a view to this I entrusted Momina with my secret promising her a very handsome reward on the event of her bringing tidings of him. Not long after this, one morning, just as I was opening my window in the morning, I was surprised to see an arrow shot into my room, bearing a full blown rose on its point, with a black beetle embedded in it. I called Momina to my side, and asked her if she could tell me any thing about this strange

incidence, but as momina could not, we both fell to wondering, who could have had the audacity to shoot arrows, into the chamber of a queen, and for what purpose. The next day also, just as I had lifted the lattice of my window, an arrow of the kind I have described whizzed in. The recurrence of the affair, led me to think seriously on the matter. Once I made up my mind to speak to the prince about it. But then again I thought, I would clear the mystery myself, and then if it was worth while telling to let the prince know about it. All this while I had a presentiment, that Aboo might be living and might have adopted this strange way of signifying his presence. Under this impression I called Momina and told her to get up next day early in the morning and take her station outside the Harem gardens, just opposite to the window and find out the person who shot the arrows, and if it so turned out that Aboo was the person, to tell him in my name I wanted to see him! Next morning Momina with a downcast face came and reported that unluckily she happened to feel into a heavy sleep towards the morning and could not therefore do as she was bid. I got very much annoyed with her, but as she was the depository of my secret I of course could not reprove her. I only told her to be more careful the next day and come to me with a better report. Away she went next morning, but came back with no better result. She kept repeating her visits and the arrows kept pouring in till the morning of the seventh day when Momina came back with gladness in her face and reported that she had found out the person and it was Aboo. My heart leapt up with joy and at the very next moment, I felt a depression, as I pondered over the impossibility almost of introducing him into my apartment. Momina was very short in stature, and it was no use devising means to usher in Aboo disguised in her clothes. So Momina and I lay our heads together and after much pondering hit upon an expedient which served our purpose very well next morning. Momina came into my room with a kite of monstrous proportion, being some eight feet long and ten feet broad, with a very strong silk cord attached to it. This we both managed to fly in such a way, that it kept right above the tree, that faced my window, outside the garden. Towards evening we began to draw in the string and just as night came on, the kite heavy with dew fell upon the tree. Aboo had been apprised of our arrangements and he had only to tie the other end of the cord to the tree and slip down by means of it inside the harem gardens, and when he would be once in, it would be no great matter, to haul him up the window, which was not very high, by means of

bed sheets. But how to get rid of the guards, this neither of us had calculated upon. An idea however came into my head, that if I invited them all to a grand dinner, the grounds could be kept clear of them for some hours at least. Accordingly I directed Momina to get up a very grand dinner, and invite all the guards telling them, that as it was my mother's birth-day I expected all of them to come and eat as much as they could. Our plan had succeeded so well, that long before night, I had the happiness to find Aboo safe in my chamber. After the moments given to surprise were over I feigned to be angry with him, for daring to shoot arrows into the chamber of the queen of the mighty prince of Abyssinia. At this he felt a little disappointed, as he came rather prepared for a kinder reception. To re-assure him, I said in a gentle tone that every thing would be forgiven if he truthfully told me his purpose, in discharging his arrows with such curious emblems. He replied he knew not, why ever since he saw me he had been trying to be of service to me, and that if I could only use the roses and beetles in the way they were meant to be used, they would do me a world of good. He then told me to take the seven roses and the seven beetles, boil them in seven measures of water, over a slow fire for seven hours, and then put the liquid which would look very black into a phial, seal it up and keep it under ground for seven years and use it as he would direct. Just as Aboo had come to this point of his narrative, Momina came rushing into my room and told me that the guards had finished their dinner. There was no time to lose, and however reluctantly I let Aboo down, without hearing his story to the end, and told him with many protestations to come the next night in the same way and tell me all about the Matter and the story of his life. Luckily for me the next day was the birth-day of the prince himself, and there were grand fire works, and dancing and music and eating and drinking. So that the guards of the harem, were more engrossed with the festivities of the occasion, than with their duties. It was therefore not at all difficult for Aboo to fulfil his promise, nor was there any apprehension on my part, of an interruption to our sweet conversation.

Aboo accordingly came at the appointed hour and after the usual salutations thus began his story:—This dungeon, in which I was thrown by your father was also tenanted by a Dervish well stricken in years who for some crime or other against the state had been condemned to imprisonment for life. Seeing me pining away day after day he began to regard me with compassion, and learning the story of my misfortune, told

me that if I ever got out of the dungeon, I could get all I desired, if the lady for whose sake I had been confined would take seven roses and seven black beetles, prepare the liquid according to the direction I gave yesterday and put seven drops of it into a fire after seven years, without touching the liquid, for if a single drop only, fell upon any part of the body, the whole body would instantly turn black. And the dervish said that no sooner the liquid touched the fire, a mighty genie should appear, who would do all he should be bid to do, and that this could only take place once in seven years. After becoming the master of the secret of this talisman, I longed to be set free, but as I could not see any possibility of it, I had begun to regret the knowledge of a secret, which made me miserable until I could use it, when the keeper of the dungeon appeared one morning and told me I was free, in honour of the occasion of the marriage of the king's daughter. The pleasure I felt at my release was only equalled by my desire to have an interview with you. But the more I tried, the more hopeless I became, till I hit upon the expedient which has resulted in this happy meeting. No sooner had Aboo finished than Momina rushed into my room, all in a tremble, and announced that the fire works had been ordered to take place in the garden, under my window, and that the king and the grand vizier were coming into my apartment to witness the spectacle. I was quite at a loss what to do. There was no closet at hand where I could stow away Aboo, neither was there any time for deliberation. So I hastily put Aboo underneath my bedstead and requested him to keep very quiet for the sake of both our lives. The king and the grand vizier came in and after the usual formalities took their seats. I had almost brought myself to believe that I had tided over the danger when luckily a squib let off, by some inexperienced hand, came shattering and whizzing into the room. The grand vizier apprehending that missile might seek its destination in his clothes leapt up from his seat, and thinking the bedstead a likely place of refuge ran underneath it for shelter. And falling foul of Aboo who was crouching under it, 'Alla Akbar' he cried, what do I find here a man in the bed-chamber of the princess. These words were no sooner uttered than the prince who had been enjoying the consternation of the grand vizier, ran up to the place, dragged Aboo by the throat, called out for the guards; to whom he made the poor page over, to throw into a dungeon. He then approached and said "Wretch! You know the punishment for infidelity is death, and death you would have had, had this not been

my birthday, which it would ill become me to tarnish with blood. Go therefore into exile, where you shall not see the face of a human being except your mother's, all the days of your life." With that he commanded the grand vizier to carry out his orders into execution. I said nothing, but had recourse to tears the only argument we hope to use with any degree of advantage. And hither the grand vizier conveyed me and here I have been living these seven years, without any hope of testing the virtues of the talisman which fortune had put into my hand. 'Fair Princess' said I 'if you have so much honoured me with your confidence, favour me still further by telling me where I could find the phial containing the liquid and the place where Momina lives, and give me leave to try what I can do to restore you to happiness and liberty. The princess though she did not seemingly expect any good to come out of my adventure, still told me that the phial was buried under a young olive on the northern side of the garden, gave me, Momina's address, and bade me good speed. After a weary journey of three days, I reached the capital city of Abyssinia, and after much search and many questionings, found out Momina, whom I acquainted with the state of the princess and the object of my mission. I told her where the phial was buried and asked her to use her utmost cunning to get possession of it. Early next morning, Momina went to the gate of the king's seraglio, and told the guards that her only son was on the point of death, and that a dervish had prescribed the root of olive, planted on the northern side of the garden as the only means of saving his life and that the root must be taken out by herself before noon. Momina's disshevelled hair, tears and other outward symptoms of grief, gained credence for her story. She was accordingly led to the garden where feigning to take up the root of the olive tree, she unearthed the phial, and hiding it in her clothes, came out safe to her lodgings. Betimes next morning, we set out for the residence of the princess and arrived there after three days. The joy of the princess in recovering her lost talisman was only balanced by her meeting with Momina again. After the moments of surprise and delight were over, and after we had refreshed ourselves with a substantial refection, the princess called us all together, to witness the experiment with her talisman.

A fire was lit in the largest room of the palace and seven drops of the liquid were scrupulously counted and dropped into the fire. No sooner was this done than a thick dark smoke began to fill the room which in a short time settled into the form of a genie as high as the ceiling. We were all

confounded and were brought to our senses only by the Genie demanding what we wanted of him. The princess asked him to free Aboo from his dungeons and bring him, to her presence, furnish her with a full retinue of slaves, provisions, garments and equipage, worthy of the first princess of the world. The genie immediately vanished, and before even we could recover from our surprise, all that the princess had desired, were set before her. Aboo was married to the princess and there was comfort and happiness all over the place. But there was one source of discomfort which the princess took very much to heart. Her marriage had not been blessed with any offspring and she determined on the anniversary of the seventh year, to exercise her talisman again, with a view to get a child. The day after the seven years were over we had all again assembled and the princess began to drop the liquid into the fire. The seven drops had only been found out when another drop incontinently was about to drop out, to prevent which, the princess hastily drew aside the mouth of the phial. The sudden jerk, caused a portion of the liquid to fall into the fire and another portion on my body. My body instantly to the grief of the princess and the confusion of all besides turned black. The princess consoled with me on the loss of my white plumage and coral legs, and after some months with many tears, gave me leave to return to my home and kindred. Ever since that memorable day, my descendants have turned black, and though they possess the sweetest voice in the world, they always hide among the leaves of trees, lest people should cease to admire them, if they saw how ugly they looked." The princess seemed pleased with the Kakila's story and getting down from her bed, took the cage to the window and there unfastening the latch let the bird out.

JIM.



THE
BENGAL MAGAZINE.

No. CXVII.

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MODERN CIVILIZATION.

I have, dear reader, taxed your patience to the uttermost, and it is time for me to conclude. I am glad to be able to do so with a word of advice such as may prove grateful to you. If you ever visit London, do not fail to pay a visit, and a couple of shillings, to Madam Tassaud's establishment, which is one of the wonders of the place. Enter one evening the gate which overlooks one of the most fashionable of its streets, go up a staircase somewhat spiral, pay down a shilling, and get into the large and illuminated Hall. You see before you groups of wax effigies, representing the great ones of this world, effigies so life-like that I mistook one for a living man, and was about to speak to him. You advance a few steps, and you find yourself surrounded as it were by crowned monarchs, jewelled princesses, noble ladies in all the bloom of beauty and fashion, and heroes, legislators and sages in all the pride of clasps and stars. The most conspicuous stand in front shows Her Majesty seated on a throne, and her courtiers and ministers standing in a semi-circle around her, all in uniforms more or less gorgeous. Conspicuous among the latter is the statesman, who in this era of enlightenment has the folly to believe in truth, honesty and fair-dealing, and

who moreover is not ashamed to speak a word, albeit now and then, in behalf of downtrodden races and oppressed nationalities. The sight perhaps suggests a series of thoughts, pleasant as well as sad, to your mind ; and you stand wrapped up in meditation before her whom you gladly look up to as your sovereign, who, apprized of the unutterable poverty and degradation of your countrymen in general, would probably shed a tear of sympathy and maternal sorrow. But your reverie is agreeably interrupted by sweet strains of music emanating from the central stand towards the left, the only stand in the Hall which instead of being adorned by a group of wax effigies in a blaze of gold embroidery and jewellery, presents a piano and some other musical instruments as its adornments. And as under its influence you walk slowly and lingeringly along the aisles, you see group after group of effigies representing regal pomp, hereditary greatness, intellectual eminence and moral excellence. You pause before one of these brilliant groups, and you are informed that the effigies before you represent the royal family of Prussia, the king emperor, the Queen Empress, the princes and the princesses. Close by are the statesmen of Prussia headed by Prince Bismark. You pause before another, and find that the life-like image represent the royal family of Austria, the Emperor, the Empress, the princes, and the princesses. Close by are the statesmen of Austria in their gorgeous uniforms. As you walk to and fro, lingering before the leaders of the human race, but in admiration of the noblest specimens of beauty, elegance and taste, as well as the noblest representations of genius and intellectual prowess, you think perchance that you are in fairy land, some region which forms a connecting link between heaven and earth. And if you leave Madam Tas-saud's establishment after having explored this illuminated Hall, you ought to be told that you have only seen its bright side. It has a dark side, and it becomes you to see it. Walk along the aisle towards the right, lingeringly fixing your gaze

on a female face of exquisite beauty and loveliness, till you come to a small door. Pay down another shilling, and walk in. Within you find yourself surrounded by wax effigies of the most noted thieves, robbers, garroters, murderers, the most noted scoundrels and blackguards of Great Britain and Ireland. Here you see the man, who made himself notorious by decoying females into sequestered places with promises of situation, and by robbing them when brought thereby out of the way of easy detection. There you see the villain, who distinguished himself by a series of robberies of the most daring description; while yonder you see the rascal who rose to unenviable notoriety by inbruing his hand in the blood of men, women and children ruthlessly murdered. In a word, you find yourself in a comparatively dark room among figures fitted to recall to your minds some of the darkest crimes committed in Great Britain and Ireland. But the darkest crimes committed in France and on the continent are represented in a small room adjoining this long apartment. The first thing you see on entrance into this room is the guillotine with its axe crimson with a thick layer of human gore, and a human head placed underneath with blood marks around it, as if to show the wonderful facility and success with which the formidable instrument above has done its duty. The walls around this most frightful memento of the revolutionary period of French history are covered with ghastly pictures of torture, and, as you look around with the blood curdled in your heart, you see the varied well-known instruments of torture, the boot, the thumb-screw the rack on which poor, unfortunate victims have their limbs dislocated, the tongs by which their eyes were plucked out and in the agony of your spirit you cry—Where is the optimist who presumes to affirm that the world is in a natural condition?

Now comes the application. Life in Christendom has a dark as well as a bright side. And as one can not have a

comprehensive, complete view of Madam Tassaud's Establishments without looking into the apartments behind its grand Hall, so we can not have a comprehensive and complete view of life in civilized countries without examining its dark as well as its bright side. But travellers are rarely in a position to undertake or conduct such a thorough-going examination. Some of them are very fortunately circumstanced; and they associate with the good, and see only the bright side. They are full of praises and commendations, but the view they present is, like the view they themselves had, is decidedly onesided. Others again are by no means very favourably circumstanced; and they go in and go out amongst the bad, and see only the dark side. Their criticism is cynical, carping and condemnatory; but it is not worthy of entertainment, inasmuch as it is also one-sided. Let it moreover be observed that natives of civilized countries are as a rule in a position by no means more favorable to calm, unprejudiced enquiry into national peculiarities. A man or a woman knows a great deal about the narrow circle in which he or she moves, and very little indeed of that which is beyond. His or her opinions therefore fairly represent the peculiarities noticeable in a particular circle, but not those which may be met with beyond its precincts. If the circle happens to be one of good people, he or she will be tempted to generalizations of a very cheerful stamp, while if the narrow spot happens to be "damned" he or she is likely to jump to conclusions of a very sombre type. I found this illustrated in varieties of ways in America. In a sea-side summer resort I saw ladies and gentlemen in the bloom and thoughtlessness of buoyant youth enjoying a sea-bath together, and I must confess I felt shocked. But a gentleman belonging evidently to a refined society assured me that though the intercourse between the parties on such occasions was apparently objectionable, there was never exchanged a word or expression which the most fastidious critic could

represent as indecent or even improper. I had to silence the gentleman by asking why, if such were the case, watering places were infamous, and ladies in such places needed chaperons to look after them. He moved in a very polished circle, and most naturally he was tempted to generalize the refinement of intercourse he had noticed therein, and make that national which was only the characteristic of a small section. On the other hand I overheard a conversation carried on by a couple of men, who evidently represented a degraded class, though respectably dressed and apparently very well-to-do. One of these worthies having mentioned the name of a woman who had proved unfaithful to her husband, the other impatiently and vehemently exclaimed:—"they are *all* bad: there is not a single chaste woman in America"! The gentleman,—for such his splendid watch and chain proclaimed him!—was scarcely aware that by such an off-hand, sweeping assertion he was attaching a stigma to the reputation of his own mother and sister. And if the natives of a country, those born and bred up in it, are not in a position favourable to a broad and comprehensive view, calm inquiry and unbiassed judgment, foreigners have a poor chance indeed of arriving at a correct estimate of the virtues and vices of the land they visit, or travel through with railway speed! It is therefore very difficult for them to avoid one-sided views and statements only partially correct; but if they follow rigidly a fixed rule, and never swallow wholesale anything and everything they hear or even read of in books of travel or newspapers, they may arrive at conclusions on the whole sound and satisfactory.

The civilized countries of Europe and America have a dark, and a very dark side. No wonder! Every body knows the proverb,—Under the lamp, it is the darkest. There are millions of people in these favored lands who are deliberately sinning against light. The ancient Greeks and Romans held the truth, as the Apostle affirms, in unrighteousness, and God

gave them over to a reprobate mind, so that they fell into vices which we cannot mention without a blush—which of course in the case of black fellows like ourselves means a peculiarly dark color!—and through them into a state of degradation so dark that the mind refuses to dwell upon it. The unfaithful and the wicked in Christendom hold a measure of truth, larger by far than what was vouchsafed to the most polished of ancient nations, in unrighteousness. Is it a wonder that they sink deeper into vice, and go down into depths of degradation even lower? There is licentiousness in some parts of Christendom more unblushing, vice more degrading, and crime more daring than is noticeable anywhere in non-Christian lands. And the refined way in which chicanery and fraud are practised, and crimes perpetrated is never thought or dreamt of outside the pale of civilisation. Take for instance the following example. The Queen is driving in her state-carriage along one of the streets of London. Crowds of spectators, anxious to see and salute Her Majesty line the favored street on both sides. A pretty little girl nicely dressed comes to one of them, a fine-looking and respectably clad gentleman who has a splendid watch and some other valuable things in his pocket, and says with childlike simplicity and amiableness—"Sir I have never seen the Queen"! The gentleman instantly, because instinctively, takes her up in his arms, and shows her the state carriage and its principal occupant. But before she thanks him with tears of gratitude in her eyes, the generous spectator is very kindly and dexterously relieved of the superfluous load in his pockets! The science of picking pockets has in no non-Christian land been carried to such a degree of perfection. Hundreds of such instances may be adduced to set forth its high degree of development,—but one more will suffice. A gentleman was travelling in a railway carriage towards a particular city in England. We shall call him A to distinguish him from another person apparently a gentleman who step-

ped into his compartment, and whom we shall call B. The travellers went on, each intrenched behind the formidable barriers of British taciturnity; but after they had been some-time together, they gave up their reserve, and entered into a conversation. B introduced himself as one whose trade had for years been that of a pick pocket, and who looked upon A as not very wise in having his bank-notes about his neck under his neck tie. A taken by surprize enquired how he could possibly know the secret. The answer was that A had passed the palm of his hand around his neck frequently during the short time they had been travelling together, and thereby given a clue to it. B satisfied A's growing curiosity by circumstantially relating the various ways in which he had carried on his nefarious trade. A listened entranced, and came to the conclusion that the veteran pick pocket was after all a boon companion. "Do you know any thing about garroting?"—A enquired, "That has been a special branch of my trade"—was the prompt reply. "How do they garrote?"—asked A. "Just in this way,"—said B catching hold of A's neck gently. "I hope I am not inconveniencing you"—said B politely. A's reply was—"oh no! not in the least." The train mean while came into a station, A was down on the floor of his compartment wonderstruck, and B was gone. The guard opened the door and said—"Three quarters of an hour for refreshment." "Hang your refreshment," said A with emphasis "where is the man gone with my banknotes?" Knowledge is power, and may be employed in picking pockets, cutting throats, as in multiplying the comforts of life by new inventions and discoveries. And with the resources of superior knowledge within reach blackguards in Europe put to shame their rivals in Asia in the refinement of the various expedients by means of which they gain their objects.

Then how are the results of Christianity to be appreciated or estimated? In estimating them, we must draw a broad line of demarcation between what human nature has done

and is doing in Christian lands, and what Christianity has accomplished within their precincts. Human nature is the same every where, and civilisation merely gilds, but cannot possibly regenerate it. Under varieties of circumstance, it assumes varieties of types, but its motive principle, selfishness, is the same in all lands and all conditions. When conjoined with conscious power, as in the case of the European nations, it is seen in alliance with pride, haughtiness, spoliation, robbery, acts of oppression and outbreaks of tyranny. When allied to conscious weakness, it appears in association with duplicity, dissimulation, acts of treachery and feats of perfidy. European hauteur is the product in unregenerate European nature of conscious power; and Asiatic treachery is the product in unregenerate Asiatic human nature of conscious weakness. It is very easy to denounce in sharp language Asiatic duplicity and cunning, or European pride and haughtiness; but it ought to be observed that what we denounce in either of these two cases is human nature, which is the same every where, and which appears in different ghastly or lovely forms under different circumstances. Who will stand up and affirm that European human nature or human nature concealed under a white skin is better than Asiatic or African human nature, or human nature concealed under a black skin? Who again will stand up and affirm that the forms in which it generally appears in civilized countries are more amiable or less objectionable than those in which it appears in semi-civilized or barbarous lands? Are pride and haughtiness less detestable in the sight of God than treachery and perfidy? Are acts of tyranny and oppression less execrable than the dishonourable and mean artifices by which these are averted and neutralized? A storm of indignation was raised when the Afghans rendered a treaty nugatory by murdering the British ambassador and his party. But really is that act of perfidy more condemnable in the sight of God than the act of wanton aggression of which it was the legitimate fruit? When

Europeans, therefore, express their abhorrence of Asiatic treachery, they forget that they have in what may in one sense be called their national character traits as detestable in the sight of God as what they evince their hatred of. They moreover forget that if the circumstances of Europe were transferred to Asia, and those of Asia transferred to Europe, the vices of Asia would be seen in Europe, the vices of Europe in Asia. Let that therefore, which is the putrescent source of national vices or ethnological aberrations condemned, rather than the vices and the aberrations themselves. Let human nature, in plain English, the same every where, and the perennial source of all varieties of vicious peculiarities, be condemned in unequivocal terms, and national denunciations be scrupulously avoided.

Again, the proverb, that a man who has holes in his coat should not reflect upon those of another, should not be forgotten by our Anglo-Indian critics. The Revised Version has left the fundamentals of our religion, and even the external garment or drapery in which they have appeared for ages unaffected. But a passage here and a passage there, or a few passages here and there have been represented as passages of doubtful authority. With reference to one of these it were to be wished that it had not been placed within brackets, the passage, we mean, in which the story of the woman caught in the very act of adultery is embodied. The saying ascribed to Christ—He that is sinless among you, let him cast the first stone—is too valuable to be lost along with verses which we can easily dispense with. If the Lord Jesus Christ were in the world now, as He was eighteen hundred years ago, and if the Afghan people for instance were brought before Him as a people caught in the very act of gross perfidy, what would be His attitude? Would He not say to the nations around Him—let the nation that is sinless among you cast the first stone! If you, good civilized people, accuse us of dissimulation and treachery, are we not at liberty to fling at you your prover-

bial pride and haughtiness? If you point to the bribery in our official circles, and affirm that we are as a nation degraded, are we not at liberty to denounce your bribery before a magnificent scale of salaries rendered in on your part unnecessary, or the corruption which is the bane of your electoral system? When your national history is disfigured by foul blots, such for instance as forcing opium upon China at the point of the bayonet, a crime of which no Asiatic race has been guilty, a crime so dark that a darker can scarcely be conceived, you have no business to denounce peoples whose vices are the legitimate fruits of the tyranny and oppression to which they have been subjected for centuries and ages untold. The Christian's attitude should be self-examination. And he should never forget, either in his own case or in that of the nation he represents, the wholesome warning conveyed in the words:—For with whatsoever measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again!

If I were to stand up and say—Look at Christian lands and you will see the unutterable excellence of our religion, the reader would most probably and justly cast in my teeth their pride and haughtiness, their mutual jealousies, their frequent quarrels and wars, their contempt for inferior races and irresistible tendency to rule and oppress them, and the whole host of vices and crimes by which they are disgraced. Again if I were to stand up and say—Look at modern civilization and see the immeasurable superiority of our religion,—the reader would probably and justly fling at me its most questionable features, and affirm moreover that civilization of a pretty glorious type had been developed side by side with corrupt systems of fetishism and polytheism. It is a notorious fact that modern civilization is disgraced by a degree of selfishness and Mammon-worship, as well as by refinements of vice and crime, which had better not be mentioned at Gath; and that a very high order of civilization flourished in ancient Egypt when the dog was worshipped in one of its cities, the

goat in another, the cat in a third and the crocodile in a fourth ! I therefore request the reader to use little discrimination, to separate the wheat from the chaff, to distinguish between the trophies of Christianity in Christian lands and the dark achievements of human nature within their borders. A similar discrimination ought also to be made use of in the case of modern civilization, in which we see certain glorious features stamped by Christianity side by side with those for which it is indebted to unregenerate human nature. Many of the triumphs Christianity has achieved in what may now be called its home, in its present rather than original home, have appeared in the body of these papers. It is enough here to indicate them in a serial order. One more remark is needed *viz.* that we are to speak only of those triumphs of Christianity which are *peculiar*, and which have not their parallels in non-Christian countries.

1. The first of the peculiar triumphs to be mentioned is the development in these lands of a public opinion of a very exalted type. What a gap there is between the public opinion of the country at large and the public opinion of the educated community in India. The public opinion of the country at large is not opposed to the continued degradation of the masses, caste distinctions of the most invidious type, slavery and serfage, despotism and oligarchy, polygamy and female ignorance combined with seclusion, looseness of morals among members of the stronger sex, and malversation in office. But all these evils are theoretically, if not practically opposed by our educated countrymen, who speak of the idolatry and low types of worship upheld by the country at large with merited contempt. But where have our educated countrymen got the new ideas and sentiments which induce them to set their face against customs and institutions, which have been prevalent in the country from time immemorial ? From a system of education which has been matured under Christian influence, under the shade, so to speak of traditions and asso-

ciation generated and fed and strengthened by Christianity. When the indigenous public opinion of the country, that which has grown up under the shade of the national faith, is placed side by side with that which is being matured among educated natives, how low and grovelling it appears! But there is a gap nearly as wide between the public opinion of the educated community in India and the public opinion of England and America. The traditions by which character is matured in the best circles of society in Protestant lands are as far, or nearly as far above those to which the homage of our educated countrymen is paid, as *their* ideas are above those held sacred amongst our countrymen in general. How wide then must be the gap that separates the public opinion matured by Christianity and that matured by Hinduism! One example will suffice. Koolinism with its polygamy of the most fearful type, its matrimonial trade and frightful demoralization is scarcely, if ever, condemned by any but our educated, English-speaking countrymen. But the indignation of all America is most decidedly directed against Mormonism which is not half so impure and demoralizing! There are wrong things done in Christian lands, and done sometimes by good people; but these are done in spite of, and apart from the gaze, so to speak, of public opinion, which never sanctions the slightest departure from the laws of rectitude and the rules of propriety.

2. The superiority of Christianity is seen moreover in the prevalence of ideas of God and religion as far above those current in India or any other non-Christian land as the heaven is above the earth. How low are the ideas of God and religion current amongst our countrymen! God is almost universally represented as the author of sin, and religion is said to be a matter of form, consisting in obedience to caste rules and a round of ceremonial observances. And as to proper ideas of sin, salvation, regeneration of the soul and sanctification of individual, domestic and social life, they are foreign

in the most striking sense of the term. Christianity has popularized some of the loftiest of religious truths, and a peasant or even a child in a Christian land has ideas of religion, to which heathen philosophers are utter strangers. Where, except in Christian lands and among persons conversant with the religious literature of these lands, do we find the doctrines of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man universally held? Where, barring these lands and these persons, do we find the necessity of regeneration recognized? An approximation to heavenly holiness and felicity represented as attainable in this life? And the fulness of joy for conversion as held in reserve for the believer in that which is to come?

3. Again, the excellence of our religion is seen in the bright churches of Protestant countries, and rational forms of worship represented by them. How irrational and absurd are the forms of worship through which the devotional feeling of the country finds an outlet! How much of disorder and noise is associated with them;—how much mummerly and tom-foolery, not to speak of the indecency and obscenity linked indissolubly to some of them! No attempt is made in Hindu temples to rouse the devotional enthusiasm of worshippers, except through the medium of the senses;—nothing is done to lead to their enlightenment and sanctification, the illumination of their minds and the purification of their souls. Nothing is said or done to awaken the unconverted and bring sinners back to God. Varieties of prayers and praises are muttered in an unknown tongue, or a tongue unknown to the assembled worshippers, and varieties of dead forms are gone through amid the clang of cymbals and the despairing music of kettle drums. What a contrast between these forms of worship, and that which intensifies and exalts our devotional feelings by means of hymns understood and appreciated by the worshipper and music of a stirring character, which lifts up the soul to an intelligent communion with

God, by prayers offered up in words equally understood and appreciated by Him, and which enriches the mind with stores of religious knowledge as well as elevates the spirits by eloquent exhortations and fervid appeals. Nor must it be forgotten that sacred shrines in Hindustan are, as a rule; scenes of impurity and filth. While they attract vice, the temples of worship in Christendom repel them. Vicious people cluster as a rule around the Hindu pantheon; but they as a rule instinctively flee from the church of Christ, as darkness flees from light!

4. Special services held in Protestant countries, particularly in America, for the purpose of converting the unconverted and promoting holiness among the converted are fitted to set forth the excellence of our faith. One feature of life in America I have not had an opportunity of dwelling upon, its love of healthy recreation exhibited in what is in India called an annual exodus to cooler resorts. These resorts are rising up with the rapidity of the prophet's gourd like American cities and towns, in all parts of the United States;—are rearing their clusters of neat cottages by the sides of large lakes, on the shores of the resounding sea, amid the solitude of dense forests, and in valleys smiling under the shade of lofty mountains. In the summer months they present a sight not much unlike that presented by the holy shrines of India when throngs of pilgrims gather around them;—gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen strolling along sequestered walks, loitering around booths set up temporarily to sell candies and fruits, gracing the tables of well-furnished hotels at meal times, and crowding the amphitheatres and auditories reared for religious meetings of all descriptions. "Where have you been rusticated all this summer?"—The question is sure to be put by one lady to another when they meet after the close of this universally appreciated season of change and relaxation. But ladies and gentlemen do not only rusticate in these resorts;—they have ample opportuni-

ties of profiting spiritually. Ministers of the Gospel are busy in these temporary abodes of recreation, which but for their earnest efforts might prove demoralizing; revival meetings, or meetings the object of which is the conversion of souls, and holiness meetings, or meetings the object of which is the sanctification of the believer, are held; and an influence essentially hallowing is sent abroad, so to speak, through their instrumentality. Nor are special services of this description confined to sea-side resorts, summer retreats and mountain sanatoria;—and through their instrumentality conversions have been multiplying year by year, and lofty standard of piety and godliness has been realized in the Churches. Meetings like these, or meetings having their object the conversion of the sinner and the sanctification of the believer, are not even known in non-Christian countries.

5. In the earnest efforts put forward to instruct children in religious truth, and exhort them lovingly to piety and practical benevolence, we see another feature of the excellence of our religion. The Sunday School system is one of the greatest wonders of the age. Who can estimate the good which is being accomplished by the innumerable Sunday Schools in Protestant countries, or form an adequate conception of the thrilling influence that emanates from the example and disinterested labors of the prodigious body of teachers by whom their good work is carried on. If I mistake not there are upwards of a million of Sunday Schools more in Christendom and upwards of ten millions of teachers connected with them, labours worthy of their hire, but who never even dream of receiving pay for the immense trouble they take in bringing up boys and girls in the tender years of childhood in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. A body of literature, moreover, specially adapted to further their great work, has been raised up by men of talent and learning, who, while engaged in enlightening and instructing men and women of education, have not considered it beneath

them to spend precious hours in composing and compiling books fitted to benefit the little ones. Add to all this the unique spectacle of millions of boys and girls carefully taught, rooted and grounded, along with representatives of all ages above theirs, in the facts of Christianity, and the doctrines and principles associated with them; and you will be found to exclaim that a grander sight the world has not witnessed! But this phenomenon is nowhere presented in non-Christian lands, where little children are classed with brutes, and declared envious of either mastering the vital truths of religion or leading a really religious life.

6. In the graduated scale so to speak of the benevolent associations at work in these countries another feature of the superiority of our faith is presented. These associations rise, as I have more than once said, in ascending series from those at work among little children up to those at work among men and women hoary with age. Where, apart from Christian countries, do we see little children leading a pious life, earning in varieties of ways and giving money for the benefits of their own and distant lands, and forming associations which indicate philanthropy of the broadest type? Where but in Christian lands, do we see men and women in the bloom of youth earnestly engaged in carrying substantial benefits, as well as messages of love, into the dark abodes of poverty, and wretchedness brought about by courses of life exceedingly vicious? Where, but in these lands, do we find men and women of all ages and all conditions spread abroad as valiant champions of truth, each trying by means of private devotions and public demonstrations to put down sin, and charming susceptible hearts into virtue and godliness? Where but in Christian lands, do we find fabulous sums collected and disbursed with the sole object of spreading religious truth at home and abroad, in raising up a voluminous literature fitted to do such work, and in spreading that literature through the instrumentality of

gigantic societies, splendid book stores, small clubs of philanthropic men, and itinerant colporteurs? And where, but in Christendom, do we find the source of all religious literature, the Book embodying God's revelation, or what is believed to be such, published in innumerable tongues, and innumerable editions, and still more innumerable copies, and scattered broad-cast along with such works as are calculated to elucidate its contents, through the media of gigantic societies, and innumerable establishments of all kinds, from those of colossal down to those of tiny proportions?

7. The excellency of our religion is moreover seen in the prominence enjoyed so to speak by Benevolent Institutions. These are of various kinds, such as homes for the protection and education of orphans, homes for the poor and the destitute, establishments for the education of persons of both sexes afflicted with congenital blindness or congenital deafness and dumbness, establishments for the reclamation of the drunkard, penitentiaries, reformatories, Magdalen Houses for the reclamation of fallen women, and Lazar Houses for the recovery of the sick and wounded. In what non-christian countries do we find such varieties of benevolent institutions maintained at such a tremendous cost for the benefit of persons, whom the ancient Spartans would have thrown into what may be called a valley of bones from the top of a precipitous hill? Some years ago I had the pleasure of visiting Agra along with a very amiable non-Christian friend. We saw the sights of the place together, and then visited the Secundra Orphanage, the inmates of which were then most fortunately for us celebrating their Christmas eve festival. We passed through an illuminated wall, and entered illuminated Hall within which we saw rows of seats for the orphans placed in front of rows of chairs reserved for visitors, and a large harmonium between the two sets of seats. The agreeable business of the evening commenced, the harmonium sent forth sweet strains of music and a hymn was sung by a choir of orphan boys and

girls to its tune. My susceptible friend burst into tears, and said, when the exercises were over,—“The best thing I have seen in this imperial city is this!” If my friend had gone with me to America and Europe, (I mention the places in the order in which I visited them) and looked into the colossal establishment, maintained in these continents at a cost of sums which may justly be called fabulous for the benefit of suffering humanity, he would have instinctively exclaimed—“Such sights are never seen in Asia,—in any non-Christian lands!” A word about penitentiaries and reformatories. The idea of helping the needy, the blind, the halt, the widow and the orphan is not unknown in non-Christian lands, though one does not see it embodied in institutions of the sort referred to. But the idea of reclaiming the drunkard, of making the licentious of both sexes chaste and the thief honest, and in one word of reforming all sorts of criminals by causing religious influences to bear upon them is *unknown*, or all but unknown in these lands. And this very idea, apart from the institutions and agencies in which it is enshrined, or the noble efforts to which it has given, and does give birth, is an evidence, clear though invisible, of the superiority of our faith.

8. The bright homes of Christendom indubitably prove the superiority of our faith. Several things combine to constitute the excellency and joyousness of these homes. Among these the varied advantages of æsthetic culture and the comforts multiplied by civilization occupy no mean place. Then in his journey through this vale of tears the Christian meets these advantages and these comforts; and the religion, which spurns them away and delights in asceticism and moroseness, the present age has very justly cast overboard. I have had no hesitation in affirming again again that if Christianity were opposed to culture of the broadest type, culture of man's æsthetic nature as well as that of the other elements of his soul, and opposed moreover to a multiplication of the com-

forts of life, I should consider it my duty to renounce it as a form of superstition behind the age. But Christianity is favourable, not inimical, to the elegancies and comforts by which the homes raised under its influence are enriched and brightened; and it is either a misapprehension of its scope or downright selfishness that opposes them! But the thing, to which the brightness of Christian homes is to be traced next to all-pervading piety, is the position occupied therein by woman. She is the mistress, the queen of her home, not a prisoner or galley slave in it. She is the authoress of its refinements, the centre of its attractions, the course of its endearments, and the fountain of its joys; and but for her ceaseless activity, her accomplishments and charms, her conversational powers, her playful humour, her smart reparties and brilliant flashes of wit, it would be as dull and dark as homes in India are. The brightness, moreover, of Christian homes is to be traced, not merely to the elevation of woman to her proper position in them, but the depression of the sort of piety of which John the Baptist was the type, and from which the glorious transition was effected by the Lord Jesus Christ. Fastings, vigils, penitential tears, the lank hair and the sour face of the Puritan, the mortification and the penances of the monk—these are no more allowed to mar the beauty and blast the felicity of domestic life. Pleasant conversation, easy anecdotes, flashes of humour and wit, and the exuberance of enjoyment indicated by demonstrations beginning with bright smiles and ending in ringing laughter—these are the accompaniments of Christian piety as it is developed in these days, and they are so many elements of the cheerfulness, the joyousness, and the glory of Christian homes.

9. And lastly the excellency of our religion is seen in its success, not merely in rearing up the best forms of social life and the brightest homes the world has seen, not merely in the triumphs of humanitarian activity achieved under

its influence, but in the loftiest types of character matured by it. The types of piety raised by the religions of the world are dark and dismal. Monasticism and asceticism in combination with direst culture, mortifications, penances, the obscuration of the mind and the spirit and the maceration of the body, are the forms of piety held in reverence in non-Christian lands, and in Christian lands, where our religion is professed, but not understood. Religion in these regions is a matter of external forms, extreme exercises, and external inflictions. Its vital elements, love of God, purity of purpose, sanctification of the inner man, light in the mind, joy in the soul emanating from faith, hope and charity, are not even thought of. A man or woman externally not separated, or scarcely separated from the devotees of the world, but with feelings, desires and aspirations essentially different from those by which they are animated, living in the world but not of the world, fleeing from the relationships and avocations of life, but hallowing them by his presence and influences, passing through inevitable trials and exactions with a faith ever triumphant, a mind ever hopeful and a spirit ever consecrated, holy and full of heavenly felicity, such as is attainable even in this vale of tears—travel from Dan to Beersheba in heathen lands and you will never find such a character. But such characters are by no means rare in Christian lands. I had myself the honor of coming across not a few in the course of my travels in America and Europe; and I have the honor of being closely associated in Mission work with some who may be represented as fair specimens of the sort of piety Christianity matures in lands in which, and among persons by whom its sway is acknowledged.

Before I pass on to general conclusions I consider it desirable to raise the question—why christian piety is bright and luminous, rather than dark and sombre? Because Christianity is light and love, and surrounds its professors with an atmosphere of light and love. The Buddhist for instance

has no right to rejoice, and cannot, if he is a sensible man, rejoice. He looks behind him, and what does he see—no God ! no light ! All is dark ! He looks above—all is dark ! He looks around—all is dark ! He looks within—all is dark ! He looks forward—all is dark ! He is in the midst of darkness which has no bounds, interminable, thick and thickening darkness ! How is it possible for him to rejoice ? The Christian lives in an atmosphere of light and love. He looks behind—all is light and love ! He looks around—all is light and love ! He looks above—all is light and love ! He looks within—all is light and love ! He looks forward—all is light and love ! Do we not see why the apostle calls upon him to rejoice, and rejoice evermore !

Now to conclude our argument. When from the degraded political condition of our country we look up to that of peoples, who, like those of England and America, are prospering amid the fulness of national independence and political liberty, we really look up to a higher platform of political life. When again we look up from our social customs and institutions, which are more or less crystallized, and thoroughly non-progressive, to those to which the homage of civilized nations is paid, we really look up to a higher platform of social life. And so when we look up from the low level of the moral and spiritual degradation represented by our country to the plane of moral earnestness and spiritual vitality, to which those who in Christian countries are faithful to the plenitude of light vouchsafed are elevated, we really look up to a decidedly higher platform of religious life. Let it moreover be observed that the plane of spiritual excellence to which these have been raised is much lower than that to which Christianity is fitted to lift them up. And therefore when from the height already attained, we look aloft towards that which may be attained, and is in time to be attained under the influence of our holy religion, we can scarcely resist the conclusion, that, while all its rivals are of the earth, earthy, it is of heaven, heavenly !

I can not bring this series of papers to a close without referring to a notion current among our Anglo-Indian fellow-subjects in general, viz that a visit to England is likely to "spoil" a native of India. He is, they affirm, placed by it under circumstances of a positively demoralizing character. He is treated as an equal, made much of, lionized in public meetings and private parties, and loaded with the varied tokens of a generosity which may justly be represented as romantic. Besides his merits are overestimated, and his performances, literary or oratorical, are spoken of in terms of praise more or less extravagant, specially in America where puffing is resorted to even in the most sacred of matters. Under such circumstances is it a wonder if he is bloated with an idea of his importance, and frets and grumbles when brought back to his original position. Now I do not maintain for a moment that the transition on the part of a native of India from contempt to a treatment, not merely just, but generous, such as is realized when he passes from this into a European country, does not exercise over him a demoralizing influence. It is very difficult even to think of a circumstance or a conjuncture of circumstances, which does not tend to spoil a human being. Even the extatic, joys, which he secures by prayer, meditation and close communion with God have confessedly a demoralizing tendency. All extremes demoralize man, poverty and wealth, ignorance and learning, sickness and health, honor and dishonor, good report and bad report. So it would by no means be a matter of wonder if the exuberance of kindness received by native visitors in England or America were to tend to spoil them. But those, who on this account deprecate their move towards these seats of civilization, ought not to forget that their present circumstances are still more demoralizing. They are held in contempt, treated as inferior animals, excluded from society, laughed at when they adopt manners and customs less degrading than those in vogue amongst their countrymen, and ana-

thematized when they stand up for rights which are prescriptive and inalienable. Does not such treatment tend to spoil them even more decidedly than the little extra kindness shown them as strangers in England and America? But we maintain that people who have been to these seats of civilisation have improved in the most favorable sense of the term, rather than deteriorated. When they refuse to be treated as inferior animals, or stand up with folded arms before men whose superiority consists in the color of their skin, rather than anything else; or when they evince a thirst for the refinements of civilisation produced by actual and agreeable contact with them; or even when they adopt improved manners and customs and are thereby separated apparently and to some extent, even really from their countrymen, and assimilated, more or less, to the ruling class, are they demoralized? Does not a good system of education in the country tend to bring them where they are found when they return from a trip to Europe? Are there not homes and families in India, raised amongst the natives by the influence of imported civilization, which are in some respects even ahead of the homes and families raised by men, whose minds have been expanded by a temporary residence and extensive travels in civilized countries? The truth is—the evils anticipated by those, who discourage visits to Europe on the part of natives, are inseparable from the civilizing influences, which are already at work in the country. The only standpoint they can consistently occupy is—Western civilization is *not* for the natives—just as a gentleman is said to have once affirmed with emphasis:—quinine is *not* for natives!

But while there is very little chance of Indian travellers being demoralized in Europe and America, even by the little extra kindness they receive the chances for the complete demoralisation of European and American travellers in India amount almost to a certainty. They are here surrounded

by circumstances, which, according to the late good Bishop Cotton, tend to direct on "the tyrannical elements" of their nature. They live in a style ten times more sumptuous than what would in nine cases out of ten have been their lot if they had never left their native lands; and they are honored by kings and noblemen and looked up to as demi-gods by the generality of the people. How soon are their heads turned! How soon they develop into swells and ape the stiff formality of petty princelings, become impatient of contradiction, opposed to free speech, prone to tyrannize, and ready to see for personal advantage the political and social degradation of the country perpetuated! How completely they are denationalized, demoralized,—nay even dehumanized! And yet the gentlemen, who weep when a poor native has an opportunity of being treated as an equal by the white man in his own home, never discover the slightest anxiety, when their own children come to the country at a time of life when their heads are easily turned! Are we to conclude that, being demoralized themselves, they have lost that discriminating faculty, which might enable them to see, that while a native visiting Europe stood a great chance of being improved and very little indeed of being spoilt, a European coming to India was all but sure to deteriorate, and could escape deterioration only by a miracle! Of course we don't apply these remarks to those really good friends of India, who, while they manifest a little apprehension when there is chance of a poor native visiting civilized countries, never hesitate to help him on by their instructions and their counsels, and not unfrequently in a more substantial manner. All honor to these gentlemen! My heartfelt thanks are due, not only to my native brethren by whom I was elected, but to those kind-hearted Missionary friends by whom I was helped to carry out the wishes of the church I had the honor to represent in foreign lands; and I can not think of the exuberance of kindness conferred upon me in these lands without tears, and an ardent desire to prove worthy of it by a renewed consecration to the service of the Lord!

RAM CHANDRA BOSE.

SINNER'S PRAYER.

—:O:—

1. Father, father, from thy throne
Oh hear my humble prayer,
A wretched sinner all alone,
And chased by long despair.
2. I have been led to evils' way,
But tried by sin and grief,
I turn to thee, thou sinner's stay
In hope of kind relief.
3. With tears to thee my voice I raise,
Oh mighty God, forgive,
My sins though great, though small my grace,
Thy grace hath power to save
4. But if to suffer be my fate,
Contented make thou me,
That I may bear my woes though great,
The penance comes from thee.
5. Oh ! through my life be thou my guide,
Wherever I may stray,
Through life's dark ways and perils wide
Oh heavenward point my way !

B. DUTT.

The above is the unaided production of a Hindu girl fourteen years old. Ed. B. M.

A CHAT ABOUT SOME RECENT POETRY.*

We purpose to have a chat with our readers about some recent volumes of poetry. Our object is less to criticise the volumes than to make a few extracts, which will for once throw on our ordinarily prosaic and sombre pages

“the gleam

That never was on sea or land.”

And first let Mr. Swinburne speak.

By the North Sea.

Miles, and miles, and miles of desolation !

Leagues on leagues on leagues without a change !

Sign or token of some eldest nation

Here would make the strange land not so strange.

Time-forgotten, yea since time's creation,

Seem these borders where the seabirds range.

Slowly, gladly, full of peace and wonder

Grows his heart who journeys here alone.

Earth and all its thoughts of earth sink under

Deep as deep in water sinks a stone.

Hardly knows it if the rollers thunder,

Hardly whence the lonely wind is blown.

Tall the plumage of the rush flower tosses

Sharp and soft in many a curve and line

Gleam and glow the sea-coloured marsh-mosses,

Salt and splendid from the circling brine.

Streak on streak of glimmering seashine crosses

All the land sea-saturate as with wine

Far, and far between, in divers orders,

Clear grey steeples cleave the low grey sky ;

Studies in Song by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Chatto and Windus. Poems and Ballads. Second Series by Ditto. Chatto and Windus. Or. Viol and Flute by Edmund W. Gosse. 2d Edn. Chatto and Windus. Ezekiel and other poems by B. M.—T. Nelson and sons. The Morn that Cometh. J. S. Virtue and Co.

Fast and firm as time-unshaken warders,
Hearts made sure by faith, by hope made high.

These alone in all the wild sea-borders

Fear no blast of days and nights that die.

Can any thing be finer than the stately sweep of these magnificent lines. How the words seem to revolve one upon another! It may be doubted if in the whole range of English poets any one ever attained that perfect mastery over rhyme and rhythm that Mr. Swinburne possesses. Listen again—

Two Leaders.

O great and wise, clear-souled and high of heart,

One the last flower of Catholic love, that grows

Amid bare thorns their only thornless rose,

From the fierce juggling of the priests' loud mart

Yet alien, yet unspotted and apart

From the blind hard foul rout whose shameless shows

Mock the sweet heaven whose secret no man knows

With prayers and curses and the soothsayer's art ;

One like a storm-god of the northern foam

Strong wrought of rock that breasts and breaks the sea

And thunders back its thunder rhyme for rhyme

Answering, as though to outroar the tides of time

And bid the world's wave back—what song should be

Theirs that with praise would bring and sing you home?

II.

With all our hearts we praise you whom ye hate,

High souls that hate us ; for our hopes are higher,

And higher than yours the goal of our desire,

Though high your souls be as your hearts are great.

Your world of Gods and kings, of shrine and state

Was of the night when hope and fear stood nigher,

Wherein men walked by light of star and fire

Till man by day stood equal with his fate.

Honour not hate we give you, love not fear,

Last prophets of past kind, who fill the dome

Of great dead Gods with wrath and wail, nor hear
 Time's word and man's; 'Go honoured hence, go home, ,
 Night's childless children; here your hour is done;
 Pass with the stars, and leave us with the sun.'

Is it not a pity that one who has such a genius and can write so well, should write in this vein? Is it not a misuse of his powers? What is the plain meaning of these two sonnets, beautiful, we admit, as regards their structure and style? It is simply this. The Christian religion is out of date. Cardinal Newman and Mr. Gladstone though good men, no doubt, are old 'fogies'. "Night's childless children! here their hour is done." The new dispensation has come. Not the new dispensation of our worthy friends of the reformed Brahmo Somaj, but another new dispensation of which Victor Hugo is the high priest, as may be seen from another sonnet in the book. "And man by day stands equal with his fate," that is prepared to face the *neant* and perish like the beasts of the field. Are you not enchanted, the poet enquires, with the sublime idea, and do you not long to join these children of the dawn? Thanks. We prefer the old ways and with Dean Alford are "content"

"Content and thankful for occasion shown

To make old worship and old faith our own."

Hear a gentler harmony breathed on "Viol and Flute."

What a relief there is, in the change of atmosphere. Here, at least, there is nothing to reprehend, and very, very much to praise.

Mistrust

The peacock screamed and strutted in the court,

The fountain flashed its crystal to the sun,

The noisy life of noon was just begun,

And happy men forgot that life was short;

We two stood, laughing, at the turret-pane,

When some Apollo of the ranks of Mars,

Crimson with plumes and glittering like the stars,

Galloped across below, and there drew rein.

To see so confident a man-at-arms
 My heart sank suddenly from sun to shade,
 But she, who knows the least of Love's alarms,
 Laid one soft hand upon my throbbing wrist,
 And in her eyes I read the choice she made,
 And anger slumbered like a tired child kissed.
 How beautiful ! Listen again.

Eavesdropping.

While May was merry in the leafy trees
 I found my fair one sitting all alone,
 Where round our well the long light ferns had grown
 So high, so deep, that she was drowned in these,
 And her bright face and yellow buoyant hair
 Scarce peered above them, where she sat and read,
 Flecked by the leaf-lights wavering overhead,
 A great black-letter book of verses rare ;
 Wherein our Chaucer, years and years ago,
 Wove the sad tale of Cryseyde untrue,
 And Troylus yearning with a broken heart ;
 At last, she, sighing, shut the rhythmic woo,
 And let her sweet eyes dream against the blue,
 And swore she would love truly, for her part.

The piece reminds one of Coppée's "In the Orchard" so happily translated by Miss Toru Dutt and is even more delicate. Modern poets generally give us mere splashes of colour, but Mr Gosse's painting is perfect in all its details, and we should quote more from his book if our space had not been limited.

Mr. Gosse is mentioned in several of the recent English newspapers, as likely to be the next Professor of Poetry at Oxford. It is certain he well deserves the honour. He has now in hand a book on the poet Gray, to be published in the little red series which has already given us Myer's Wordsworth, Trollope's Thackeray, and Huxley's Hume.

After the two poets let us have two poetesses. Ezekiel and other poems is a volume by B. M. and is published by T. Nelson and sons. It is certain that B. M. is of the gentler sex and the proof is that she has the word *sweet* in every poem in her book. In 'Ezekiel' the first poem, we find the word *sweet* just twenty one times, in the next poem 'Coming' three times, in the next poem 'Night Service' twelve times, in the next poem "The Man at the Gate" twice, in the next poem 'The Hebrew Mother' ten times, and so on to the end. But in spite of the recurrence of the word 'sweet,' and of certain mannerisms, B. M. must be admitted to be a poetess of rare merit. Look at the following which we have taken the liberty to curtail a little by omitting some of the stanzas.

The Desire To Depart.

"Hadad said unto Pharaoh, Let me depart, that I may go to mine own country. Then Pharaoh said unto him, But what hast thou lacked with me, that, behold, thou seekest to go to thine own country? And he answered, Nothing: howbeit let me go in any wise." 1. Kings XI. 21. 22.

And thus our hearts appeal to them,

When we behold our dearest rise,

And look towards Jerusalem

With strangely kindling eyes.

"What have ye lacked, beloved, with us,"

We murmur heavily and low,

"That ye should rise with kindling eyes

And be so fain to go?"

And tenderly the answer falls

From lips that wear the smile of Heaven ;

"Dear ones," they say, "We pass this day

To Him by whom your love was given ;

And in His Presence clear and true,

We answer you with hearts that glow,—

No good thing have we lacked with you—

Howbeit, let us go!"

And even as they speak, their thoughts
 Are wandering upward to the Throne.
 Ah! God, we see, at length, how free
 All earthly ties must leave Thine own.

The Morn that Cometh is anonymous, and is published by J. S. Virtue and Co. There can be no doubt that the writer in this case also, is of the gentler sex. She has evidently not published any thing before, but she has equally evidently talents which require only time and exercise to be developped. All the faults that may be expected in a young and unfledged writer, are more or less in her. Look at this.

“Lo! Everywhere hard-hearted selfishness holds iron rule
 n high and low; but the rule of force and cruelty by vain
 and conceited mortals is as execrable, in the judgment of
 Heaven’s King, in the sanctimonious fool, glorifying himself,
 and reposing in unfeigned self-adoration, as in the imperial
 potentate, madly crushing kingdoms for his self-aggrandize-
 ment, and hiding his policy with a thin veil of hypocrisy;
 for God looketh to the *spirit* and judgeth not by outward
 circumstances, nor by the power which He hath given for the
 expression of man’s will, but by his heart and intention
 pp. 26. 27.

Printed so, would you take that for verse?

Look again at this—

Like to a child
 Scared by a troubled dream, or demon vision,—
 Deeming its mother’s kiss the captor’s clutch,
 Seizing it for its prey,—
 Now screaming wild, now gasping horror struck
 In dumb convulsion,
 Till wakened up by fond caress
 From agony to bliss,
 And sweet surprise,
 To find himself,—safe, resting on his mother’s breast,

And meeting her glad eyes, and tender love,
 Smiling away all fear;
 So, doth the righteous wake
 Up from life's troubled dream of grief and woe,
 And persecution—from the demon's power—
 To find themselves in heaven;
 Safe, leaning on the bosom of their Lord,
 Past all the ills of mortal life,
 Its sins and sorrows, terrors and turmoils

pp. 37. 38.

There is a want of condensation here. Would you have the same thought more tersely and vigorously expressed? Read "Cowper's Grave" by Mrs Barrett-Browning. Here is what the veteran poetess writes,

"Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she
 blesses

And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses,—
 That turns his fevered eyes around—' My mother ! where's my
 mother ?'—

As if such tender words and deeds could come from any
 other !—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er
 him,

Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love she
 bore him!—

Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave
 him,

Beneath those deep pathetic eyes which closed in death to
 save him."

But in spite of these and such blemishes, there can be no question that the writer of ' The Morn that Cometh ' has genius. Her mind is a well-balanced and thoroughly religious mind ; and we shall be very much disappointed if we do not hear of her again. Her book as a whole, is worthy of much praise. To counteract the poison of such great poets as Swin-

burne, we want younger men and women to spring up like the writer of *The Morn that Cometh*. They must restore that healthy religious tone to English poetry which it is fast losing, if indeed it be not irretrievably lost.

On whom is the laurel to descend after Tennyson ?

Greener from the brows

Of *two* who uttered nothing base.

If Robert Browning should be the survivor, he, no doubt, will be the Laureate's successor. But otherwise? Will it be Morris, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, or the Earl of Lytton? Hardly any of these,—Swinburne least of all. His rancour against the Christian religion, and his constant diatribes against 'queens without stings, scotched princes and fangless kings' make him wholly ineligible. Surely under the rule of a Queen the laurel might appropriately and gracefully deck a female brow. We have no more a Hemans or a Barrett Browning, it is true. But are there not as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it?

G.

REALITIES OF INDIAN LIFE.

VIII.—THE UNCLE AND HIS NEPHEWS.

It was an October night, and the bells were ringing merrily in the house of Mohima Chunder Roy, an extensive and influential zemindar of Dacca, who was celebrating the *Satanarayan poojah* with great eclat. There was a large assemblage of guests, and the sounds of welcome and rejoicing filled the air. Some of the guests were witnessing the *poojah*; others were partaking of the *prosad*, or sacred food, in the *Chandimandab*, or open hall; others, again, were chatting in the *componnû* and enjoying the cool night air; while the host himself was walking to and fro in the *Natmandir*, or porch, in front of the *Chandimandab*, receiving each guest with cordiality as he came in.

Among the persons present was Eshan Chunder, a nephew of the host, who, with his elder brother Lulleet Koomar, lived in an adjoining house and had for sometime not been on the

best terms with Mohima Chunder. There had been a quarrel in fact between the uncle and his nephews regarding some lands comprising the *jote* of the latter which the former had purchased, and a *bazaar* belonging to them which he had destroyed, and there had in consequence been a copious exchange of unparliamentary language between them. Notwithstanding this however the uncle had invited his nephews on the occasion of the *poojah*, and Eshan Chunder had responded to the invitation by his presence.

While Mohima Chunder was yet in the porch Eshan Chunder was seen coming out from the *Chundimandab* where the other guests were feasting.

"Oh Baba Eshan!" said Mohima Chunder, "I will not allow you to go till you have partaken of the *prosad*, as my other guests are doing. This is a festive night and you, as my nephew, should be more joyous even than the rest."

But Eshan was not desirous to make up matters with his uncle to that extent, and he declined with some pride and petulance to partake of the feast; and, as this was held to be very uncivil, the uncle felt vexed, though he endeavoured to conceal his vexation for the time.

Mohima Chunder was much offended at the air assumed by Eshan Chunder, and, on finding himself alone with him a short while after, taxed him with a debt of long standing, adding that debtors should be more compliant with the request of their creditors than he was. Eshan Chunder denied the debt, and said that it was a mere pretext to get up a quarrel with him; and this made Mohima Chunder so angry that he ordered his *khansama*, named Isser, not to allow Eshan to leave the house till the claim was satisfied.

Eshan, being young, was much terrified. He shouted to his brother, Luleet Koomar, in the adjoining house, saying: "Dada, dada, our uncle has placed me in duress to extort money." He repeated this shout several times till Luleet Koomar heard him.

"Don't be afraid," shouted back Luleet Koomar in reply, "I shall be with you presently;" and shortly after he rushed out, knife in hand, from behind his own *Mundubghur*, and, confronting Mohima Chunder on the *Nat Mandir*, deliberately stabbed him on the chest without a word being exchanged on either side, and ran off. The old man staggered a few steps on receiving the blow, and then dropped lifeless on the ground.

The crime was committed in the presence of many witnesses; but it was sometime before either Luleet Koomar or his brother was captured. The whole family in fact ran off

immediately after the murder to find shelter, if possible, in some other part of the country, and, as an enmity had existed for sometime between the uncle and his nephews, the neighbours commiserated the culprits and did not very actively assist in their apprehension. After a search of three days Eshan Chunder was captured by the police at Adumpote, near the house of one Haran Chatterjee, while endeavouring to procure a boat to escape to Alghce; but Luleet Koomar was not taken till a month and half later, at Calcutta.

The guilt of Luleet Koomar being established he was convicted of wilful murder, and sentenced to capital punishment it being held to be clear that, apart from the detention of his brother, to whom no violence was offered, he was actuated by some previous determination to kill his uncle for disagreements in the past. Against Eshan Chunder no crime was proved, and he was acquitted.

One novel feature connected with this trial was that, after the conviction of Luleet Koomar, two petitions were presented with a view to get him off from the clutches of the law. The first of these was presented by one Joomun Sirdar, in which he declared that he (Petitioner) had inflicted the wound on Mohima Chunder of which he died. This was only an attempt to support a plea which had been set up at the trial that the deceased was killed while sword-practising with one of his retainers. The risk incurred by the petitioner, in thus coming forward to take all the blame on himself by a voluntary admission, was virtually inconsiderable, as the act admitted by him amounted only to accidental homicide. The other petition was presented by one Ram Sunder Bose, who endeavoured to throw discredit on the evidence for the prosecution by stating that none of the respectable people present at the time in Mohima Chunder's house had come forward to give evidence at the trial, and that the evidence that was procured was tutored. Both these petitions, which were supposed to have been instigated by the English Barristers who defended Luleet Kumar at the trial, were rejected. Among the witnesses at the trial were two very respectable *purohits*, or priests, and also other men of note in Dacca; and, as the witnesses of the case were first examined by the police on the morning immediately following the commission of the murder, there was no time or opportunity for any conspiracy, or tutoring of witnesses, against the prisoner, as the second petition insinuated.

IX.—THE RAJAH IN DEBT.

Rajah Probal Narain Sing was a jungle-rajah of Beerbhoom, the owner of large estates, and a nobleman whose honour malice had never stained. But, on the other hand, even malice had never dared to whisper that he had ever paid his debts either promptly or cheerfully. This is the common frailty of all these half savage chiefs. They incur debts heedlessly to any amount, buy things at any price which they do not stand in need of, but will never square accounts with their creditors till they are compelled to do so by the civil courts.

The most importunate of the creditors of Rajah Probal Narain were three itinerant traders from Behar, who had visited his Zemindary in the character of cloth-merchants, and from whom he had made large purchases for which he had given them promissory notes, none of which had been honoured as they fell due. The conduct of the Rajah had not been unfriendly to the traders. On the contrary they had received great kindness from him; they had been accommodated for three or four months with lodgings in the palace, had received daily rations of food during that period *gratis*, and had every sort of protection extended to them that men in their position stood in need of. But all their applications for the final settlement of their accounts had been invariably put off. The usual way of doing this is for the nobleman to refer his creditors to his *amlah*, and for the *amlah* to raise difficulties which necessitate further reference to the nobleman; and in the present instance the game had been continued so long that the patience of the traders was completely exhausted.

"Well, what are we to do now?" asked Joomun, one of the Rajah's creditors of the rest. "We can't remain in this place for ever. It is high time for us to go home. Should we not now institute a suit in the Moonsiff's court for the recovery of our dues?"

"That is but a rash thought at best," answered Shaik Ismael, "considering that we are poor people and the Rajah a man of influence and character. But I don't see that any other course is left to us."

"I think," said the third partner Abdool Ali, "that we should try to meet the Rajah when he is by himself, alone. It is the *amlah* that do all the mischief between us. If we could get a private hearing with the Rajah and spoke sharply to him on the subject, I don't think he would disregard or trifle with our demands."

"Well, let us try that course then," said Joomun. "The rains will be setting in shortly, and will make our return home unpleasant. We have therefore no time to lose. The Rajah stirs out of doors frequently, and it will not be difficult to cross him if that will help us."

They waited for an opportunity, and the opportunity came. The Rajah was fond of bathing in a tank named "Sayer," which was at a short distance from his house, and he never went there accompanied by any but one or two of his personal servants. The place was wild and solitary to an extraordinary degree. The tank was near a mango tope where the Rajah usually changed his clothes; and here one morning the traders awaited his return from the tank. They had made up their minds to depart from the place for good, and had packed up their baggage accordingly; and, as usual with them when on their journeys, they were fully armed.

Seeing them in the mango tope one of the Rajah's servants asked them from a distance what they wanted there.

"Nothing with you," said Abdool Ali, in reply. He then advanced towards the Rajah who was coming up, but in a manner very different from the diffident and humble bearing they had hitherto observed towards him, and producing his promissory notes demanded payment of them.

"What do you mean, sirrah," exclaimed the Rajah, "by speaking to me in that tone?"

"I mean, Rajah, that we must be paid, and at once. You have put off payment for more than three months. We are going home now, and we must have our money this moment."

"You shall not have it till it suits my pleasure to give it to you," said Rajah Probal.

"We shall sue you then in the Moonsiff's Court, and make your pleasure suit our convenience," answered the trader.

This upset the Rajah completely. "I will not tolerate your insolence, fellow. Quit this place immediately, or I shall have you kicked out of my zemindary."

What followed was matter of conjecture; no very correct account of the circumstances was obtained. The Rajah's servants maintained that Ismael fired a gun at the Rajah, the contents of which (small shots) were intercepted by two of the servants who were wounded; that the third servant thereupon seized the gun, upon which he was attacked and cut down by Joomun, while Abdool Ali rushed upon the Rajah knife in hand and stabbed him, both the servant and the Rajah being killed. The more probable version, which the final Court accepted as true, was that the Rajah's servants,

acting under his orders, laid hands on the traders, who, already exasperated, were thereby impelled to retaliate in the way in which they were stated to have acted. It was clear enough that the traders were the aggressors in insisting forcibly on the payment of their debt; but there was as little reason to doubt that, incensed by their clamour and threats, the Rajah brought on the scuffle which terminated with his life; and the Court held that the prisoners were entitled to the benefit of that inference in respect to the origin of the assault.

Abdool Ali and Joomun were convicted of homicide, and Sheik Ismael of aiding and abetting. The former were sentenced to imprisonment for fourteen years, and the latter for seven years, both with labour and irons.

X.—THE BENAMI RIGHT.

"Here we are, and it is only half past six now," said Amah. "We shall be able to gather in the whole crop and be back home again by breakfast time."

"Hardly so, uncle," said Baboolah, "The crop is a very large one, and will take some five or six hours to cut. But we had better begin at once. I wout be sorry if we are somewhat late at breakfast to-day."

Amah was a native of Bisyadhar, in Purneah, and had purchased *benami* at an auction sale several *Jummas*, or cultivation-patches, and among them one in his native village, on which a *kooltee* or vetch crop was growing. The crop was now ready to be reaped, and Amah had repaired to the spot with his son and two nephews and a few labourers to gather it.

They began the work eagerly, and made considerable progress with it in half an hour. But at the end of that time they saw a large gathering of men at the opposite extremity of the field, all armed with *lâttees*, and among these were Amanatoolah and Mahaboolah, to whom the land had originally belonged, and Bux in whose name Amah had purchased it at the auction sale, and all these now called out to them to desist from cutting the crop.

"Why, what for should we desist from reaping what belongs to ourselves?" demanded Amah.

"It does not belong to you," roared out Mahaboolah. "It belongs to those who sowed the land, and we wout allow you to carry off the produce."

"Pooh!" said Amah. "When I bought the *Jumda* I bought the crops on the ground with it of course. Your law is bad, Mahaboolah, and surely you know it as well as I do."

"All I know, Amah, is that my arm is strong, and if you have no sense to understand that we shall have it battered into your brains."

This was a poser. There was no question that the party with Amanatoolah and Mahaboolah was much stronger than that with Amah, who had in fact not come thither for a fight. What was he to do then? What would it be right to do under the circumstances?

"Father!" said Amah's son, "we are sure to be beaten if we do not desist, for in quarrels of this nature honest men have no chance against knaves. Why not stop reaping now and apply to the fouzday court for assistance in support of our right?"

"You speak well, my son," said Amah, "and I shall abide by your advice," and this was also the general opinion of all his followers—of all except his nephew Baboolah.

"What!" said Baboolah, "are we to be frightened out of our rights by threats of violence from such fellows as these? Having paid for the land honestly what reason is there that we should not gather the crops? If you all leave the field I wout. I shall stay here and cut the *kooltee* alone, in spite of all the Mahaboolahs and Amanatoolahs in the world."

"No, no," said Amah, "you must not be so foolhardy as that. There is no necessity for causing or committing any deed of violence, and it is for that reason only that I wout enforce my right at present. You know perfectly well that I shall not surrender that right on any account."

Baboolah was thus gently persuaded to come away from the spot with the rest; but the rioters would not allow him to depart in peace. They had heard what had fallen from him, and he was pursued by Amanatoolah, Mahaboolah, and a third man named Danah, who uttered an oath against him, and then dealt such a blow on his head with a *luttee*, which prostrated him on the ground, groaning in pain.

"You have killed him!" exclaimed Amah in terror.

"No matter, if it be so," replied Amanatoolah, "but it is not so yet;" and, saying this, he and his associates attacked the fallen man with fists and kicks. Amah called upon them to stop, but, instead of doing so, they fell upon Amah and maltreated him, Amah receiving four blows on the head.

The weaker party was now obliged to run, Baboolah being removed from the spot in an insensible state. He died in

Amah's house four days after, and the medical examination noticed an extensive fracture of the skull and great effusion of blood under the scalp as the cause of death.

"How was the fracture caused, doctor?"

"Probably by one good blow inflicted by a *lattee*; or, if there were more blows than one, they must have all fallen on nearly the same place."

Twenty-five prisoners were arrested and placed on trial, including Amanatoolah, Mahaboolah, Danah, and Bux. Their defence was that the riot was caused by Amah and his men, and that they (the prisoners) were not responsible for what had happened.

"But what about the crops? To whom did that belong?"

"To Bux, sir, and not to Amah to be sure. The facts of the case are as follows: The land had originally belonged to two of us, Amanatoolah and Mahaboolah. It was sold by auction and purchased by another of us, Bux, for himself, and not *benami* for Amah, as the other party wish to make out. Bux then cultivated half the field and permitted Amah to sow the other half, both with *kooltee*, the two entering into agreement with each other for an equal division of the crop. When the crop was ready for the sickle we, on behalf of Bux, proceeded to cut his share of it, upon which we were wantonly attacked by Amah and his relatives and several of us were knocked down and rendered insensible. We don't know how Baboolah came by his death: he may have been wounded in the fight."

There was no evidence however to support this version of the story, all the proof adduced showing that Amah was the rightful proprietor both of the land and the crop, and that the prisoners had wrougfully caused the riot and assaulted him and the deceased. They were convicted accordingly, and sentenced, the three who struck down Baboolah to seven years' imprisonment with labour and irons, and the rest to similar punishment for shorter terms.



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FLANDERS IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

BY ARCYDE.

FIRST PAPER.

To the general reader the Feudal times are associated with all that is heroic and romantic in history. Feudalism is indeed considered the romance of history and is the favorite theme of the bard and the novelist. It recalls to our mind the tilts and tournaments of the "good old times," in which steel clad knights broke their lances to win the smiles of dames and damsels who witnessed and rewarded these feats of valor and of faithful love. It brings to mind the story of many a gallant deed and perilous adventure performed by knight errants roaming through pathless forests to relieve suffering and distress. It is associated with many a stirring tale of midnight war and siege, when the drawbridge of the castle was raised, the iron gate closed, the watch towers manned, and defiance sent forth by the voice of trumpet to the invading army. What scenes of flags and banners with quaint devices, of knights with unknown shields wearing scarves in favor of their "ladie love," of high festivities in baronial halls where the proved warrior kneeled, and kneeled not in vain, to win his fair one's favour, and minstrels and troubadours

who sang of Charlemagne or of the Round Table,—are conjured up, as at were, by the magic word Feudalism! And lastly, is it not Feudalism which is associated with those great crusades which led nations of warriors, brave and true as the steel they wore, to fight swarthy pagans in the distant land of Spain or the far off sands of Arabia? The Christian and the Moor,—the crescent and the cross,—what endless tales of romance and adventure, what poetry! Surely Feudalism is the romance of history!

But that institution can boast of more substantial results than these. Feudalism appeared in Europe when the power and valour of Rome had been broken, and the nations of Europe were demoralized and enslaved by barbarians. Traditions of bravery and heroism were forgotten, the noble virtues which keep society together had lost their hold on the minds of men, and society in Europe was required to give fresh life to enervated nations, and to inspire the people of Europe with valour and love of truth and thirst of glory. And this is what Feudalism did. It brought disorganized society into some sort of order however rude, it breathed into prostrated nations fresh courage and thirst of glory, and it inspired man with some of the noblest virtues he can possess,—an ardent love of honour and of truth, and a respectful regard for the weaker sex. Antiquity with all its boasted trophies did not possess some of the attributes of modern civilization, that ardent worship of truth which marks modern civilization was unknown in ancient times; that respect for the weaker sex which marks the society of modern Europe was unknown to Greece or to Rome. These are rich heritages which we owe to Feudalism, and their value cannot be overestimated.

While there is much therefore in Feudalism which deserves our sincere admiration, the reader who regards the history of those times as one uninterrupted story of "ladie love and war romance and knightly worth" needs sometime be reminded that there is yet another aspect of Feudalism. Rea-

ders of Sir Walter Scott and the romances of his School need sometime be reminded that under the glamour of Feudal festivities and knightly wars was concealed the grossest system of oppression which the people of Europe have ever known. It would be difficult to exaggerate the state of absolute slavery and misery to which the millions of Europe were reduced by a handful of Feudal lords, or the cruelty with which they were habitually treated. The thousands and tens of thousands of men and women who lived in abject subjection round each baronial castle and tilled the soil were slaves of the Lord of the castle, and were treated with a degree of barbarity to which slaves are seldom subjected. Their lives and honor were at the mercy of their Lord, their barns and homes were systematically robbed as a matter of right* to replenish his table, their wives and daughters were often forced to his bed, and in times of war between rival barons their huts and barns were burnt, their cattle driven away by the soldiers, and they themselves were massacred or sold unless they could find an early safety in the woods. It was a precarious life they lived,—without property, without security, without freedom.

It seemed almost as if they were considered as somewhat below the rank of human beings. The nobility had no sympathy and fellow feeling with them, and would be shocked to believe that there was any thing in common between themselves and the degraded and despised tillers of the soil. The courtesy, the kindness, the love of truth and the deeds of honour which we read of in the history of the middle ages were all reserved by the nobility for the nobility alone;—for the people there was nothing but cruelty and oppression. Knights, who seldom violated their word of honour pledged to other knights, violated without the slightest hesitation the most sacred promises made to the people, for promises with such an inferior order of beings could never be sacred. In every war the nobility defended themselves in castle, while the people

around were massacred and had their homes burnt; after the capture of a town the lords were ransomed, the citizens were often massacred in the streets,—men, women and children.

It is painful to learn that the most honored characters of the medieval times were not above the cruelty of the age in which they lived. The great monarch Edward III burnt down hundreds of villages to ashes, wantonly spread ravages and desolation round him every time that he landed in France, and boasted of these deeds in a letter he himself wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury. His resolution to massacre the people of Calais for their patriotic defence of their town was shaken by the entreaties of his queen, but no one stood between his wrath and the people when Coen was taken, and seven thousand citizens were killed in the streets! The magnanimous courtesy which the Black Prince shewed after the brilliant victory of Poitiers to the king of France was never shewn towards the people,—towards the thousands and ten thousands of villagers whose houses he burnt from Bordeaux to Avignon, or towards the three thousand citizens of Limoges, men, women and children, whom he massacred after the capture of that town. And yet Edward III and the Black Prince were not worse than their contemporaries. Indeed they were greater and better than most; their great talents and towering virtues were all their own, their faults belonged to the times. The French barons were not less cruel to their own countrymen than the foreign invaders; and indeed they often displayed a more complete disregard of human life *i. e.* of the life of the *people* than the English. Feudalism had not developed so well in England as it had in France or Germany; the lower classes of people in England had some liberty and some rights; the yeomanry of England specially deserved and received some consideration, and the greatest barons in England therefore could not treat the people as abject slaves as the nobility in France and Germany did. Feudalism developed itself specially in France, and as

one reads the works of French historians like Guizot or Sismondi or Michalet, one is struck with perfect disgust and indignation at the systematic cruelty and brutality with which the millions of France, and their wives and daughters were treated by the Feudal lords,—the heroes of crusades and chivalry, of romance and song!

Europe struggled to escape from this system. The mass of mankind struggled to escape from the servitude in which they were kept by a handful of Feudal lords. It was a servitude of the worst type that History bears witness to,—a servitude of the millions under a few, unchecked by any laws written or unwritten, and untempered by kindly feeling, courtesy or sympathy. The relations between baron and baron, between liege lords and vassals were defined by minute and elaborate laws; those between the lords and the people were determined by brute force alone. The laws of honor, of courtesy and of chivalry obtained to an almost extravagant degree among the Feudal lords themselves;—none such regulated their conduct towards the people. To extort as much as possible by the most cruel means from the tillers of the soil was the sole aim and object of the Feudal barons; and the proceeds of such extortion were spent with insane prodigality in magnificent fetes, grand entertainments, in pompous processions and ostentatious tilts and tournaments. France was the home of such ostentation and display; princes from different parts of Europe crowded the capital of France to partake of the magnificent festivities which were witnessed nowhere else in Europe, and the chivalry of France were the model for the knighthood of Europe both for valour and for baronial ostentation. The people groaned under the load of taxes imposed by the barons, and when they could pay no more they were beaten and tortured by their cruel masters. Their very sufferings were an object of ridicule for their masters. Jacques Bonhomme was the nickname which was given to the people by the lords who amused

themselves, with the famous saying which has now passed into history:—*Jacques Bonhomme ne lache point son argent, si on ne le roue de coups; mais Jacques Bonhomme paiera, car il sera battu.*

Europe struggled to escape from this system, and the towns and corporations of Europe were the pioneers in this struggle in the cause of humanity. For many reasons the people in the towns were better fitted to engage in this struggle for liberty than the people living in the open country. The towns of western Europe had inherited from ancient Rome, traditions of liberty and municipal self-government which were not entirely extinguished even after the invasions of the barbarians of Central and Northern Europe. Many of the towns in Southern France in Spain and in Italy had also enriched themselves by trade, had learnt the principles of commerce, and had made progress in arts and manufactures. The citizens of large and populous towns, living within a small area could also much better defend themselves, and act together for self protection against Feudal oppression than the population of villages, scattered in small numbers all over the country. And lastly towns could boast not only of higher knowledge in arts and therefore improved means of protection and warfare, but also fortified walls which were unpregnable before cannon was invented. Before the invading army could appear on the scene, grain and cattle were collected within the ramparts, the tocsin was sounded, the strong gates were closed, and patriotic citizens, led by their city magistrates and municipal representatives sent defiance to the barons invading from outside the walls, and often held out for months in spite of every privation and suffering. The history of medieval Europe presents us with nothing nobler and more stirring than the efforts made by towns to secure their rights, to obtain charters, and to preserve their liberty against turbulent and warlike knights; while it records nothing more shameful than the facility with which these

knights violated whenever they had the chance these charters and promises, which they scarcely considered binding on themselves because contracted not with men of their rank but with the degraded and despised traders.

Among the towns of Europe, the towns of Italy were the first to enter into this unequal contest. And the reasons are not far to seek. The towns of Italy inherited the traditions of Roman liberty and pride, retained the freedom of Roman institutions, and enjoyed the light of Roman civilization to a far greater extent than the towns in any other country in Europe. The greatness of a nation or an Empire vanishes in a moment, but the civilization acquired by man by centuries of labour does not and cannot die so speedy a death. The learning and arts and civilization of ancient Rome survived in the towns of Italy after the greatness of Rome was gone; the forms of municipal self-government and often the spirit too remained intact; and when barbarism like a great cloud from the north settled on Europe, each town in Italy retained in its bosom the sacred light of civilization. Rome began as a town her conquests were the multiplication of townships all over Europe, her mighty empire, as Guizot puts it, was a fabric built on townships. That mighty fabric fell,—the towns remained. And these towns retained a part at least of the civilization and institutions of Rome.

When the Barbarians conquered Europe, they were everywhere struck with the relics of Roman civilization,—but nowhere were they so struck as in Italy. The very conquerors of Italy could not forget the pride and grandeur which were connected with the name of Rome; and one may say they were awed in the presence of those proud associations, as well as of the ruins of the civilization and the institutions they witnessed. Instead of behaving like proud conquerors they entered Italy in a more subdued spirit, and the result was that they themselves rapidly imbibed the civilization of ancient Rome. Elsewhere in Europe we find the barbarians

trampling on the remains of ancient civilization and almost extinguishing the light of that civilization. In Italy we find the barbarians mixing with the conquered people, and imbibing rapidly the civilization that was left after the decadence and fall of Rome.

When Feudalism came therefore, it found the towns Italy more powerful more civilized and richer than towns elsewhere, and naturally enough the contest for liberty was commenced by the Italian towns. Every schoolboy knows the heroic struggle made by Milan and the Lombard towns to preserve their independence against the greatest captain of the twelfth century, Frederic Barbarosa Emperor of Germany. Milan fought and fell, but the heroic survivors were received with open arms by the towns and villagers all round who resolved to continue the struggle for liberty. Frederic Barbarosa was a great warrior, but he was compelled after a long and disastrous war to grant a charter to Milan, which Sismondi very rightly describes as the first charter of Liberty won by people from their rulers. This success was the foundation of the greatness of the Milan republics during the next three centuries.

In the next century it was the turn of France to fight the same battle against Feudal oppression. In the old days of Roman greatness the south of France had enjoyed the light of civilization nearly as much as the towns of Italy. The towns on the Mediterranean carried on a lucrative trade for centuries; they had cultivated manufactures and arts with success; and like other Roman towns they governed themselves by magistrates elected by the people. Being far removed from the homes of barbarians, they escaped also the first effect of the invasions; and when at last they were conquered they succeeded,—like the Italian towns but in a less degree,—in civilizing their conquerors. The Burgundians and Visigoths who conquered and held southern France were civilized earlier than the Franks who held the north; and

while towns in the north and middle of France succumbed under the oppression of their rulers and lost their arts and civilization, the towns of southern France still continued to carry on their maritime trade and their arts of peace. It is possible also that a closer contact with the civilized Saracens of Spain was another cause of the higher civilization of southern France.

When Feudalism rose on the ashes of all popular liberty and free institutions in the eleventh century, it was brought face to face with the free towns of southern France. One cannot say how long the jealous feudal lords would have suffered the despised traders of Narbonne, Beziers and Carcassonic to retain and enjoy their ancient freedom in the natural course of things were hurried into a crisis by religious intolerance. The free town of Southern France, be it recorded to their honor, were the first in Europe to expose the hollowness of the Popish religion. Nearly as well civilized as the towns of Italy but further removed from the influence of Rome, the citizens of Southern France exposed as early as the 12th century the hollowness of the prevailing religion of Europe. The Albigenses of Southern France were the first Protestants of Europe; and though their reform was drowned in the 13th century in a deluge of blood yet that reformation did not die. Wycliffe and the Lollards of England proclaimed the same reform in the 14th century though with no better success; John Huss and the Hussites took up the new doctrines in Bohemia in the 15th century; and in the following i.e. the 16th century Martin Luther proclaimed the truth with the voice of trumpet until it was accepted all over Europe. The flame of reform lighted in Southern France in the 12th century, was not accepted by Europe until four centuries later because Europe was not fitted for the reform by knowledge and civilization until the sixteenth century.

It is doubtful if the cities of Southern France could have

preserved their ancient freedom and civilization against the force of Feudalism which crushed all liberty in Europe. But when to their political freedom and their civilization the Albigenses added the freedom of thought in religious matters, their fate was doomed. Europe was not prepared for so much liberty, and the Albigenses were crushed. The pope of Rome proclaimed a crusade against heretics who had dared to think for themselves, and swarms of knights rushed forward to rob and massacre citizens who had dared to preserve their freedom, their riches and their knowledge. The harrowing tale of the war with the Albigenses is only too well known and need not be repeated here. War in the thirteenth century was barbarous enough, but war with the Albigense was rendered ten times more sanguinary by religious prejudices. The priests who led on the cruel and barbarous soldiers were more cruel than the soldiers themselves; and when the large town of Beziers was taken by the "crusaders," and instructions were asked how the believers were to be distinguished from the heretics in the infliction of punishment, the High Priest who led the war gave the famous reply which has now passed into history;—"Kill them all,—God will know how to choose his own." Twenty thousand people were massacred in the streets!

The struggle for liberty succeeded in Italy because the conditions of progress and the germs of civilization were strong and Feudalism was weak. In Southern France the cause of freedom was vanquished because the conditions of progress were feeble, and French Feudalism was exceedingly strong, and was further strengthened by religious hatred. The towns lost their freedom and their superior civilization, freedom of thought was drowned in blood, and the terrible institution the Holy Inquisition was for the first time established in Europe. Year after year thousands were burnt as heretics in the large towns of Southern France by orders of the Inquisition, and free thought was extinguished for

centuries. All that distinguished Southern France from the North, was lost, the free institutions of older times were suppressed, the light of superior knowledge was extinguished, the march of advancing civilization was checked. Southern France came directly under the crown of France by a treaty of peace which was concluded in the reign of St. Louis but which came into operation in the reign of his successor, and for the two or three following centuries the towns of Southern France suffered under the same abject subjection and lawless oppression which were the fate of towns elsewhere in France.

Medieval Christianity in Europe has much to answer for. Repression of freedom of thought in religion as in science, repression of political liberty, wars of the most cruel and sanguinary description either between Christians and Saracens or between Christians and so called heretics,—all these have been laid at the door of medieval Christianity. Much of this however is due to the ignorance of the times rather than to the religion of the Pope, much also mankind is willing after the lapse of centuries to condon or at least to forget. But when religion takes upon herself to beat back the tide of progress in a large tract of country, to repress the rising aspirations of a great people after liberty and truth, and to arrest the march of civilization by brute force, by fire and by sword;—then she indeed assumes a very serious responsibility which it is painful to think upon.

In the twelfth century the battle of liberty was fought in Italy and won. In the thirteenth it was fought in France and lost. In the fourteenth century the same battle was fought in the Flanders, and this brings us to the subject of the present article. History dwells with pleasure on the eventful 14th century and on the brilliant victories which the English won in France in that period at Cressy, at Poitiers and in other fields of battle, but history does not always record, with the same care and minuteness, the far

more glorious victories which were won in the same century by the citizens of Ghent, Ypres and Bruges, victories which were won not in an unjust and ambitious war of conquest but in the defence of freedom and of rights, and the results of which did not end after the day of the battle, but have lived and affected the subsequent destiny and civilization of mankind. If the history of Europe had been properly written and taught in schools, the war in Flanders in the fourteenth century would have received a more minute treatment than the great struggle between the English and the French in the same period; and the names of Peter King, of Jacob Arteveldt and of Philip Arteveldt would have been cherished with higher admiration, esteem and affection than those of mere military captains however great like Du. Gueschin or the Black Prince.

For all these reasons, and also because it presents us with a true picture of the Feudalism of the fourteenth century the war of Flanders deserves a somewhat detailed narration.

The name of Flanders was given to the South West portion of modern Belgium, situated on the sea, and comprising the great trading towns of Ghent, Ypres and Bruges. Flanders also included the tract of country comprising the towns of Lille, Davaï and Bethune, but these were annexed to France after the first war of independence in 1304 A.D., and have ever since been known as French Flanders. The situation of these favoured towns so near the sea was undoubtedly one great cause of the early rise and the flourishing trade of these places, but there was another cause also which has not been noticed by historians, but which operated equally well on the destiny of Flanders. Situated between the three richest countries of Europe *viz.*, England, France and Germany, the towns of Flanders were yet at a convenient and safe distance from these great centres of Feudalism, and were able therefore to maintain that popular liberty which was elsewhere crushed

by Feudalism A boisterous sea divided Flanders from the restless knights and ambitious kings of England, while extensive tracts of country separated it from Paris and the seat of the German Empire. While therefore Flanders carried on a flourishing trade and manufactured and supplied rich stuffs to the nobility of three great kingdoms, she was seldom subjected to the galling oppression of knights or the ruinous invasions of kings from those places. The count of Flanders was a peer of France ; very often he resided in Paris and spent his time in courtly tilts and tournaments and festivities in that capital of Feudal luxury ; while his industrious subjects carried on a flourishing trade and quietly amassed wealth and knowledge and power within their walled towns.

By the middle of the thirteenth century then, i.e. at the time of Saint Louis of France and the last crusades, the towns of Flanders had risen to considerable power and wealth. The barons of France could not but mark with jealousy and hatred such wealth and power in the hands of the despised citizens, but it was not till the fourteenth century that Feudal jealousy broke out into open war, and the towns of Flanders were threatened with the same fate which had overtaken the towns of Southern France.

Guy de Dampierre Count of Flanders, smarting under the unjust treatment he had received at the hands of his liege Lord Philip iv, king of France, and incited by Edward I of England who was then on hostile terms with France, renounced his allegiance to the king of France, and in 1297 concluded a perpetual alliance with the king of England against France. It was agreed that neither the English king nor the count of Flanders would singly enter into peace with France without the other also. Princes however seldom keep their word when it is opposed to sound policy, and when in 1299 peace was concluded between England and France, Edward I sacrificed his Ally Guy de Dampierre to the resent-

ment of Philip iv, in the same way that the latter king gave up to the resentment of England his allies the Scotch, who were then heroically fighting for independence under William Wallace.

The count of Flanders was unable to make head against the royal troops of France, and within a short time the whole of Flanders submitted to France, with the exception of the strongest and richest town Ghent into which the count had retired. Believing farther resistance to be hopeless he surrendered at last, opened the gates of Ghent to the royal troops, and was himself carried prisoner to France. Flanders was annexed to the dominions of the crown in 1300 A. D.

When Philip iv came to visit his newly conquered provinces, the citizens of Ghent, Bruges and Ypres received him with the greatest honor. Bands of traders vied with each other in displaying their riches before the king, each corporate body was dressed in new and uniform dresses, and each in turn gave chivalric entertainments. The barons of England, of Germany and of France assembled to partake of these feasts and entertainments of the Flemish merchants, and were astonished at their wealth and prosperity. It was not long however before those merchants came to perceive the folly of their displays, and of their rejoicings at the annexation of their country to the crown of France. After the departure of the king, Jacques de Chatillon, who was left as governor, imposed heavy taxes on the people and devised a hundred unjust means to extort from them the riches which they had so lately displayed. In vain did the oppressed citizens complain to the king; the king turned to them a deaf ear and left them no other resource except the one which they at last chose,—the only efficacious guarantee, as Sismondi well remarks, of the rights of the people.

Jacques de Chatillon went on increasing his exactions. He levied new taxes, violated all the privileges of the people and manifested in his relation, towards the traders the con-

tempt which he felt as a French noble for artisans who pretended to speak of their rights. Bruges was one of the most powerful towns in Flanders, and the governor treated the people of the town with the greatest rigor. He caused all the chiefs of the different trades, who had come to him to complain, to be arrested. Among these men so unjustly imprisoned were Peter Konig chief of the weavers and John Bride chief of the butchers. Peter Konig was a man of sixty, of small and meagre size, and had lost an eye. He knew neither French nor Latin, but his fiery eloquence in his native language and his intrepid character had won for him the respect and admiration of his fellow citizens.

When the people heard that Peter Konig and John Bride had been imprisoned they rose *en masse*. Their first act was to force the prisons and to set the prisoners free. Shortly after they marched out of their town, and captured several boargades held by the French. At the news of this rise Jacques de Chatillon entered Bruges with fifteen hundred cavaliers, but the people were undaunted. Peter Konig and John Bride introduced their troops in the town by night; the bodies of traders who expected them took arms in silence, chains were fastened in the streets to arrest the charge of cavalry which the people had no means to resist, and every citizen was ordered to steal from the cavalier who lodged in his house his saddle and his bridle. On the 21st March 1302 the French were roused by the cry "*Long live the town! Death to the French!*" They were attacked in the streets and inside the houses. Women shewed even greater bitterness and hatred than men against the foreign oppressors. The massacre continued three days, and twelve hundred cavalry and two thousand foot soldiers perished. Jacques de Chatillon saved himself by precipitate flight.

The citizens of Bruges were astonished at their own audacity, and desired to have a chief. Guy de Dampierre was still a prisoner in Paris, but his grandson (daughter's son)

Guillome de Juliers was in Flanders, and the people chose him for their head. He induced the citizens of Bruges to attempt to free the people of Ghent from the French yoke, but as the latter did not second the movement, the attempt failed. Other towns were however taken and freed, until Guy junior, son of Guy de Dampierre, was induced by the successes of the people to join their party. The Flemish rejoiced at seeing the son of the count of Flanders at their head, their enthusiasm knew no bounds, and fifteen thousand militia men placed themselves under the orders of Guy. The French however were not inactive; Robert count of Artois entered Flanders with a formidable army of 7,500 cavaliers, 10,000 archers and 30,000 foot soldiers, the last being furnished by the militia of French towns.

A battle was now inevitable, and it was fought near the town of Courtrai. The nobility of Flanders who alone had horses dismounted in order to share the fortunes of the citizens, twenty thousand in number. The preachers celebrated the mass before them; but instead of approaching to receive the holy communion, each citizen soldier without coming out of his rank took some earth from where he stood to his mouth, kissed it, and thus vowed to die an almost certain death in defence of his home and country. Guy junior and Guillome de Juliers encouraged the citizens and knighted Peter Koning and forty of his companions on the field of battle.

Citizens, however resolved, were in those times not a match for steel clad and mounted knights with whom war was a profession no less than a delight; but in the present instance the nobility lost the battle by their own folly. Not perceiving a canal in front, the French cavalry made a straight rush at the enemy, until the foremost horsemen fell precipitately into the canal, and rank after rank pressed by those behind fell on them and got into utter disorder and confusion. It was at this moment that the Flemish crossed

the canal at two points and attacked the French Army on both its flanks, and the battle of the citizens was won. Over six thousand of the French cavalry including the commander Robert of Artois, the Governor of Flanders Jacques de Chatillon, and the constable of France Raoul de Nesle lay dead on the field of Courtrai, on the 11th July 1302.

The indignation of Philip IV at this success of rebel citizens knew no bounds, and he assembled a mighty army and appeared on the frontiers of Flanders in October of the same year. But although several skirmishes were fought both in this and in the succeeding year, no important action was fought. The king of France seemed disinclined to meet the victors of Courtrai who were encouraged by success and were determined to die for their country and their freedom. In 1303 a truce was concluded, and the old count Guy de Dampierre was freed from his prison to meet his subjects and try and arrange a treaty of peace between them and the French King. The generous old man met his subjects once more, congratulated them on their success, thanked them for their bravery which had procured him a few days more liberty, and embraced and blessed his children who led the citizens in the war of independence. With a noble patriotism he declined to induce the Flemish to treat with the King of France; he knew that the latter would demand important and perpetual concessions in return for his liberty for the few days that he had still to live; and he accordingly returned to his prison at Compiègne and died in February 1305 aged eighty years. Before his death however he had the consolation to learn that the war of Flanders had ended, and that the independence of the country had been recognised by the king of France.

In 1304 Philip iv again appeared on the frontiers of Flanders with a large army, but the Flemish were not unprepared. Three sons of the old count of Flanders commanded an army of sixty thousand citizens. The king forced the passage of

the Lys after hard fighting, and then came in front of the vast army of the citizens near Mous. The French knights had already learnt to respect the valour of the Flemish citizens and instead of attacking them at once resolved to to tire or starve them out of their strong encampment. The plan succeeded. Harassed by the foe, the citizens at last left their strong encampment, and towards evening rushed out in three divisions. The first division went straight against the royal tents and pillaged them, killed a great number of servants, and would have taken the king prisoner if they had recognized him. But Philip, who was then in undress, not expecting so sudden an attack, managed to escape in the crowd. At the same time the French squadrons under Charles de Valois, Count de St. Paul and other chiefs were broken and put to flight, nearly fifteen hundred cavaliers had been killed, and the defeat of the French appeared to be certain. But the infantry of Flanders could not pursue the French cavaliers in their flight, and the latter ashamed at being defeated by citizens rallied and returned to the charge, while the Flemish were engaged in pillage, surprised by this renewed attack the Flemish however formed their ranks again gallantly under the very lances of their foe, and continued to fight with heroic resolution by the light of flambeaux when surrounded by the darkness of night. At last they were broken and dispersed by the heavy cavalry and left the field of battle leaving all their baggage and six thousand of their companions dead on the field.

One cannot sufficiently admire the heroism of citizens who thus fought the battle of liberty without armour, without horses, without military training against the most powerful king of the period helped by the boldest chivalry of Europe. But what inspires us with still higher admiration is that undaunted resolution which would not accept a defeat, and which created fresh armies after the old army had been beaten and destroyed. Three weeks after the terrible defeat at Mous

a fresh Army of citizens sixty thousand strong appeared on the field and astonished Philip iv and his knights. The citizens of Bruges, of Ghent, of Ypres and other rich towns of Flanders had quitted their trade and joined the army, and had solemnly sworn that they would not revisit their homes until they had obtained a victory or an honorable peace for their country. *It were far better*, they repeated among themselves *to die in battle than to hoe in slavery*, and they were prepared to do what they said.

The French army which extended over six miles of country around Lille heard with astonishment the defiance carried to them by the heralds of the Flemish army. To conquer such a country and such citizens seemed an impossible task, and the nobles of France counselled peace. A peace was accordingly concluded. Philip consented to recognize the ancient liberty of Flanders and promised to release from prison Robert de Bethune eldest son of Grey de Dampierre and to recognize him as the Count of Flanders. The Flemish on the other hand surrendered to France the part of Flanders as far as the Lys including the towns of Lille and Donai, and to pay two hundred thousand livres towards the expenses of the war. The tract of country so surrendered has ever since been under France and is known as French Flanders.

Thus the citizens of Ghent, Bruges and Ypres fought their first war of independence.

• (*To be continued.*)

THE TRUE HAVEN OF REST.

"Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest: because it is polluted, it shall destroy you, even with a sore destruction." Micah, ii. 10.

These are indeed decided words, words of solemn warning expressed in no little strong language. From whence do they proceed, and by whom uttered? Friends who have before read of "The wonderful Mirror and Talisman" and are conversant with it, will not perhaps find these words strange. They are quoted from the Bible, and are uttered by the Prophet Micah who was moved by God's Spirit to warn the people of their dangerous condition.

I know there are some apt to dispute with Christians when for the purpose of setting forth the truth they adduce passages not directly coming from the Lord Himself. They would say "we can understand if you set forward and hold up His words as worthy of all our attention and obedience because you consider Him as God incarnate, but why should you hold up to us words uttered by men like as we are? Cannot they make mistakes?" Yes they can, and they do, but when they wrote what you find in the Bible, it was something emanating from a higher source. It had nothing to do with their sinful natural selves. God uses human agency and what He wants to communicate to man He often speaks through them. It is very seldom and in special cases that He deals directly. This is verified all around us. The life and breath of living creature, all must confess are under God's immediate control, and yet there are many things which He has given us to use and employ for the prolonging and preserving of the same. Because we have recourse to them are we to think that those means by themselves are the cause of our preservation? Can He not take away our lives in the midst of all our carefulness? Then again when our system gets deranged, God has given us so many herbs and

things for medicine, and because we use them and recover are we to think that they (devoid of His blessing) tended to our recovery? Are not they only some means and mediums seen fit to be used by God? Just in the same way God used some men to write what He intended us to know. "If you say that," perhaps our objector would say "one of these days somebody else might rise up and say something, and give out that He has been inspired by God; should we then go and believe everything that people have a fancy to say just because they profess to be inspired?" Certainly not. All that God wanted to make known to us through human agency have been revealed, there remains nothing to be added unto it. I shall prove this from the Bible, for out of it we have nothing to speak or prove. That is the only record by which we can know the purposes and mind of God. We consider it to be God's book and some of our reasons for doing so have been made known to you in the article previously published entitled, "The wonderful Mirror and Talisman." If you will not believe this, neither consider the God that is revealed in the Bible to be your God then we can do nothing for you, we have nothing to reason, nothing to say, nothing to prove. It requires a higher power than ours to deal with you and pave the way for us to speak. May He teach you the Truth, and break your heart of stone whilst the day of Grace is still spared. For the time cometh "when he that is unjust will be unjust still, and he which is filthy will be filthy still" (Rev. xxii. 11) and the *unbeliever's* doom will be irrevocably sealed.

Now for the proof that nobody could add more unto the inspired record given to us: Turn to the book of Revelation the xii chapter and the 10th verse, and also Deuteronomy iv chapter 2nd verse. "For I testify unto every man that heareth the word of the Prophecy of this book, If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the Plagues that are written in this book," "Ye shall not add unto

the words which I command you, neither shall ye diminish aught from it."

Then again there is nothing in the Bible uninspired, and that the prophets or whatever human agencies were used were all moved by the Holy Spirit to speak the words of God. "For the prophecy came not in old time the Bible says by the will of man. But holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." II Peter i, 21. "*All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction for instruction in righteousness.*" II, Tim. iii, 16. Lest we should be led to undervalue any part of God's book He has put forth these words plainly in it. So that if we do it now we shall have no cloke or excuse for our sin.

When such is the case, and the words quoted at the top be the message of God through His servant Micah to those resting securely under a false sense of safety and peace what should they do? Where can they find rest? This we shall see by and by, for before proceeding I cannot but urge and beseech you as a sincere well-wisher to *believe* these words to be true, and not to say like the wicked king of Israel "I hate him, for he doth not prophecy good concerning me but evil." Rouse up yourself, look about you, consult and search the word of God and see how and where you may attain the true haven of rest. All God's people everywhere have been aroused sometime or other by these or similar words. Bunyan commences that precious book "*Pilgrim's progress*" with the account of his own rousing up and his prompt obedience to the words of warning.

The exhortation is to rise and depart. Rise and depart from whence, rise and depart where? The book that startles with the exhortation will supply the elucidation too. "Flee from the wrath to come." (Matt. iii, 7. Luke. iii, 7.) God's wrath towards man's disobedient race. From the commencement of the world's history man is provoking God till it culminated in the acting out of the saying, "this is the heir, come let us kill him,

that the inheritance may be our's." (St. Luke's Gospel **xx**, 14.) Though God made sweet to spring out of bitter, and the "wrath of man to praise" Him, still the sin of rejecting His Son was theirs who crucified Him, and is theirs still who "crucify Him afresh" not believing in Him.

The opposition and rebellion could not go further and their doom is sealed if they do not repent and take up the very stone which they once rejected as the chief and head of the corner "*he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.*" (St. John's Gospel **iii**, 36.) Vain will be all your imaginations of rest and peace while this verdict is pronounced upon you. It is just as if a condemned man would delude himself with the thought of having rest because days are intervening between the sentence and the execution. Flee, then, flee from the wrath to come. It is a fearful thing to provoke God to anger, which you are doing if you are rejecting His proffered salvation.

Then there are other injunctions to 'flee' in the Bible. In I. Cor: **X**, 14 it is written; "Wherefore, my dearly beloved, flee from idolatry." This not only includes all the actual idol worships carried on in heathen lands, but in truth to purge ourselves from the slightest taint of it. There are idols of the heart not appearing to human eyes as such, not worshipped in visible shapes as the heathen do but none the less they are idols. Their worship I think is more hateful to God than mere heathenish outward ceremonial which can be performed as it were mechanically without the devotion of the heart going with it. But these lay claim directly to God's due, the truer feelings of the heart, the setting up of the creature more than the Creator. For anything can be an idol which intervenes between ourselves and God, which has hold of our affections to such an extent as to detract us from our whole hearted devotion to Him. In the words of the Bible it is "inordinate affec-

tion" (Col III. 5.) for any earthly thing. Every true servant of God must eschew this as idolatry.

To those who are bent on money making and think that thereby they shall secure themselves rest and peace here there is also a warning to flee. The Bible shews how mistaken such persons are who depend on their possessions. For not only "riches make themselves wings and fly away" "but our very lives by which we hope to enjoy everything are as vapour which continueth for a little season and then vanisheth away." Turn to the XII chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke and read from the 16th to the 20th verse and see how foolish the man was who thought that because much goods were laid up for him he could eat, drink and be merry. "For the love of money" the Bible says "is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou O man of God *flee these things.*" I Tim. vi, 10, 11. The Christian's aim must not be to become rich in this World but like the king of old his prayer should be; "give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me." Proverbs xxx, 8.

I think we have now come to a position to understand from what we are to rise and depart, otherwise to flee. And this brings us to the other clause of the question where to? Listen! "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Matt. xi, 28, 29 and 30th verses. Who says those words? Who is he that calleth and promiseth rest? It is Jesus, our Saviour, our Redeemer. Is there anything required of us to do in order to come to Him? Just to surrender ourselves that He may draw us to Him by His Holy Spirit. It is no active work on our part but mere passive submissiveness. He is drawing and may we follow. He is *putting* the yoke

we are just to lay our shoulder and take it. He is teaching we have just to be silent and hear and be satisfied with the gracious statement that His yoke is *easy* and His burden *light*." With all His injunctions and commands the needed strength is given that we may be able to perform them. In other religions there might be injunctions, but where is the power that would enable us to do them?

Christianity is not a religion to impose upon men strong rules and maxims without giving the needful power. In fact it is not a religion at all in the sense in which people regard religions in general, being merely "a *form* of godliness devoid of the power," but it brings us under, and makes us acquainted with a Divine Person, the Man Christ Jesus. He being perfect God and perfect man can enter into the deepest recesses of our hearts, probe and feel our utmost needs and from the inexhaustible supply of strength and power, love and mercy which as God He possesses is able to strengthen us to do His will and to meet and supply all our needs. Christianity doesn't say "do this and do that, and then you might go to heaven, or repent for your sins and ask forgiveness, God is merciful He must forgive you," but it starts with the invitation "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." But how will it be responded to if men have not the hearing ear? The loveliest music to a deaf man will make no difference to him. But suppose the man who was making the music was able also to cure, and the deaf man knew it, and he having a natural desire to hear was pleading or making known in some way or other his great desire that he too might have the privilege which others around him are enjoying, and the musician who just wanted to see whether he had this desire or not, as soon as he perceives it, grants him the cure. He is able then to go on rejoicing with his fellow hearers.

So Jesus who is calling you to lead you to God, is able also to give you the hearing ear that you may respond to

His call. The thought that He is to be the mediator between you and God is to you unwelcome. "Why," you think, "God is love, He is merciful why cannot I cast myself at His feet and plead His mercy and forgiveness without coming to and believing on this Jesus?" Simply because *such is God's will*. We must not ask an explanation where He does not choose to give any: "He that hath the Son" the inspired record put forth "hath life, he that hath not the Son shall not see life but the *wrath* of God abideth on Him." Beyond Jesus God's love will not go, beyond Him God's mercy will not pity. He is the only channel through which God's mercy and love may flow towards man. He is sent to be the "Propitiation for our sins." Without the taking away and of which we cannot be fit for the presence of the condemning holy and just God who can by no means clear the guilty. But how will this saving faith come? Here we must depend on the Holy Spirit the third Person of the Holy Trinity by whose grace alone we can sincerely believe in Jesus and call Him our Lord. For man's redemption, for procuring a rest for His people, these three Persons of the Triune God, the *Christian's* God take equally a part. God the Father revealed His love toward us in the greatest gift He could bestow the gift of His co-equal Son a part of His ownself. God the Son willingly left His place at the right hand of the Father, came to this world of sin and misery, worked out all righteousness of which man fell short, kept to the letter all God's commandments and requirements of holiness in which we utterly failed, took upon Him all our vileness and sin, bore our punishment on His own body on the tree, in other words took away our evil and gave us His good (O blessed exchange,) and by the power which belonged to Him as God vanquished the power of death and of hell and rose triumphant and victorious having obtained full redemption for us. God the Holy Spirit opens our eyes and understandings as to the true way (*i. e.* Jesus) of obtaining the rest which remaineth for

the people of God and by His indwelling and sanctifying grace leads us to believe on Jesus, and creates in us a new heart which delights to do God's will and hates sin, this new creation is termed in the Bible as the new birth, of which Jesus speaks in the third chapter of St. John's Gospel as the most important thing in the attainment of our true rest and happiness "Verily verily I say unto you except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Where is our doing, our work, our repentance, our abstinence in this full perfect and accomplished redemption? What yoke can be easier, what burden lighter than the burden the religion of Christ? "Lord I believe help thou mine unbelief," "Lord I come"!

"Just as I am without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou biddst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God I come."

"Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea all I need in Thee to find .
O Lamb of God I come."

Christ is called the Lamb of God because He was sacrificed to make an atonement for our sins. Before He came to this world, God's people were enjoined in the Old Testament to sacrifice lambs typifying the great and the then future Sacrifice.

Rise up in spirit then from this your perilous unrest where nothing is dependable, life is uncertain, death is sure, riches, position, fame, friends all fleeting and changeable. Even if prosperous here "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul"? "The things which are seen are temporal but the things which are not seen are eternal" and the soul is *eternal* !

"This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest and this is the refreshing" (God grant that it may not be said of any that reads this article) "yet they would not hear." Isaiah xxviii. 12.

"Does the Gospel word proclaim
Rest for those that weary be ?
Then my soul advance thy claim
Sure that promise speaks to thee,
Marks of grace I cannot show,
All polluted is my best,
But I weary am I know,
And the weary long for rest.

In the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting place (Gen viii. 9.)
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ the ark of grace
Tempest tossed I long have been
And the flood increases fast,
Open Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast.

S. D.

PILGRIMAGE TO SEETAKUNDU.

(THE HOTSPRING OF MONGHYR.)

The morning of the fifteenth of August, was a bright one, although it had rained heavily the night before. The smile of the blooming goddess, was melancholy yet charming, not unlike that of an innocent maiden of Ind, restored to her lord's favor, after the painful term of her unjust repudiation. The merry songsters of the grove awoke, and once more cleared up their notes in praise of that Being, who had given them another day, and called forth light from darkness. Every object of nature arose from silence—a sleep—the sleep of death from which it expected not to rise. Even the sun, the most powerful of the heavenly lights, hung in the air as a pale orb, and timidly shot forth his level beams, afraid to rouse the sleeping terror of an equatorial storm. But time and familiarity embolden the timidest of beings. He rose higher and higher, and scattered before him the tumultuous flights of black clouds, like a furious conqueror driving before him the wreck of a vanquished army. At last unable to cope with the power of their grand foe, they fled in airy tumult, and even like the host of rebel angels that could assume all manner of shapes at will, they lurked near the horizon, in the shape of camels or elephants, hills, promontories, fit spies to the spirit of darkness.

Such being the season, the day, the hour, I came to an outer apartment of our lodgings, after an unusually long sleep of nearly ten hours, and not knowing how to utilize the spirit-reviving hours of morn, sat brooding over my thoughts, when to my great relief my attention was suddenly drawn to a dull buzzing noise that issued from a corner of the room. The noise in a few seconds increased rapidly as it was aided considerably by the constant flutter of the two little wings of a poor insect, entangled in a spider's net. It was a touching scene; the little blue insect was struggling hard with wings and all

its legs, to get clear of the treacherous snare but alas! the more it struggled the more entangled it got till its once sonorous buzz sank into a faint treble. While this great tragedy of the insect world was acting in one part of the net, the future conqueror, a long-legged, spare-bodied spider stood motionless at a short distance, watching every movement of the victim with a calmness not ill-becoming that of a Conde, or a Turenne, a Wellington or a Napoleon.

But all this dead pause, as I afterwards found, was a gathering of strength and awakening of energy. For it darted upon the poor insect with all the speed of lightning, dealt in a trice a number of blows, and recoiled with as much velocity as before. At this time a shade was cast upon the western wall, but it vanished as soon as it was thrown. I noticed it but little as I was perhaps a little too curious to know the issue of the contest. The combat was long and doubtful, at last the spinner gained the day. Every moment the insect became more and more exhausted, whilst its cautious antagonist dealt endless blows with all its legs and hands, with the energy and unerring precision of a light-handed village blacksmith. The issue of the combat was speedily known. The spider taking advantage of its glutinous thread drew near, gave a few more blows, and then wheeling round its victim spun a dirty white coat of thread which completely secured its prey, and then it retreated to its formidable watch-tower. I pitied the fate of the poor insect and once at least thought of relieving it, but the idea occurred too late to be of any use, so it passed away.

I would not have made so much of this little thing had it not been for a strange fact, which fully shews the wonderful sagacity of some of the smaller animals,—and which, so far as I know no naturalists have yet recorded, ancient or modern. I therefore record it, as it is a new discovery, and as such every stripling of the scientific world ought to know it. It is this; the spider as soon as it found that the field was won,

ran to every part of the net, and for a time stopped nowhere. It seemed as if it was searching for some person or thing, but which of the two it was not easy to decide. At last coming close to me it stood motionless, and for a time kept its ever-rolling eyes rivetted on me. From this what naturalist fails to draw a conclusion? Clearly enough it wanted a historian and was satisfied when it saw me although I frankly confess I possess none of the qualifications of a great historian, excepting a little gravity. To a general reader, I mean one who is not a naturalist, my researches are not altogether devoid of interest. They know to demonstration the fact that to an insect prisoner a spider's web is as strong as the Bastile of Paris or the Tower of London.

Returning to think over it, I found to my astonishment, an unknown person seated upon a chair, and turning at a great rate the leaves of a rare old book. He was an up country Brahmin—a tall thin man with a broad forehead deeply marked with lines of thought, an aquiline nose from the source of which two parallel lines of red sandal ran longitudinally and receded to the remotest regions of his head. His dark eye-brows met, and projected over two deep-seated sunken eyes, which gave the countenance a sort of savage aspect. He had a natural antipathy to all kinds of hair. He wore no beard, perhaps he considered it an useless load. His head was shaved smoothly for the most part except at the top, where a circular patch of hair sable-silvered marked the kind of vegetation that clothed apparently so barren a soil.

His costume was enough to shew that he was one of the Pandas* of Seetakundu. He seemed past fifty, though he always took good care to convince enquirers that he had but just finished his teens. This love of pretending to be young, although he was not so, might be pardoned in a man of the Panda's education, when we find that men remarkable for

* Panda—A priest to a Hindoo God or Goddess.

their cleverness and intelligence, often seek the aid of cosmetic art to patch themselves young when the loss of strength, stiffness of joints and general decay of comeliness and grace unmistakably shew that the day—the great important day of final extinction, is not far distant.

His dress was of the simplest form imaginable. It consisted of a piece of coarse cloth which had been originally dipped in a solution of *Giri*, a paint highly liked by our travelling devotees, but it was soiled so much, and in so many places, that from what remained, it was no easy task to name the substance from which the paint had been extracted. He wore a brown jacket apparently of a better material, and decorated by a glittering curve of brass buttons which gave to his costume a secular appearance, though the fact was never admitted by the wearer without sharp and wordy opposition. Some of the upper buttons were unfastened, and showed to most casual observers a cluster of snow-white threads doubling the shoulder, but whether the disclosure was accidental or intentional it was not easy to know. For ourselves it is truth to say that we had not the audacity to ask so irreverent a question, nor was it likely that he would have vouchsafed an answer even if we did so.

One part of his costume has not been noticed yet, but as it was an important item we cannot omit it altogether. It was a large cotton bag, plaited and folded thickly at the mouth and secured by long twisted coloured threads coming towards the end. The contents were chiefly a rude knife with a wooden haft, pieces of brown or dirty papers marked with uncouth Kaithi character recording the names of Seetakundo visitors, reeds fashioned into pen, cracked betel-nuts, a little camphor, dried leaves of tobacco, two or three betel leaves and a small quantity of lime.

But neither the person nor the dress of the Panda would excite so much interest as his mind which was really of an exalted order. The decided want of symmetry of his person

been published. So, it is in the new book, especially, that we must search in the genius of the writer, and in the candid tenderness of her soul, the Eugénie de Guérin and I would add "la jeune Française des bords du Gange."

CLARISSE BADER.

THE BENGALI MONTHLIES.

Bengali periodical literature has received during the present month an important accession in the *Prabhu*, a Magazine which is edited by Babu Damadar Mukerjee, author of "The Two Sisters" and other books. In the first article the editor states the principles on which the periodical is to be conducted and the subjects it is to treat of. As to principles, the *Prabhu* is to be catholic; it is not to be the organ of any section of the Hindu community; it will deal evenhanded justice to all. As to subjects, it will take up important political questions, discuss social topics, review books of all sorts, criticise theatrical performances, and in other ways cater for the literary entertainment of the Bengali-reading public. The second paper in the Magazine is the first instalment of an essay on vedic literature by Pundit Satyavrata Samasrami, it is full of learning and promises to be interesting. The third article is a pretty sonnet by Babu Charu Chandra Mukerjee. The fourth article (probably by the editor) is the beginning of a story in the form of letters. If the letters are as well written as the two which have been published, the story will be interesting. A short poem by Babu Rama Charan Bose is succeeded by an essay in Mental Science by Babu Navadwip Chandra Raya, M. A., B. L. Next comes the commencement of an essay on the History of Aryan Civilization by Babu Ram Chandra Ghosh, M. R. A. S., F. B. S. L. The last paper is entitled "Ramkrishna's Spectacles" by Babu Adwaita Kumar Chatterjee, B. A., in which the writer falls asleep, dreams a dream, is transported into the infernal regions, puts on a pair of infernal spectacles, and sees all sorts of sights. We wish our young contemporary all success.

The current number of the *Bangadharan*, which is for the month of Aswin, contains a continuation of the story "Ananda-Math" apparently written by Babu Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, one of our best story-tellers in Bengali. This is followed by on the whole a fair criticism of *Meghnad-bad*h of

M. M. S. Dutt by Babu Sris Chandra Majumder. The next is a paper on the "Language of Flowers." We are then treated to a long review of Babu Hara Prasad Sastri's *Valmikirjaya*. This is followed by a poem, by a paper on the Coles of Palamow, and a short paper on the Power of Yoga.

The most remarkable paper in the current number of the *Bharati*, a monthly Magazine edited by Babu Dwijendra Nath Tagore, is a paper on "Yama's dog" by Dr. Rajendra Lala Mitra. The learned doctor says that there are four ways of disposing of the dead bodies of men; *first*, throwing them into a forest or stream; *second*, getting them devoured by dogs and other animals; *third*, burying; *fourth* burning. When men were savages, they adopted the first two methods of disposing of the dead bodies of their relatives; as civilization advanced, the other two modes were successively adopted; so that in the doctor's opinion cremation is the highest development of the act of disposal of the dead, and the learned Doctor quotes some texts from the Rigveda which show that inhumation was resorted to by the Hindus in ancient times. That the dog was an important agent in the disposal of human corpses is evident from the practices of some nations. Even at the present day, the Doctor informs us, the people of Thibet neither bury nor burn nor expose, like the Parsis, their dead bodies, but get them devoured by dogs; and the Parsis, though they expose their dead bodies on the tops of hills, have a ceremony called *saydid*, that is, dog-showing, which consists in showing the dead body, before it is carried to the Tower of Silence, to a dog. King Yudhisthir, on his withdrawal from the world of living men, was accompanied by a dog who is called by the poets an incarnation of *Dharma* or *Yama*. In Greek mythology Pluto has Cerberus, the three-headed dog, as his gate-keeper. In the old books of the Hindus Yama's dogs—for there were two of them—are called the Offspring of Saroma. Now another name of Saroma is Usha or the Dawn. Dr. Mitra thinks that Yama's dog is so called because it was the practice in primitive times, and in our day it is the practice of the Thibetans, to get dead bodies devoured by dogs in the morning or at dawn.

The current number of the *Adarini* continues the story of "Vijaya Sinha," and amongst other articles contains a paper in which comparison is instituted between the characters Ayesha and Tilottama.



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SPIRITUALISM IN BENGAL.

It is really a phenomenon in itself—this rapid spread of Spiritualism, within the last few years, among our educated countrymen. All Hindus believe in *Yoga*, in the wonders of *Indrajala*, in obsession, in evil eye, in charms and in *Tantrik* magic, but beyond believing in the existence of occult science and in the reality and possibility of occult phenomena, they hardly troubled their heads, in former times, in the search after such wonders. There were found, here and there, *Tantrik* initiates among the respectable classes, as also students of esoteric magic, but our educated countrymen generally kept aloof from such studies and thought the pursuit of them as labor lost.

But a wonderful change has now come over the people. Wherever we go we hear of *Yoga*, and Spiritualism and Theosophy, and see gentlemen of education and position, including Maharajahs and Rajahs, barristers and attorneys, merchants and tradesmen, students in colleges and shopkeepers all eager to witness Spiritual phenomena and to dive into the mysteries of occult knowledge. Circles are formed

and seances held in private houses and families with varying success, and the study of *Yoga* philosophy, which was formerly left to be pursued by the few who were thought to be specially elected for the same, is now considered to be of vital importance.

With this short preface we shall draw the notice of our readers to the first Bengali book on Spiritualism which has recently appeared. The author of it is Babu Rajkrishna Mitter, well known as a Homœopathic practitioner of this city, the news of whose death, a few weeks ago, at Bulundshahar, appeared lately in the daily papers. He has given in it his own experiences as a Spiritualist, also extracts from English and American works, and has laid down specific rules for the formation of circles, the development of mediums and the conduct of seances. The Bengali title of the book is "শোক-বিজয়," or Grief triumphed over. It has likewise an English title, which is, "The Philosophy of death;—being 20 years' experience of Spiritual seances, how to form circles, Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, Dreams, &c.. Communications from several Spirits,—with an engraving showing the birth of the Spirit."

We consider the volume a most interesting one, and, as cases have been given, in connection with which are the names of many very respectable gentlemen, who are now amongst us, the verification of the facts stated is easy and within the reach of every one.

An idea of the contents of the book will be obtained from the headings of the several chapters. The first, we are sorry to say, is mere rhapsody. The second introduces us to the Author and gives some of his personal experiences, which are, to say the least, most curious and wonderful. The third is a chapter on Spiritual science. The fourth is on Mesmerism. Then comes a chapter on Dreams and Delirium and the last two are on Disturbances by Evil Spirits and Theosophy respectively.

We shall now give extracts from the book, and we propose to do so as copiously as our space will admit. The translation, it may be premised, is almost literal. We are sure that our readers, both Native and European, will peruse with curious interest the narrations, which are really marvellous—if true. But the truth, as we have previously said, may be easily ascertained by reference to well-known gentlemen whose names have not been kept in the background.

Here, then, is the first extract:—

One of the principal teachers of a Government School (Babu Wooma Churn Doss, now Inspector of Schools, Kuch Behar), a Moonsiff (Babu Greesh Chunder Chowdhry, now Subordinate Judge of Chittagong), and a Deputy Collector (Babu Sunjeeb Chunder Chatterjee, now Registrar of Assurances at Jessore) were one day present at a Spiritual circle. The Spirit of the English Poet, Milton, was present and controlled the Moonsiff Babu. None of the above-named gentlemen knew Latin, and the Spirit of Milton was, therefore, solicited to compose a poem in that language. For fully one hour the right hand of the medium continued violently striking the table without producing any writing. After this period, and in the twinkling of an eye, he wrote fourteen lines of Latin poetry. This composition was submitted to the Civilian Collector of the District, and he was good enough to translate it into English and to send it back with the message that though the poem was certainly in Milton's style, he could not find it among that poet's published writings.

Now what shall we say to the above? The three names given preclude our disbelieving the occurrence. But then it goes against our grain to believe that the Spirits of Cyrus or Pharaoh, of Napoleon or Washington, of Bacon or Milton can be summoned at will to amuse or even to instruct, and to satisfy the curiosity of people. *Non possumus*, we are obliged to say, but as the actuality of the phenomena cannot be gainsaid, seeing that thousands of such have come to pass

and have been verified beyond cavil, we would rather agree with the plausible reason given by the Theosophists, *viz.* that such automatic writings are the work of subhuman or Elementary Spirits. "It is only the reliquæ of non-spiritually minded men," say the Theosophists, "whose spiritual Egos have perished, that appear in seance rooms and are dignified by Spiritualists with the title of Spirits of the departed" We can say a great deal more on this subject, but as our aim at present is not to write a disquisition on Occultism, we proceed to give Extract No. 2, which has for its title

SUICIDE.

Those who die suicides remain, for sometime after death, as if bereft of senses, like people suddenly struck dumb with some peculiar form of insanity or idiocy.—One day, while we were sitting in circle, the medium's hand began to move. A pencil having been placed between his fingers, he wrote the name of a well-known and respectable personage.—

Question.—Where was your residence ?

Answer.—In such a city (giving the name of the city.)

Q.—Is any one of your family now alive ?

A.—Yes, my old mother and my wife (mentioning the latter's name) are now alive.

Q.—That will do, you need not say anything more for your identification. Very well, if you be the Spirit of that person, you must know whether you have ever seen me or not ?

A.—Your brother Nobin is now with me. Do you wish to try my veracity ? Now, attend ! Four years before I quitted my mortal frame, you were seated by me one day in a room of the bungalow belonging to your family at Baraset. I asked you this question in Geography and you gave me this reply (mentioning details).

I recollected the circumstance at once. It happened some 25 or 26 years ago. No one of those who were then present had the slightest knowledge of it. He was an intimate friend of my second brother. They were so very intimate that, for two

or three years continuously, they remained in each others' company,—eating, sleeping and going out together. He used very often to make me sit by him in order to enjoy my childish talk. All doubt, therefore, as to his identity, was banished from my mind.

Q.—You were accused of having committed a very cruel deed. Is it really a fact that you were guilty of the crime ?

A.—Do *you* believe me guilty ?

Q.—Then why did you commit suicide by shooting yourself ?

A.—Drink—Drink—Drink ! I used to drink day and night. When the case was instituted against me, every one there took pleasure in frightening me. In great trepidation I came to Calcutta. Here, also, those whom I consulted and whose advice I sought about my case, far from giving me any advice whatever, drew horrible pictures of what the result would be. I tried to drown my fears by drinking, but the more I endeavoured to do so, the more agonizing became those fears. At last I committed the wicked deed which violently separated my Spirit from its earthly tenement.

Q.—In what state of mind and body did you draw up the Will which you left behind you ?

A.—Do not question me any more about worldly affairs.

Q.—Pardon me. I shall not do so any more. Now, will you please tell me how you felt when your Spirit became separated from your body ? Be good enough to enlighten us.

A.—I saw my body lying beneath me, while I was standing a little above it.—What is this ! was my first thought, for it seemed as if my intelligence and senses were under a cloud. I saw several persons and doctors handling my body and shaking their heads.—Once I thought I would have a drink again and approached the bottle, but, to my surprise, I could not drink. At this moment two Spirits came near me and took me away with them, but where they took me to and by what way I was taken away I cannot say. I am unable to

specify how long I remained in this dazed and confused state. When I attempted to approach any other Spirit, whom I saw, at my sight that Spirit darted away in a different direction. This was my condition for many, many years, after which I gradually regained my consciousness. The two Spirits who first escorted me from the earth began now to enlighten and instruct me. I loved my wife dearly and was exceedingly fond of my eldest daughter. My first wish, therefore, when I had somewhat shaken off my dazedness, was to find out where they were. Drawn by undying love and sympathy I used to be near them very often. I made my wife act in accordance with the instructions I received from my two Spirit-guides and tutors, and, in proportion as she used my wealth in acts of charity and other good works, in that proportion the scales which still obscured my vision began gradually to drop off. My condition is now somewhat better, especially as your brother joined me here two years ago. We are as happy here as we were on earth.

Q.—Do you wish to send messages to any one.

A.—No.—Only proclaim to every one that man does not die.

In this way, for one hour, the Spirit of the man, I knew so well upon earth, conversed with us and then departed. It is now fifteen years since this event occurred. I had noted down every detail at the time, but during the dark days of my misfortune those notes had been, no doubt, mislaid.

We leave our readers to draw their own conclusions from the above narrative. We would, however, note that it is easy for the partially-freed soul of the medium to fish out from the dormant memories of those around him any event or occurrence which may have been forgotten by the individuals themselves, but which, nevertheless, is faithfully stored up in the locked chambers of their minds and is kept photographed, as it were, on the *Akasa* or Universal Ether.—The disclosure

about the question and answer in Geography, mentioned in the foregoing narrative, can, therefore, thus be explained.

The following is an instance of the worthy doctor's successful effort in mesmerism. It is indeed a pity that Mesmerism does not form one of the branches of the healing art in the present day:—

One day, about two years ago, at the hour of 9 or 10 at night, I was sent for by Baboo Narendra Nauth Sen, who is extensively known in Calcutta as a successful solicitor of the High Court and the scion of a noble family, to treat his niece. Both the husband of the girl and her uncle, Baboo Nobin Clunder Gupta, were Allopathic physicians. On my arrival at the patient's bed-side, I found her staring wildly and unintelligently and suffering from violent contortions of the hands and legs. She was unable to speak or utter any sound whatever and was incapable of swallowing even a single drop of water. Her husband informed me that she had been subject for sometime to hysteria. Four days ago, no doubt with the intention of destroying herself, she had drunk a quantity of turpentine from a bottle and had dropped down insensible. Dr. Woodford and seven or eight other physicians had, in consultation, treated her, and had given her no end of medicines, which had, however, failed in giving any relief. And now, after she had lost all power of deglutition, I had been called in. For thirty six hours I continued administering different kinds of remedies, but without the least effect.—The family were Brahmos. It was no disease but a case of obsession, but any opinion of this sort would have been scouted. So I remained quiet. On the night of my second visit, while sitting by the patient's bedside, I, without telling any body, mesmerised her for three or four minutes, merely by concentrating my will, but without making passes. When I called next morning, I was informed by the patient's mother-in-law that the girl had been delirious the whole night, and that towards early morning she had been heard to mutter:—

"His dwelling-place has been broken down, and he cannot, therefore, remain here any longer. He will go away after bathing in the Ganges, but care must be taken that pujah is offered to Shiva."—From that moment she had felt some relief and had a little sleep. Every one about her thought that she had been raving in delirium, but I surmised otherwise, when the words—"his dwelling has been broken down"—were reported to me. I mesmerised a glass of water and told the attendants to sprinkle some of it on her lips and eyes. At the same time I gazed for a few minutes steadily at her eyes and strongly willed that she should feel the mesmeric influence. I then came down and was going to get into my carriage, when her husband caught me by the hand and again took me upstairs. On entering the sick room I found the patient sitting up in bed, and was told that she had been able to take down half a seer of milk. On perceiving me she drew down her veil. I asked: "What had been the matter with you"?

Patient.—I cannot say.

I.—It is now six days, and on the evening of Thursday last you became unwell. Do you remember what you had been doing previous to that time?

Patient.—On that evening I was walking alone on the terrace of the house. Suddenly I saw a strange person—a shadow—standing by me. I became, somehow or other, so completely under his control, that I could not help doing whatever he told me to do. He told me—"come,—come with me." I went with him. This way, that way, the other way went he, and I followed. Then, at his bidding, I opened an almyrah and took out a bottle, and from under the staircase a cocoanut shell. I poured the liquid that was in the bottle into the cocoanut shell and drank of it twice. I do not remember anything more after that. Now I feel my throat very sore and painful.

I.—Did you not feel a bitter taste when drinking the liquid?

Patient.—Nothing at all. I drank as easily as I drink water. I would not certainly have drunk had the taste of the liquid been bitter.

The patient gradually recovered.

Baboo Narendra Nath Sen is one of the leading men of this city and is accessible to every one. The facts stated above may, therefore, be easily verified.—

One of the chapters in the book commences with the following sentence:—"After death, the Spirits of our friends and relatives frequently remain near us and protect us from harm."—Among other instances, the Author relates as follows:—

No doubt many are acquainted with Baboo Preo nath Sett of Burrazar. He lost his wife when he was a young man, but having a son, he did not re-marry. The Spirit of Preo Baboo's wife is constantly with him, and has saved him from many dangers and misfortunes. He owed his life several times to her. It is now 17 or 18 years ago, long before the Hooghly bridge was even thought of, that Preo Baboo had some business to go to Howrah. He, therefore, went to the river side with some attendants in order to cross over. He could find no other boat at the ghat but the usual ferry boat,—and he made his attendants get into it.—It was in the morning and there were no signs of clouds or storm in the sky. When Preo Baboo was on the point of following his men into the boat, he felt somebody pull his *chuddler* from behind. He turned round and, seeing nobody, knew that it was his wife's doing. He refused to enter into the boat, which started without him. In the middle of the stream it suddenly careened over, sunk and was seen no more.

"During delirium," says our Author, "the soul sometimes quits the body and travels to different places,—seeing things with the internal eye." He relates an instance of this:—

Few there are who do not know Babu Anand Krishna Bose, grandson of the late Rajah Sir Radakant Deb Bahadour, of

Sovabazar. A few days after the demise of the Rajah Bahadur, *en grand odeur de sainteté*, at Brindabun. Babu Anand Krishna Bose was attacked with strong fever and delirium. One day, during his illness, he suffered greatly from the stoppage of all evacuations of the body and consequent tympanitis. At about 1 P.M. he suddenly called his younger brother, Babu Joy Krishna Bose, to his bedside and told him that, at the pacca ghat by the river side, near Burrabazar, there was a sunnyassi, about 30 to 35 years of age and of fair complexion, with whom there was the medicine for the disease under which he was suffering. Later on, at 5 P. M. he again whispered to his younger brother that the sunnyassi had been to see him, and that he had gone away after administering to him the medicine mixed with two and a half grains of pepper.—Every one took all this for delirious raving. The bowels and kidneys, however, were soon moved and the Babu felt relieved at once. Next day, to satisfy curiosity, on search being made, a sunnyassi was actually found at Juggurnauth Ghât, who willingly came with the men sent out in quest of him. He saw Babu Anand Krishna, blessed him and departed. From that day the Babu gradually improved and finally recovered. It was thought by all at the time that the Spirit of the Rajah had, unseen by any one, administered the medicine, in order to save the life of his favorite grandson.

The independent action of the soul beyond the physical body is a well-known and well-established psychical fact. Babu Anand Krishna Bose's case is a remarkable instance of this. Those who know the Babu, will be able to testify that he is a gentleman and a *savant* in the strictest sense of the terms,—a profound thinker and a giant in erudition, but who studiously avoids pomposity and display. We are quite sure that he will be happy to satisfy the curiosity of any enquirer as to the genuineness of the facts stated above.

The following two instances, of medicines found in dreams,

are given by the Author. In both cases wonderful cures were effected :—

Sometime ago, the father of the prince among pandits, Ishwara Chandra Vidyasagar, suffered from a cancerous sore in the leg. He was brought to Calcutta for treatment. The doctors advised amputation of the affected leg, but the old brahmin was unwilling, at his advanced age, to undergo the operation. He was, therefore, sent back to his native village, where he lay prostrate in bed, in daily expectation of death. One night he dreamed that he saw a bundle lying on the bank of a tank surrounded by palm trees, which was situated near the house, and that within that bundle was the medicine for the deadly sore in his leg. On waking, he sent out men to search the place, when lo ! a bundle was actually found on the spot indicated, and within it were some strange-looking roots. The roots were at once triturated with Ganges water. A portion was taken internally and a portion applied to the sore. In three or four days it was healed, and with what remained many other cures of a like nature were effected.

The second instance is still more marvellous :—

Babu Preo Nauth Dutt, a resident of Calcutta, and who still holds a high post, under the Government of India, in the Comptroller General's Office, had been much troubled, three years ago, on account of his wife's illness,—the disease being hysteria of an obstinate type. Dr. Mahendra Lal Sircar and myself treated her for the same, but the medicines which we administered to her, in consultation, instead of benefiting the patient, rather aggravated the disease. Finding all his efforts useless, Babu Preo Nauth Dutt stopped medical treatment for a time and sent his sister to Tarakessur, in the hope of getting a sure remedy by occult means. Before reaching her destination, the Babu's sister, while putting up one night at a road-side *Serai*, dreamed as if some one called her by her name : "So-and-so, you are going to fast and pray for so-and-so at the shrine at Tarakessur. It is

needless. Hold out your hand and receive the medicine for the disease. On the right side of the patient's head you will find a spot which is constantly throbbing. Bind this root to the hair over that very spot." The good lady, without finishing her journey, returned home at once, and saw that, in reality, there was a place on the right side of the patient's head which throbbed day and night, and about which the patient had not informed anybody. The root was bound over the spot, as directed, and from that moment Babu Preo Nauth Dutt's wife was completely cured.

Pandit Ishwara Chandra Vidyasagar, C. I. E., and Babu Preo Nauth Dutt are both living and in Calcutta.

The following is our Author's own personal experience. He says :—

What I am going to relate happened 31 years ago. I was then a student at college. One night I dreamed that I was travelling through the country in a bullock cart, and that night having overtaken me, I took shelter in the house of a *grihasta*. The room assigned to me by him had mud walls on three sides, the fourth (the east side) being open. Such kind of rooms cannot be seen in Bengal. In front of the room was a very big *burr* tree. I felt somewhat afraid in this strange place. I enquired of a man, who was standing by me, how far the police station was from the spot. He pointed with his finger and replied :—"there it is :—the *thannah* is three doors off." I entered the room. I then saw in my dream, some hours after, a band of dacoits attack the house, and, robbing me of all my property, make their escape.—The shouts of the dacoits woke me, but, for a time, the tumultuous beating of my heart kept me confused. I shortly recovered, however, on realizing that the whole was nothing but a dream. Nevertheless, the dream itself and its incidents were never obliterated from my mind. Exactly six months after this date, I left college and went to the North-West,—(Mozufferpore)—for the benefit of my health. There were no

railways then in this country. I hired a big country boat, and slowly proceeding up the Bhagmati river, took one month to reach Poussa. I there calculated that I would be able to reach my destination in two days by bullock cart and in fourteen days by boat. I preferred the former mode of travelling, and, accordingly, engaged a bullock cart. At about 8 or 9 in the evening, I arrived at the house of a zemindar of the place. He welcomed me with great cordiality and prepared lodgings for me in his house. On alighting from the bullock cart, what was my astonishment to find the same room, the same big *burr* tree and the same men I had seen in my dream. Awe-struck, I stammered out how far was the *thannah*? One of the men near me, pointing with his finger, said:—"there it is, three doors off." Nothing now remained, thought I, for the entire fulfilment of my dream but the band of dacoits. I, therefore, put my things into the cart again, and refused to remain longer in that place on any account. My eldest uncle was, at the time, one of the principal Government employes in that zillah, and was, therefore, well-known to the zemindar. For this reason the latter tried his best to dissuade me from leaving the place that night, but seeing me resolute, he put into my cart no end of provisions and refreshments and told off a *paik* (native guard) of his house, as an escort, to protect us from highwaymen. Next night we arrived at Mozufferpore, and learnt that on the very night I left the zemindar's place, his house had been attacked by a band of dacoits and he robbed of everything he possessed.

"Dreams descend from Jove," is a well-known saying. "And from the Devil, too," we hear some one say. Well, nothing is easier than to attribute to the black gentleman a phenomenon, when our dull brain feels itself incompetent to understand a psychic fact or to catch the real signification of the term 'miracle'!

Having given a number of such interesting and curious narratives, our Author thus concludes:—

Why should we then fear Death? By the invisible bridge people from this side are crossing over to the other, and from the unknown shore visitors are constantly coming to us. The Present and the Future, instead of being two different periods of time, are, as regards the Soul, one. Spirit visitants from the other shore have communed with us and informed us that the iron mace, the lake of filth or of eternal fire are only fables. We now see that every man, after death, retains his individuality, his particular form and appearance, and that his affection and love continue there in the same force as upon earth. Our dearest friends and relatives, who have "shaken off this mortal coil," are constantly around us, trying to protect us from harm and to lead us towards good. * * * *

* * There is, therefore, no cause for sorrow, O mother bereaved of thy darling. Rise! for thy son is not dead. He has only put on a Spiritual body and is climbing the ladder of eternal progress! O desolate wife, weep no more for thy beloved! The separation is only for a time. The lord of thy heart, waiting, day and night, for thy final freedom, is ever with thee! O son, mourning for thy worshipped parents, lay aside vain sorrow. Invisible to thee, their loving arms are shielding thee from evil!—

We now take leave of our Author. We cannot, however, close this review without some remarks. There is not a book on Spiritualism, Mesmerism, Occultism or Theosophy, in English, French or German, which we have not carefully perused, and the conclusion to which we have come to is, that, as a pastime, Spiritualism is extremely dangerous, and we would, therefore, give a friendly warning to our countrymen to leave it alone and not venture to confront the awful shadowy form which stands at the threshold of this realm of mystery.—"The world from which disembodied Spirit returns to us is very much like our own. The denizens of it are of varying degrees of progression; and those, unfortunately for us, who are least progressive, least developed, least spiritual

and most material and earthly, hover around the confines, and rush in when the gates are set ajar." Beware, therefore, to set the gates ajar!

Many, to whom we have given this advice, have replied to us that their object is good, and that it is with the intention of combating the gross materialistic tendency of the age that they have taken to Spiritualism. The excuse is futile and amuses us, for it reminds us of the plea which a person, habituated to alcohol, put forth, when advised to discontinue the habit. "I do not drink," he said, "for the sake of drinking, but for my health, as I never go beyond a certain limit"!

We have said that Spiritualism is a dangerous pastime. It is a question, however, whether it has not its uses; whether, in the hands of the philosopher or the scientist, or of one who is deeply imbued with piety, and who loves his neighbour as himself, it might not lead to a more perfect understanding of Nature and her sublime laws. Also, whether it will not serve to strengthen the faith of the faithful. A clergymen of the English Church, who has been "for more than forty years, without intermission, actively employed in the Christian Ministry," thus writes on the subject:—

Regarding Spiritual phenomena, he says;—"After having witnessed what I have faithfully described, if the whole world were to pronounce it imposture, trickery, hallucination of my mind, I could not swerve or be shaken in my convictions." Again, he says:—"I should regard detected tricks in the light of counterfeit coins, the existence of which proves that there are genuine standard coins."—He thus sums up:—"Does Spiritualism, rightly used, or as used by right-minded and serious persons, aid in leading us to cherish communion with the Holiest? Does it enable us to realize a 'cloud of witnesses' as being in a measure cognisant of our doings while we are yet in the body? Does it assist in enforcing the observance of Christian precepts? Does it promote the cultivation of Faith, Hope and Charity? My opinion, conviction and experience reply,—It does."

Personally speaking, sinners as we humbly acknowledge ourselves to be, and suppliants for Grace, neither Spiritualism, nor Theosophy nor *Yoga* brings us joy or gives us hope or consolation. They all proclaim that man must depend on his works for his future well-being,—a doctrine from which we would earnestly turn away.—

Spiritualism says:—"You are the arbiter of your own destiny. You will live there as you are living now. By the acts and habits of your daily life, you are preparing for yourself the place of your future habitation. The filthy is filthy still, as the pure in heart preserves his purity. You are working out your own salvation or preparing to yourself misery and woe."

Theosophy says:—"Swedenborg and Spiritualism certainly show good reasons for believing that our future life will be the counterpart of this life, and that we shall occupy a position there in exact relation to our works here.

Yoga says:—"Whate'er the acts a man commits, whate'er his state of mind, of that the recompense must he receive in corresponding body. Souls gifted with the quality of goodness attain the state of gods; those filled with passion, the state of men; and those immersed in darkness, the state of beasts. Just in proportion as a vital soul addicts itself to sensuality, in that degree its senses shall become intensely keen in future transmigrations."

But there is an "*if*" say we to the above. *If* we depended on our own works, as a mighty people once did and "were dismayed," and *if* we ceased to look to Grace and to Grace only for our redemption and future happiness, then what the Spiritualist and the Theosophist have said would surely come to pass, for the "Lord would then render to every man according to his works," and "the filthy would be filthy still."

Let us turn, however, from the religious side of the question and leave the work of salvation to Him who alone can save.

But for the ends of science, for shedding light into the secret recesses of Nature, and for the development of the hidden powers of the soul of man,—for the soul of man *can* certainly be developed to such an extent as to get back the pristine powers which it had over creation, and which it has lost through man's own fault and folly,—we doubt whether the study of *yoga* NOT Spiritualism is wrong or unworthy of one's earnest aspiration. Divested of its religious garb *yoga* is nothing more than sublimated science, sublimated and transcendentalized to such a degree as to be incomprehensible to those who cannot look beyond the confines of what is known as exact science. Is not electricity sublimer and subtler than gross matter? Carry the attenuation (to use a Homœopathic term) further and further, and yet further, and some faint idea may be had of what *Yoga* teaches.

We hold, therefore, that it is not either unwise or reprehensible to endeavour to develop the latent powers of the soul. The way, however, is rugged and difficult, but many have passed over it and been crowned with success.—To those however, who, without girding their loins and laying by a store of patience and self-abnegation and love for their fellow-men, would seek to be travellers by this road, or, rather, who would remain afar and yet wish for the Supreme Knowledge and Power to which man's soul may attain, I would emphatically advise:—For your own happiness and peace of mind, tamper not with the mysteries of Spiritualism. SET NOT THE GATES AJAR, lest those enter in, whom you will find it extremely difficult to expel.

O. C. D.

FLANDERS IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY ARCYDÆ.

(Continued from page 383.)

The liberty thus won by the citizens of Flanders, at the beginning of the fourteenth century was not threatened again till near the close of that century. For three quarters of a century the Flemish towns, although not free from foreign interference, virtually enjoyed peace, and increased in power in population, in arts and in riches. As we wish to speak of the second war of independence in 1379 we will not dwell on the history of the intervening seventy-five years except to notice one or two famous incidents which it is impossible to pass over in silence.

When the great war of the fourteenth century between England and France broke out in 1337, both countries courted the alliance of Flanders. Louis, Count of Flanders, resided in Paris, considered the favour of the French king Philip vi as the highest honor, and would have liked to see the citizens of Flanders join France in the impending war against England. But there was a brisk trade between Flanders and England; the stopping of that trade would have been ruin to the towns of Flanders, and the citizens of Flanders naturally felt reluctant to ruin themselves and their trade in order to further the ambition of France. People still remembered the cruel and unjust war which France had waged against them 33 years before, and did not wish to sacrifice their trade and probably their liberty by an alliance with France. Among the most ardent defenders of liberty was an inhabitant of Ghent named Jacob Arteveld who was gifted with rare talents and a great force of character, and had succeeded in organizing and leading the popular party not only in his own town but also in the two other great towns of Bruges and Ypres. He was

proprietor of a great brass manufactory and his riches and the number of laborers who worked in his manufactory made him feared and obeyed by all.

Arteveld had assembled the citizens of Ghent to deliberate with them on the means of saving their manufactures. The officers of the Count of Flanders, knowing the patriotism and love of liberty of Arteveld resolved to get him murdered. The attempt however produced so great a commotion in the town that the officers of the count had to leave the town and escape, and their property was confiscated.

The Bishop of Lincoln came to Ghent in the meantime and tried to induce Arteveld to form an alliance with England. The very citizens however who had so often fought against France for their liberty dreaded to sever all connexion with France and form a foreign alliance. Flanders was after all a county of the French kingdom, and it was impossible for the citizens to declare war against their hereditary suzerain the king of France. Arteveld suggested an ingenious compromise. Edward III, says he, has claims to the throne of France; let him then ask our assistance, not as the king of England, but as the king of France!

While these negotiations were going on, Count Louis of Flanders tried to strike terror into the popular party by beheading Zeyer Chevalier of Courtrai, and a friend of Arteveld whom the Count had induced to come within his power. This perfidy decided the popular party to form an alliance with England forthwith.

For eight years after this the towns of Ghent, Ypres and Bruges remained virtually as independent republics, and Jacob Arteveld, citizen of Ghent, remained at the head of the Government of Flanders in the name of the allied towns. He had the talent to preserve accord in the councils of the new republics, to administer their finances with order and economy, and to trace for them a line of policy which, while guaranteeing their independence, did not bring them into

open hostility with the Count of Flanders in whose name all the orders were still given, although he had taken shelter in the Court of France. But when Edward III came to Flanders in 1345 with his son the Black Prince, and was received by Arteveld, fresh difficulties began to arise. The smaller towns began to be jealous of Arteveld and of the influence and exclusive privileges of the three great towns,—as well as of the growing influence of England to Flanders.

Edward III of England was a wise king, and was playing a deep game. For eight years he had been the ally of the Flemish and had treated them with respect and kindness. He thought it was time to draw the ties of alliance closer, and to bring Flanders under the virtual subjection of England! He received the consuls of Ghent, Ypres and Bruges on his ships of war, and had many conferences with them. He represented to them that the Counts of Flanders had ever shewn little respect for their liberties, and that if they wished to place those liberties on a permanent basis they should formally depose that house. Lastly, Edward added, in place of Count Louis of Flanders they might choose his own son, the Black Prince, as Duke of Flanders.

Such was the formal proposal of Edward III of England. Jacob Arteveld in his partiality for England and the English trade was willing to accept the proposals, but the consuls from the other towns hesitated to proceed so far, and demanded a month's time for deliberation, which was granted.

Arteveld's partiality for England proved fatal to him. The citizens of Ghent, and other places were already jealous of him, and now began to accuse him of trying to usurp the supreme authority and making a bad use of the general finances. On the 19th July 1345 Jacob Arteveld returned to Ghent. "As he passed by the streets," Says Froissart, "he perceived that something new had been going on against him, for those who used to bow to him and to take off their hats now turned to him their backs and entered their houses. He

felt doubt, and when he entered his house he caused the doors and windows to be closed and barred. His servants had scarcely done this, when the street in which he lived was covered with men, before and behind. His house was surrounded and assailed from before and behind and was broken by force."

The great citizen now perceived the full magnitude of his danger, but did not lose his courage. He presented himself before a window and harangued the people; he recalled to them the services he had rendered to the town and to Flanders; he promised to render an account of the money that had passed through his hands; he even humiliated himself and wept,—but all in vain. The people when they rise in their wrath seldom moderate their actions, and to all the entreaties and remonstrances of Jacob sternly answered, Descend! Preach to us no more, for you shall die!

Jacob Arteveld closed the window and tried to escape by the back door to find safety in a church; but the house had already been broken into and was full of the infuriated people, and Jacob and seventy of his friends and relations were killed on the spot.

The death of this great citizen and patriot naturally raises feelings of sorrow and indignation. But in those troublesome times such violent deaths were by no means uncommon, and the lives and fates of great men were always wound up with their policy. So long as their policy succeeded they held the reins of government; when that policy failed they seldom escaped banishment or death. Society felt too insecure to be able to allow,—as we allow in the present century—men of great influence and hostile policy to peacefully live in its midst, and probably to mature their plans. So long as Jacob Arteveld agreed with his countrymen and led their opinions, he ruled them almost like a king; but when his policy at last diverged from their's,—he paid the penalty of the difference by death.

And however greatly we may respect the talents and patriotism of this great citizen, and however much we may regret that his fellow citizens were barbarous enough to kill him for difference in political opinions,—we must at least admit that on the point on which they differed from him, the citizens were right, and Jacob Arteveld was for once, wrong. So long as he defended the liberties of the towns of Flanders by an alliance with England, and remained in nominal subjection to a weak count residing in Paris, he was carrying out the true policy of his country. But when he wanted to throw off openly the sovereignty of that weak count, and to substitute for it that of a warlike prince, son of the warlike king of England, he was unconsciously imperilling that very national liberty for which he had fought so long, and blindly running into the snare which Edward III had laid for the citizens of Flanders. The citizens perceived this; they were barbarous enough to punish Arteveld's mistake with death, but they were wise and patriotic enough to save their liberties from the ambition and deep-laid policy of England.

The deputies of Bruges, Ypres, Courtrai, Oudenarde presented themselves before Edward III at Westminster, assured him that they were determined to persist in his alliance, but that they did not wish to dispossess their count of his ancient heritage. The greatest and wisest minister of the present day could not have chosen a policy more conducive under the circumstances to the liberty of the towns of Flanders than this which the simple citizens instinctively felt as their true and only safe policy. Edward was compelled to satisfy himself with the alliance offered. But we must now hasten to the stirring story of the second war of independence in Flanders in the fourteenth century.

The towns of Flanders engaged in the latter half of the fourteenth century a degree of freedom and power, of wealth and civilization which were witnessed nowhere else in Europe except in the Italian republics. They improved arts,

carried on an active trade with England, with France and with Germany, and they were far advanced in the art of self government. They paid rich contributions to their Count Louis de Male, who often resided in Paris, and who was thus enabled to display a splendour and magnificence which was the envy of many a prince. The count had his officers in most of the towns to levy taxes, but the citizens virtually managed their own affairs. The artisans of the three great towns of Ghent, Ypres and Bruges were divided into companies according to their respective trades; they had their flags, their captains and their judges, they lived constantly together, they exercised themselves in arms and acquired military habits, they attached themselves to each other, swayed by a strong *esprit de corps*; and they were always ready to guard their comrades and their privileges, their towns and their liberty.

Count Louis de Male had by his unjust exactions driven the people of Ghent to despair and to rebellion, and on the 5th September 1379 sent two hundred horse to capture the chief insurgents and behead them in the fortress. The citizens however, under their leader John Hyons attacked the small force and dispersed or killed them. Hyons then marched out of Ghent with ten thousand citizen soldiers, burnt the chateau of Wandelghen, and formed a confederation with the towns of Bruges and Damme for maintaining the ancient liberty of the Flemish towns. In the latter place he was poisoned,—it is inspected by the agents of the count; but his successors, John Pruneau, Peter Dubois and others took up the work he had so ably commenced, and induced Contrai and Ypres to enter into the confederacy. The citizens laid siege to Oudenarde, and the count of Flanders was at last forced to sign a treaty of peace on the 3rd December 1379.

The peace was not however meant to be kept. The count was not yet prepared to submit to such humiliation, and in the count's own court the Peace was called *A peace with two*

faces. In 1380 the count came to Ghent, caused the citizens to be assembled in the market, and from the window of his palace exhorted them to take off their white chaperons which they had put on since the breaking out of the war as a sign of unity in the cause of liberty. The place was crowded with men who had this sign,—they listened to the discourse of the count without murmur or protest but without also any sign of obedience to his request. Astonished, hurt and frightened at this popular resistance, the count left Ghent breathing vengeance.

War was recommenced almost immediately, and the count's party was the first to violate the peace they had so lately concluded. Forty boats loaded with grain were going up the river to Ghent; the nobles attacked these, mutilated the boatmen in the most cruel manner, taking out the eyes of most of them, and thus sent them on to Ghent in their sufferings. The indignation of the people knew no bounds, but they expressed it in a worthier and more effectual manner. They attacked and surprised Oudenarde which had hitherto remained in possession of the count. Unable to humiliate or chastise the citizens, the count concluded a second treaty on the 12th March 1380,—a treaty which he did not mean to observe any more than the previous one. Without venturing openly to declare war again, the count incited the nobility to commit outrages on the people. The nobility of Hainault, Holland and Zealand as well as of Flanders, whose jealousy at the riches and pride of the warlike citizens had degenerated into a violent hatred, gladly responded to the call, and attacked the boats and destroyed the merchandise of Ghent whenever they could. They extended their pillage to the very gates of that town, while the citizens of the town frequently marched out and destroyed nearly all the castles of the nobility near and around Ghent. Thus passed some months.—

In the summer of 1380 the count appeared with a powerful army. Bruges surrendered itself to him, and he behead-

ed a large number of persons of the popular party. An army sent from Ghent for the relief of Ypres fell into an ambushade at Rousselaer and was destroyed, after which Ypres surrendered itself to the count, and seven hundred persons, weavers and others, were beheaded. Courtrai also submitted, and on the 29th August 1380 the count came before Ghent and laid siege to it.

The cause of popular liberty in western Europe seemed to hang on the result of this siege, and persons of all classes seemed to feel it. The nobility from all parts of the Netherlands crowded to the army of Count Louis in order to chastize once and for ever the pride of the lower classes, and take by force the last fortress of their liberty. On the other hand the citizens of towns outside Flanders, of Brussels, of Liege, and all Netherlands felt that the cause of Ghent was the cause of all cities, and sent messages to the besieged town to assure it of their friendship. They were too far however to send any effectual succour.

Nor did the people of Ghent stand in need of such succour. Their town, the most warlike and populous perhaps in all Europe, contained according to Froissart eighty thousand men between fifteen and sixty, and capable of bearing arms; and the population therefore could not have been less than four hundred thousand. Nor were they inactive. They sallied out and successively took Alost, Daudermonde and Gramonte by assault, and transported the Count's magazines from those places and into their town. The count saw the impossibility of taking such a town by siege, and at last raised the siege on the 11th November 1380. The cause of liberty triumphed for the present.

In March 1381 the count of Flanders again appeared near Ghent with a large army and ravaged the country. Two armies were sent out from Ghent to meet him, but Rasce de Harselle and John de Lanvoy who commanded one of these armies imprudently offered battle to the count before they

were joined by the other under Peter Dubois. The petty army of Ghent sustained the attack of the nobility more than four times in number with a bravery which astonished and terrified the count. Forced at last to yield to numbers and to the cavalry of the enemy the citizen soldiers retired to the convent of Nivelles where they continued to defend themselves with the same obstinacy. But the count and his chevaliers, with a cruelty which intense hatred alone could inspire collected combustibles around the convent and set them on fire. They rejected all propositions of the besieged who offered to surrender, they received the cries of despair of the citizens with shouts of derision, and they threw back on the flames those who attempted to escape. Of the six thousand citizens who were engaged in the battle of Nivelles on the 13th May 1381 hardly three hundred escaped. Peter Dubois who commanded the other army of Ghent retired into the town on hearing of this disaster.

All Flanders had now submitted to the count except Ghent and a small place Grandmont which was held by the people of Ghent. Gaultier d' Enghien a cousin of the count carried this last place by assault on the 7th July 1381 and ordered a general massacre. The town contained a population of five thousand, and the number of women and children and old men who were massacred in the streets, and of the invalids who were burnt within houses and beds, far exceeded the number of combatants who died like soldiers. The count embraced his cousin after this frightful massacre and said, "Courage ! It is thus that one marches to glory" !

All seemed lost for Ghent. That large town required a large food supply for its maintenance, but the country all round had been ravaged and was in the possession of the foe. One after another, all the towns had fallen into the hands of the enemy, all resources seemed to be lost, fortitude seemed to be of no avail, and despair was visible in the countenances of the bravest. At this juncture the citizens placed their

destinies, their leadership in the hands of one whose venerable father had been a true friend to Ghent for years, but had been killed by them for one fatal mistake. Since the murder of Jacob Arteveld, his son Philip Arteveld had lived with his mother a retired life,—seeking neither power nor celebrity. But when his countrymen, grateful for the services they had received from his father, named him by their suffrages for the the supreme authority and confided in him, Philip Arteveld did not hesitate for one moment to place himself in front, and take charge of the responsibilities, however onerous, of freeing Ghent of the dangers which surged against the very walls of the town from every side. And he proved that his talents were equal to the great name and reputation which his worthy father had left.

The first act of Philip Arteveld was worthy of himself. He suppressed the internal disorders and frequent quarrels and violence which used to take place in the streets, he threatened with severe punishments those who disturbed public peace in the town, he called to the common council all the citizens, rich and poor alike, and to draw the ties of union between citizen and citizen closer, he ordered that they should all wear a white scroll on which was written *God help us*. Fit motto under the perilous circumstances in which the citizens found themselves.

Two attempts at concluding a treaty of peace were made, and both failed. The Count knew well that the citizens of Ghent were threatened by famine, and his only wish was to amuse them with offers of peace until famine would compel them to surrender at discretion. At the first conference the Count proposed to extend his pardon to all the citizens provided that two hundred of their chiefs were delivered to his mercy. At the second conference his terms were still more cruel. He demanded that all the inhabitants of the town between the age of fifteen and sixty should appear before him in chemise and with ropes round their necks, and that

he would pardon them or order execution according to his will. As Arteveld returned to the town after hearing these cruel conditions proposed by the Count, the citizens followed him desiring to hear the result of the conference. "God will help us," he said "return to your houses to-day, and to-morrow at nine, come to the market place."

The next day at the appointed hour Arteveld explained to the assembled citizens the cruel conditions of the Count. With a heroic composure he explained to them that there were three and only three courses open to them. To await death in their churches like Christians after having confessed and received the holy communion;—to submit to the conditions of the Count;—or lastly, to form a body of the bravest citizens and march out and demand battle of the count. The citizens adopted the last course with acclamation.

Constables went round from house to house and selected five thousand of the bravest citizens of Ghent, and on the 1st May 1382 Arteveld marched out at their head with two hundred carts carrying their artillery, five carts carrying their bread and with two tons of wine. This was all the food which remained in the town, and the citizens devoted it all for those who were marching out to bring succour or meet death. As the army passed the gates of the town, the other citizens who saw them go said to them, "Brave men! You know what things you are leaving behind you after your departure. Do not hope to return unless you return with honor. For you will find nothing here; as soon as we hear that you are killed or beaten, we will put fire to the town and destroy ourselves like desperate men."

On the morning of the 3rd May the citizen soldiers prepared for battle with the Count's army before Bruges. They partook of the food they had brought with them, sharing it equally among all whatever their rank, and when the breakfast was finished the last morsel of food which the army had, had been consumed. Arteveld then arranged his troops,

waiting the attack of the foe ; he caused mass to be said and the holy communion received ; and then he harangued the soldiers himself on the eve of death or victory with a proud and patriotic eloquence.

The militia of Bruges, said to be forty thousand in number followed by the cavalry of the Count of Flanders, attacked the army of Ghent. The latter, as soon as they saw the Bruges militia, fired their guns and advanced precipitately crying "Ghent"! "Ghent"! They broke through all opposition, and marched steadily in front, turning neither to the right nor the left. The Bruges militia astonished at this formidable advance opened their ranks and let the Enemy pass. They did not know how to rally, their disorder augmented their terror, and they fled precipitately into the town, throwing into confusion the cavalry which was behind them, and which could take no share in the fighting of that day. At last the militia of Bruges reached the gates of the town, still pressed by the serried phalanx of the Ghent army, which marched steadily and straight in front, still striking the foe, firing their guns, and still repeating their terrible war-cry "Ghent"! "Ghent"!

The Count of Flanders was one of the first to escape into the town. But when he knew that the town itself was in possession of the army of Ghent, and that a great number of the people had joined the Ghent party, he put out his lanterns, dispersed his followers, and ran in disguise from street to street until an old woman recognized him and sheltered him in the bed of her children in a miserable room. The Count remained thus concealed the whole day. In the evening he succeeded in escaping from Bruges, and walked all night on foot on the way to Lille. It was not till the next day that he could procure a horse, and soon placed himself out of all danger.

In the meantime Arteveld and Peter Dubois behaved nobly in the conquered town. They proclaimed by trumpet that

the citizens of Ghent should treat the citizens of Bruges as friends, that no violence should be done to the latter, and that everything that was levied should be paid for. This noble conduct of the citizens of Ghent after a noble victory decided the fate of Flanders. All the towns of Flanders had secretly sympathised with Ghent even while they were compelled to fight against that town; after the success of Bruges, all the towns joined the cause of liberty. Bruges, Ypres, Cassel, Berghes, Bourbourg, Furnes, Perpinghen and at last Courtrai voluntarily submitted themselves to Philip Arteveld who assumed the title of the Regent of Flanders. The palace of the Count at Bruges, and his castle at Male were plundered of all their riches. The treasures, plate and equipages to be carried to Ghent; two hundred carts were daily employed to carry the booty after the victory; and food was now more abundant in Ghent than in any other town in Flanders. All the citizens of Ghent,—old men, women, and even children as well as the combatants hailed Philip Arteveld and Peter Dubois with joy, and called them their saviours. There is nothing more glorious in the history of mediæval times than the noble fight for liberty sustained by the towns of western Europe, and no single town in Europe probably fought more nobly in this sacred cause than Ghent.

(To be continued.)

CHILDREN.

1. It gladdens so my heart to see
Yon tiny army pass,
Along the street and o'er the lea
When dew is on the grass.
2. My little nephews and my nieces,
My children form the band,

The little gents and little misses
Are marching hand in hand !

3. There's smile on every rosy lip,
There's laughter in each eye,
And love forms, as they lightly trip,
A strong but gentle tie.
4. And I stand like an aged oak,
And see them pass me by,
Till they are lost in distant smoke ;
A dimness shades my eye.
5. Oh ! laugh and play, 'tis morn of life,
Enjoy so long it lasts,
The noon comes sure with toil and strife,
The eve with clouds and blasts.
6. *Then*, be it yours to stand like rock,
That yields not to the gale,
With heart that dares the fiercest shock,
With hand that will not fail.
7. May Truth and Virtue be your shield.
In tempest and in strife,
Victorious in world's battle field
May close your glorious life !

J. C. DUTT.

THE BENGALI MONTHLIES.

The *Kalpadrūm*, edited by Pandit Dwaraka Nath Bidyabhushan, contains among other articles, one entitled "The advent of gods on earth." The gods in the course of their travels come to Calcutta and visit the High Court, which gives opportunity to the writer to give short sketches of the lives of Baboo Hem Chandra Banerjea, the well-known Pleader poet, of the late Bahoo Anukul Chandra Mukerjea and of the late

Baboo Dwaraka Nath Mitter, both Judges of the High Court. In the sketch of the last mentioned celebrity the writer mentions a story which we cannot believe to be true. While Mr. Justice Mitter and some friends were playing at cards the conversation turned upon the Hindu religion. Mr. Mitter said he had a thorough contempt for Hindu gods and every thing connected with them. In order to show his contempt he brought a sacred vessel and polluted it by making water in it. As they went on playing, Mr. Mitter complained of something gurgling in his throat. He became speechless. The best doctors were called, but to no good effect. Mr. Mitter wished to be taken to his native village. There he bowed to the Brahmans who came to see him, and craved their forgiveness. He caused pen and ink to be brought to him, and he wrote that it was his dying request that none of his race should ever forsake the ancestral faith. The story seems to us to be incredible, and yet it comes to us with the *imprimatur* of so learned a Pandit as the editor of the *Kalpadrūm*.

The *Bangadarsan*, edited by Baboo Sanjib Chandra Chatterjee, contains in the *Vaisakh* number an interesting article on gems with quotations from Sanskrit poets, by Dr. Ram Das Sen. In the *Jaistha* number of the same Magazine Baboo Sris Chandra Majumdar writes a paper on Nature; while in both the numbers the story called Ananda Math is continued. In the *Bharati* Pandit Kalibar Vedantabagisa begins a series of papers on the Yoga philosophy, which promise to be interesting.

The *Aroharya*, edited by Pandit Upendra Nath Bhattacharya, contains part of an elaborate review of Manu's Institutes, and a number of other articles more or less interesting. The *Hindu Darsana*, edited by Babu Bidhu Bhushan Mitra, has amongst other things an article on Bengali women, and a biographical notice of Hahnemann, and commences a novel under the title of Promoda Kumar. The *Bumabodhini Patrika* has no less than fourteen articles, one of which is a

short account of the Irish novelist Miss Maria Edgeworth. Mrs. Halder contributes a thoughtful paper on Social Reform to the *Kherstiya Mahila*, which is edited by a Bengali Christian young lady Miss Kamini Sil.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Ancient History of India, for the month of April 1882. Madras : Scottish Press. 1882.

"A History of India, comprising the events anterior to its complete subjugation by the Mahomedans, is a long-felt want, which is intended to be supplied by the following pages." It is a want, no doubt; but it is not likely to be supplied by the author before us. We do not know who the writer is, for he has not put his name to the pamphlet; we only learn from the Introduction, which is altogether of a rambling character, that he is a pleader of the Madras High Court, and that he has limited knowledge of Sanskrit, qualifications which do not promise well of the history he intends to write. Besides the Introduction we have in the pamphlet before us the 1st Chapter of Part 1st which is entitled "Cosmos-philosophical." A shilling grammar might have taught our would be historian of ancient India, that, in forming a compound of two Greek words, the final letter of the first word is usually left out. Not "cosinos-philosophical," but *cosmo-philosophical*. But letting that pass: the first sentence of the first Chapter runs thus:—"The earth we inhabit, the myriads of worlds over our heads forming the *planetary system*, standing *as they are unsupported* by anything to sustain their weight, and yet moving within their orbits without coming in contact with each other, and performing their respective functions for the benefit of each other, and for the good of mankind,

must necessarily be stupendous wonders beyond the comprehension of the human intellect." The italics are ours. It is to us a "stupendous wonder beyond the comprehension of our intellect" that a man so ignorant as deliberately to write, in the very first sentence of his book, that "myriads of worlds over our heads" compose the *planetary* system, should undertake to write a history of ancient India and thus supply "a long-felt want." Besides, our author does not write the Queen's English. Instead of writing the history in English, he should write it in Tamil or Telugu. It is not yet too late.

What will a Man gain by embracing Christianity? By T. C. Mitter
Calcutta: Caxton Press. 1882.

The author of this neatly printed pamphlet of 41 pages is a well-known Bengali Christian gentleman, the first convert we believe, of the Church of Scotland's Mission in Calcutta after the Disruption, and now a member of the Subordinate Executive Service. Full of zeal on behalf of the faith which he has, on conviction, embraced, Mr. Mitter wrote some years ago an elaborate pamphlet on the causes which retard the progress of true religion in this country, and he now, in the pamphlet before us, gives a full and comprehensive answer to the question usually put to the Christian preacher by the Hindu and the Muhammadan—"What will a man gain by embracing Christianity?" At the outset the writer combats some of the forms of modern infidelity, briefly sums up the evidences in favour of Christianity, expatiates on the incalculable benefits which it has conferred on the human race, and concludes by meeting some of the objections generally brought against revealed religion. It is an excellent treatise, and we recommend its perusal to our educated countrymen.

Church of Scotland—General Assembly's Institution, Calcutta. Report of Session 1881. Calcutta 1882.

Mr. Hastie, the learned Principal of the General Assembly's Institution, does well in publishing every year a report of that important College over which he so ably presides. Such a report is interesting not only to the students of that College but to the general public, inasmuch as it may be regarded as a Chapter in the history of Indian education; and it cannot but be gratifying to the people of Scotland who maintain and support that Institution to find it in so flourishing a condition.

The Child's Own Grammar. An English Grammar in Bengali. Calcutta : Sadharan Brahmo Samaj Press. 1881.

It would be one of the oddest of things imaginable if the Preface of a Greek Grammar in English were written in Greek, or the Preface of a Hebrew Grammar in English were written in Hebrew; and yet the author of the above-named English Grammar in Bengali has written his Preface in the English language. Bating this impropriety the Grammar itself is good enough.

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FLANDERS IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY ARCYDÆ.

(Concluded from page 432.)

The danger however which seemed to be overcome by the heroism of the citizens had not passed, but only assumed more serious proportions; and the year 1382 which witnessed the most glorious victory of the citizens also witnessed their most disastrous defeat. The Count of Flanders unable to subdue his subjects had gone to his liege lord the King of France for assistance, and a magnificent army headed by the young King of France Charles VI approached the frontiers of Flanders to chastise the pride and pretensions of the citizens. The Dukes of Burgundy, Berry and Bourbon, uncles to the young King, invited the chivalry of France to repress the insolence of Flemish citizens, and the French chivalry came with alacrity to join so popular a cause. The great captain Olivier de Clisson, Constable of France, and successor of the famous Bertrand de Guesclin, the greatest captain of the century, also accompanied the great army and directed its movements with a knowledge of the military science which far exceeded anything that the citizens of the age could pretend to. Such

was the cloud which was gathering in the South,—to burst on the devoted heads of the citizens of Flanders.

The citizen army of Flanders was then besieging the town of Oudenarde, and Philip Arteveld sent Peter Dubois and Peter Winter with a small force to prevent the French army from crossing the Lys. But the citizen soldiers were no match for Olivier de Clisson who outwitted them and crossed his army near Comines. The French army then advanced as far as Ypres which immediately surrendered. Other towns followed the example, and Cassel, Bergues, Bourbourg, Gravelines, Furnes, Dukerque, Poperingue and Tournhout, all surrendered to the King on the promise that the lives and houses of the citizens would be spared.

In the midst of this defection and danger on all sides Philip Arteveld resolved to face the enemy and to give battle to the King. Leaving a part of the army to continue the siege of Oudenarde, Philip came with about fifty thousand citizen soldiers drawn from all the towns of Flanders to meet the King in the field of Rosebecque on the 27th November 1382. The plan followed was the same which had succeeded so recently; the entire army was formed into one serried phalanx; each soldier was tied to his neighbour, and the whole army was ordered to march forward with the pikes lowered and with firm and equal steps, turning neither to the right nor to the left.

This plan was successful at first. The Flemish army broke through the centre of the French army, but the disciplined chivalry of France were not so easily conquered as the militia of Bruges had been six months before. While the front of the French army was pushed back, the two wings wheeled round and attacked the Flemish army on both the flanks, and the entire army of citizens which was one compact mass felt itself helpless on being attacked on two sides. The shock of the cavalry on the two sides was fearful, the Flemish army was jammed as it were between two ma-

chines, and many thousands were crushed to death in the centre without receiving a wound. While the citizens were in this helpless state, the chevaliers who entertained immense contempt and hatred against the insolent traders, who had dared to meet them in fight, gave no quarter, and massacred almost the entire army. The heralds counted twenty six thousand dead on the field besides those killed in the pursuit. The nine thousand citizens of Ghent who composed the flower of the army were all killed with Philip Arteveld their chief.

The body of the heroic and patriotic citizen was brought before the King after the battle was over; the King contemplated it for some time and then ordered it to be suspended from a tree. Such was the end of Philip Arteveld, martyr to the liberty of Flanders.

The consequences of this disastrous defeat might have been fatal if the season had not been already too far advanced for any further warfare till the next spring. But before the French army left Flanders they perpetrated an act of barbarity which was shocking for its deliberate and cold blooded cruelty even in that age of barbarous cruelty. Bruges surrendered itself to the King and saved itself from a general massacre by the payment of a heavy fine and through the intercession of the count himself. But his intercession was fruitless in the case of Courtrai. That town too surrendered without opposition, and received the French army and lodged and fed the soldiers for over a fortnight. One would expect that this hospitality and friendly intimacy would cool down the ferocity of the worst foes, but the result proved otherwise. At the time of leaving the town the young King of fourteen without any provocation or cause deliberately and wantonly gave the order of pillage and massacre, the troops fell on the citizens so lately their hosts, plundered all that was valuable, selected the most beautiful among the young people of both sexes to keep or sell as slaves or to satisfy their brutal passions, and massacred all the rest of the inhabitants. Fire was

put to the town in a hundred places at once, which was soon reduced to a mass of ruins and ashes.

In the previous year the people of Ghent had asked the assistance of the English in vain. But when the English heard of the victory won by the French at Rosebecque, they became jealous, and landed an army in Flanders more for pillage than to effectually help the people of Ghent. The Bishop of Norwich landed at Calais on the 23rd April 1383 and shortly after took Gravelines by assault. The next day the convent where the citizens had left their wives and children was taken, all who carried arms were killed, all the riches were plundered, and the women were given up to the brutal passions of the conquerors. They followed up this success by taking and pillaging Bruckbourg, Dunkerque and Mardyk, and they defeated a Flemish army which the maritime towns had sent against them on the field of Dunkerque on the 25th May 1383. Cassel, St. Venant and Bergues were then taken, the whole country on the sea coast pillaged, and Ypres was at last invested.

Charles VI the King of France hastened to repel these foreign invaders. At the approach of the French army the English raised the siege of Ypres. One portion of their army under the Bishop of Norwich retreated to Gravelines, while another under Sir Hughes de Calverley retreated to Bergues. The French army arrived before this last place on the 7th September, and commenced attack. Sir Hughes unable to sustain the attack secretly left the place by night; and the citizens who had been faithful to the Count and to the French, and whom the English had conquered and treated as enemies, sent the abbot of St. Vinot to the king to inform him that the English had left, and to welcome him as a liberator. It did not suit the tastes however of that cruel youth to enter as a liberator; to enter the town as an avenging conqueror appeared to him as more dignified and noble. He entered the town, and without alleging the slightest cause

for provocation ordered pillage and massacre of the faithful and loyal citizens. During the night the soldiers committed the most frightful crimes on the inhabitants, in the morning the latter were all massacred, with the exception of a few uuns who were sent to St. Omer. The history of the Middle ages presents us with nothing more disgusting and frightful than the systematic massacre and pillage to which the people were subjected by the nobility in every war, and almost in every year. The common people were considered as somewhat lower than human beings; and the brave knight who would shed his heart's blood to relieve the distress of a high-born lady, would feel no more compunction at ravaging an entire province, pillaging and burning villages, massacring innocent men and violating or selling innocent women as slaves than a farmer would feel in exterminating a whole tribe of rats or vermins which had become harmful to his fields. The degraded and despised beings who worked in the fields or laboured in the towns were scarcely deemed to have anything in common with the high-born ladies and knights who lived in baronial castles, and graced chivalric entertainments. There was no fellow-feeling, no bond of sympathy, no equality between them and the lower orders of society; and if those lower orders have in the present day risen to power and to equal privileges in every country in western Europe, the happy result is due to the hard struggle of centuries, like the struggle which the citizens of Flanders fought and won in the fourteenth century.

Charles VI. followed the English to Brückbourg and invested that place. The English signed a capitulation on the 17th September and retreated, with their allies, the army of Ghent to Calais. The French army left Flanders on the 22nd September; and on 26th January 1384 a treaty was concluded between France and England in which the people of Ghent were recognized as the allies of the English, and the Kings of Castile and Scotland were recognized as the

allies of France. It was just before the conclusion of this treaty that Count Louis of Flanders was stabbed by the Duke of Berri at a dispute, and his daughter, the wife of the Duke of Burgundy became the heiress of Flanders. Thus Flanders was united to Burgundy in 1384. In less than half a century from this date, the whole of Netherlands (Holland, Zealand, Hainault, &c) were annexed to Burgundy.

We are now approaching to the conclusion of this bitter but glorious war of independence. The treaty having expired on the 1st May 1385, a French army under Jean de Jumont appeared in Flanders again. The people of Ghent however were not discouraged, and Peter Dubois and Francis Ackermann, their captains, took the field. They attacked and took Damme by escalade on the 17th July and found there ample provisions of which they were much in need. The wives of seven of the most illustrious chevaliers of Flanders were in the town and were taken prisoners; but Ackermann gave them a safeguard, declared that he made war on men only, and would not revenge on women the injuries which the women of his party had received. What a lesson this to the barbarous knights who pretended to higher polish and notions of courtesy than the people!

The news of the capture of Damme enraged the king of France who left his young wife, whom he had married only eight days before, at Amiens and appeared before Damme on the 1st August, and it is said with a hundred thousand troops. Ackermann with his fifteen hundred Ghent-men held the town with great valour, and repulsed the advanced posts of the royal army in brilliant sorties; but not receiving the expected succour from England, at last withdrew from the town by night, and retired to Ghent without any loss. The royal army entered the town and spent their impotent rage by massacring all the inhabitants, whose only fault was that they had been conquered by the Ghent army a month before. The French army then spent fifteen days in ravaging and

destroying the country which goes by the name of Quatres Metiets; they did not leave a single house or a single fruit tree standing, and they massacred all the population who had not already taken shelter in Holland or in Zealand. On the 12th September the king left Flanders.

Flanders was thus ravaged in the most cruel and barbarous manner, but Ghent was not subdued, the heroism of the citizens remained unconquered. Their love of liberty burned intenser under the dangers and difficulties which surrounded them, and misfortunes only fortified their resolution to die as heroes or live as free men. The mighty power of France, the most powerful king and the bravest chivalry in Europe, failed to conquer that heroic town, and the emissaries of France at last offered peace. Peter Dubois, the tried general of Ghent, said that no reliance could be placed in the words of princes, and that the only safety of Ghent was in an alliance with England. But Francis Ackermann and the great portion of the people listened to the offers of peace, and on the 18th December 1385 the seven years' war was closed and a peace was concluded. All the so-called offences of the citizens were pardoned, all their ancient liberties and charters were confirmed, and all their persons were set free. The people of Ghent swore fidelity to their new count the Duke of Burgundy, and all the sovereigns of the Netherlands as well as the ambassadors of France made themselves guarantees for the due observance of the peace and of the liberty of Flanders.

Such were the two great wars of independence which Flanders fought and won in the fourteenth century. The incidents of the Flemish war were different from those of the wars which were waged in Italy with in the twelfth and in Southern France in the thirteenth century; the causes which led to the war were different, the results too were not the same. Nevertheless all the three wars waged in three different parts of Europe in three succeeding centuries had the same character and the same significance. The Italian, the French and

the Flemish wars were alike wars of independence waged by the people of towns against feudal lords and feudal oppression. They were alike trials of strength as it were between the nobility, who were the lords and oppressors of Europe in the middle ages, and the citizen classes, whose growing wealth, knowledge and power taught them gradually to make a stand against the oppression of their lords, and to seek independence with their strong right arm. Rank, prestige, military training and experience were all in favour of the lords;—a just cause, and an undaunted love of liberty were the sources of the power of the people. Without military training, without armour, without anything to oppose to the heavy cavalry of the nobles, the citizens in Italy, in France and in Flanders nevertheless met them in the field of battle with a determination to secure their independence or to die. The proud chivalry of Europe flocked in numbers to chastise and crush the insolence of the despised artizans, who pretended to speak of their rights; but the heroic artizans of Europe held their own, and forced the astonished and discomfited cavaliers to recognize their rights and their independence. It was a cruel lesson which the artizans of Milan taught the warlike Emperor of Germany, and the artizans of Ghent taught the great King of France!

We have said that the wars between feudal oppression and the liberty of towns was waged for three centuries. The war of Flanders in the fourteenth century may be considered as the last of the series, for in the fifteenth century feudalism died a natural death in Europe with the death of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and royal power rose on its ashes. Feudalism had been called into existence by the ignorance and barbarism of the tenth and eleventh centuries, when all constituted authority and power had ceased to exist, when people had forgotten all ideas of national unity, and were helpless to defend themselves against invasions, and when therefore a handful of chiefs parcelling out a country among

themselves, and fortifying themselves in strong castles against invasion, could alone give some sort of rude security and order to the demoralized nations of Europe. By the fifteenth century, however, the state of society had changed. The light of knowledge had penetrated into every part of western Europe, ideas of patriotism, of national unity and national honour had spring up in England, in France, in Germany and in other countries, and a strong desire to put down feudal oppression had animated citizens whose wealth and knowledge and power increased every day. Nations felt their increasing greatness; they shook off the feudal system, which not only curbed the liberties of towns and villages, but also subdivided great nations into insignificant nationalities,—and they instinctively ranged themselves under single heads, *i.e.* under Royalty. This and not any accidental cause, was the reason of the fall of feudal power and the rise of royal power in Europe in the fifteenth century. In England, after the wars of the Roses, the Tudors assumed a power which royalty had never known before; in France Louis XI exercised a similar supreme power after the death of that last representative of feudal power in Europe, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; in Spain Ferdinand and Isabella assumed supreme powers, and in Germany also, Maximilian was the founder of that immense power of royalty which his great successor Charles V exercised with so much vigour and wisdom. Feudalism was obsolete and was therefore instinctively cast away, and united nations now ranged themselves under single heads *i.e.* under royalty which led them to glory, or at least fostered their national feelings.

But if the nations of Europe cast off feudalism in the fifteenth century as a garment of their infancy which was unsuited to their growing proportions, their new garment, Absolute Royalty, did not suit them very long either. Progress was so rapid in Europe, the peoples' aspirations for liberty were so vehement, that the nations of western Europe

soon became tired of royal oppression as they had been of feudal oppression before, and sought for freer institutions. Absolute royalty was liberty itself as compared with feudalism, and had therefore been welcomed by European nations in the fifteenth century; but in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they sought for something freer, something better suited to their growing aspirations for liberty and progress. Another terrible war therefore was to be fought again by the people against despotic royalty as one had been fought and won against feudalism. The great war of liberty against Royal despotism was fought and won in England in the seventeenth century, and in France in the eighteenth. Germany and the other countries of western Europe obtained a bloodless victory with the victory of the French people in the great Revolution of the eighteenth century, and the People's will is law all over western Europe. Russia is the last in the race, but the war of liberty against despotic Royalty seems to have already commenced though under the most gloomy and frightful circumstances.

REALITIES OF INDIAN LIFE.

XI.—THE SACRIFICE TO MAHADEVA.

The little town of Bandukpore in the Saur and Narmada territories contains one of the most celebrated shrines dedicated to *Ekalinga*, or Mahadeva, which is visited by pilgrims from all parts of India. Among these pilgrims were two friends, named Teekaram and Budree Shunkur, who having approached the *mandir* gave out that they wished to offer up their heads to the deity. This was understood both by the *sabais* of the god and the other pilgrims to mean that they intended to shave their heads in the temple, the customary sacrifice offered at all shrines of the *Lingam*; and of course no particular attention was paid to them.

"Offer up our hair only? What can Mahadeva require our hair for?" exclaimed Teekaram. "Oh wicked generation! it is the heart, the life of man that the deity demands, and ye love it so much that ye cannot render back to him what he has given."

"We shall set them an example, Teekaram, if our weapons be only true to us; an example which they shall not easily forget. Pshaw! What is a little pain and the loss of this stale and unprofitable life if by one bold effort we can seize upon the joys of heaven?"

"Let us keep the secret to ourselves then for the present," remarked Teekaram, "as otherwise the people here may prevent the sacrifice."

"Yes, keep the secret, brother, and watch the movements of the people in the temple," said Budree Shunkur. "If we can only get two minutes to ourselves, we shall defy all obstacles and opposition, and win our prize."

At last the wished for opportunity came. The god was propitious, and, the noonday ceremonies over, there was an unusual solitariness in the temple, caused by the simultaneous departure of pilgrims and *sabaitis*.

"We had better get in at once now," said Budree Shunkur, "and close the door;" and this was accomplished without a moment's delay. But unfortunately there were more doors than one to enter the temple by, and, while they got in by one door and closed it, the *havildar* on duty, who had observed the unusual proceeding from a distance, hastened to the spot, and, accompanied by another person named Ramgolan, entered the temple by a second door. Still they came too late, for half the sacrifice was already accomplished.

"Ha! What a fearful sight is this?" exclaimed the *havildar*. "The villian has killed his companion and is trying to cut his own throat!" and they both closed with him at once, and disarmed him.

The sight was indeed fearful! The body of Teekaram lay

stretched on the ground, almost floating in blood, while his head, detached from the trunk, had been deposited on the sacred stone (*pindastan*) on which all offerings to the deity are placed. This achieved, Budree Shunkur was attempting to cut his own throat, and had already inflicted two deep gashes on it with his sword, when the completion of the sacrifice was prevented. He struggled violently to set himself free; but was overpowered and bound.

"Let me go, let me go," were all the words he could gurgled out. "My only true friend has gone before me. Let me go."

He was at once sent to hospital on account of his wounds, and remained there for a long time before he was cured.

"My life is forfeit. Why do you want to heal up my wounds?" was his frequent remonstrance with the doctor. "My friend, my brother, has preceded me. Leave me alone to seek the death I choose."

The man at last got well, and was placed on his trial. He was charged with having killed Teekaram and then attempted to take his own life. He defended himself against the first charge by urging that he did not cause or assist at the death of Teekaram, who had cut off his own head, and that he was attempting to do the same with himself when he was most unjustly interfered with. The nature and direction of the cut on Teekaram's neck however indicated clearly that it was not self-inflicted, and the presumption was that the prisoner had either killed him or assisted in killing him; and the placing of the head on the *pindastan*, apart from the trunk, was a clear proof that Teekaram must have been finally disposed of before Budree Shunkur attempted his own life. There was no reason however to doubt that the deceased and the prisoner had mutually agreed to sacrifice themselves jointly at the temple, and that the immolation of Teekaram was completed at his own request; and as the prisoner had tried his best to immolate himself after him, it was considered sufficient to sentence him to transportation and imprisonment for life.

So far as appearances went the prisoner received this as a greater punishment than death.

XII.—CLOSE UPON THE TRAIL.

"The boat is ready now to start," said Goluck Manjee; "are there any other articles to stow into it?"

"Yes, bring these bags with me," said Budden; "and be careful, for the contents are of value."

Budden was the *Gomastâ* of a merchant named Bhyrub Chunder Sikdar, of Sein Bazar, in Jessore, and had been asked by his master to proceed to Calcutta to purchase clothes and salt. He carried a large sum of money with him in three bags, namely, a small bag which contained notes and half-notes, a large bag which held Rs. 1,800 in silver, and another bag, the largest of all, which contained pice only. There was another man, named Shumbhoo Chunder Shaw, going with Budden to make purchases on his own account, and he had with him Rs. 500 in silver, and a large bag full of copper.

"The bags are heavy," said Goluck, "what do they contain?"

"Zinc bits and copper," answered Budden. "Why are you so anxious to know?"

"From mere curiosity' Is there any harm in asking?"

"Curiosity often brings men to the gallows, and silence is golden," returned Shumbhoo tartly, "so you need not be very curious about matters that do not concern you particularly, and should never ask questions which are not pertinent."

The Manjee received the rebuff quietly, and assisted by his boatmen lifted the bags into the boat and stowed them in the hold aft, after which the vessel started.

"It is a very wearisome journey through the Soonderbuns," remarked Budden on the third day after their start from Jessore. "On land I could have walked this distance in four or five hours."

"The reason of delay is obvious," said the Manjee; "we make no progress in these creeks except with the tide: but our way will be clearer and our progress more rapid after we have passed Paigatcha."

"How far is Paigatcha from this spot?"

"Two reaches only, and as the tide is strong I expect to arrive there shortly."

The boat was proceeding pretty fast at this moment when the splash of oars was heard behind.

"Some body is close upon our trail," said Budden; "I wonder what for?"

"We shall know presently," answered Goluck. "They seem to be anxious to ask for some thing of us."

Immediately after the second boat came up, and one of its crew asked for a little tobacco.

"Go to the forepart of the boat and get it," said Budden; but the words had scarcely passed his lips when he received a smart blow on the arm. Budden now pressed forward to get a *luggee* * from the boatmen, but they said that they could not find one.

"Oh, these rascals won't befriend us, Budden," said Shumbhoo, and seizing a stretcher he fell upon the assailants furiously. This compelled the dacoits to push off, but not till they had succeeded in securing the bag of Rs. 1,800, after which they did not care to show fight. The Manjee and the boatmen had made no resistance, nor received any harm from the dacoits.

"This looks very ugly against you, Goluck," said Budden. "I suspect you are at the bottom of this affair."

"Thank you for your kindness," retorted Goluck; "but may not this be a trick of your own to cheat your master?"

Amidst these recriminations the boat arrived at Paigatcha, and stopped off the Bazar, where it was shortly after over-

* Bamboo stick used in extricating boats from shallow water.

taken by the guardboat of the beat. This boat had heard a noise in the stream, and had seen a vessel going against the tide, which was turned off on the approach of the guardboat towards it. The latter thereupon gave chase to the other, but it got to land before its pursuer, and on being boarded by the police was found to be empty, with some wet clothes lying near it. Search was made for the crew on shore, but it was fruitless; and eventually the guard boat came away, bringing the empty boat and the wet clothes, to ascertain further particulars in regard to the crew at Paigatcha.

These particulars were now communicated by Budden and Shumbhoo, and were very patiently listened to by the Police.

"The build of the captured vessel," said the officer in charge of the guardboat, "indicates that it came out from Khoolna. The wet clothes are also with us. I don't despair of capturing the miscreants yet."

Five persons were arrested by the Police, including a desperate *budmish* named Mothoor, and they were all recognised by both Budden and Shumbhoo as having partaken in the robbery. Three of these confessed freely, and the tale they narrated was a very extraordinary one. They had committed the dacoity, they said, at the instigation of Goluck Manjee and his crew, who had not only informed them of the prize to be secured, but had also paid all the expenses of the attempt. They had accordingly followed his boat and attacked it in the manner related. The bag of Rs. 1,800 was thrown over to them by Goluck Manjee himself, after which they pushed off. They endeavoured to go up stream to increase the distance between themselves and those they had robbed; but, on coming across the guardboat, they changed their course and made for land. On reaching the bank they fled, leaving their wet clothes and the money near the boat.

"The money with the wet clothes? Impossible!"

"Yes, the money with the clothes; we were running for our lives."

"Then what became of the money?"

"Heaven knows! It has perhaps been secreted by the Police."

The Police being thus and audaciously accused, a further search for the money was made. The houses of all the prisoners were ransacked, and also those of Goluck Manjee and his crew; but the silver was not yet forthcoming. At this stage a prisoner in a separate case came forward to discover it.

"The money was with Mathoor," he said, "and he had asked me to conceal it. I refused to do so unless an equal share of it was promised to me with those who had taken part in the dacoity. Mothoor would not agree to this, and went away with the bag into a cane-jungle, and, as he was captured a short time after, I have no doubt that the money lies concealed somewhere in that jungle."

The surmise was correct. The bag was found intact, buried at the foot of a tamarind tree in the cane-jungle indicated. All the five prisoners were convicted, and sentenced each to 14 years' imprisonment, with labour and irons, in banishment. Against Goluck Manjee and his crew there was no clear evidence to criminate, and they were therefore only kept under the surveillance of the Police.

XIII.—WAYLAIN AND MURDERED.

Narain Attah, a resident of Gurbettah, was returning home from Midnapore on a cold January night, when he was overtaken by a stranger on the road.

"You have a dangerous journey before you, and had better change your road," suggested the stranger.

"What danger? I have harmed no one, and have no fear."

"But does no one bear grudge to you? Are you very friendly now with Mr. Reviere?"

The question was abruptly put, and to Narain Attah a cob-rabite would have been less fearful. Reviere was the manager of the Buttergunje factory, and there was an old

standing enmity between him and the petty landowners about the factory, of whom Narain was one. Narain had been especially obnoxious to Revierse, and many were the attempts made by the latter and his people to capture him; but, as he seldom stirred out of home, these attempts had hitherto been unsuccessful. Narain knew of these attempts, and the name of Revierse recalled them painfully to his memory. He saw his danger at once. The night was dark; the distance from home still great; and the stranger who had put him on his guard had already left his side and melted in the darkness around.

Roused by the imminence of his danger Narain Attah quickened his footsteps, shaping his course towards the nearest Police *phutree*, and, being well acquainted with the locality, was able to reach it shortly. Here he applied to the *pha-reedar* for an escort, and that officer willingly gave him one *burkundauze*, the only man he could spare. Narain felt that the escort was too weak, when just at that moment he heard the voices of some of his own servants coming up that way. He now mustered courage, and with the thannah *burkundauze* and his own men resumed his homeward journey.

A desperate character was Revierse, the factory manager; but he always took care to keep himself safe from the clutches of the law. A spy had brought word to him that Narain was passing by the high-road, and he determined to capture him. "But I must not expose myself to unnecessary risks; I shall neither go after him myself, nor allow any of my people to do so. He can be captured by hirelings just as well as by others." A band of twelve *Nugdees* was accordingly hastily got together, these people being always immediately available in the precincts of factories; and they received very precise instructions to capture Narain.

"But what if we cannot bring him off from the road? Will it do if your enemy be quieted for good?" Asked one of the *Nugdees*.

"Yes, it will," was the direct reply. "But I will skin you alive if you play false with me and allow him to escape."

The trysting place was the foot of an old baian tree beyond the village of Rughoonathpore, which Narain Attah would have to pass by on his way home; and there the *Nugdees* remained in hiding, awaiting his arrival.

Narain's party was only five strong, including the *burkundauze*, and he was therefore completely taken aback when confronted by a dozen men, most of whom were armed with bludgeons. The Police *burkundauze*, as the man in authority, called upon the *Nugdees* in the name of the law to allow them to pass unmolested; but they laughed at him derisively.

"Give up Narain to us and you can go where you list," was the offer they made; but this, to the honour of *burkundauzehood* it has been recorded, was refused. Upon this two of the hirelings laid hold of the *burkundauze*, while a third got behind Narain and struck him a violent blow with a *lattee* on the head.

"Mahadeva protect us!" cried out Narain's personal retainers, retreating backwards in fear. Narain tottered and fell to the ground.

The blow was decisive. The *Nugdees* ran off to tell their employer what they had achieved, while the wounded man was carried to the thanuah in a state of insensibility, and died on the fourth day without recovering his senses.

There was no doubt that the crime was perpetrated at the instigation of Revierse, and he and two of his *amlahs* were arrested and placed on trial. But there was no direct evidence against them, as the *Nugdees* refused to betray their employers, and all that could be done therefore was to punish the hirelings. The mortal wound was brought home to a man named Sonatun Naik, who was sentenced capitally and executed on the spot where he had felled down his victim. The principals in the second degree were sentenced to transportation for life, and the rest to 14 years' imprisonment.

THE LATE BABOO MAHESH CHUNDRA BANERJEE.

We deeply regret that we have not been able to record the death of one of our best friends—one of our earliest tutors, and during our whole life-time, one of our sincerest admirers, and well-wishers. That friend, that tutor, that admirer and well-wisher, is no longer in this world. We have read the papers which announced the demise of Baboo Mohesh Chundra Banerje, Ex-Professor of the Presidency College. We feel thankful to them for the favourable notice taken by them. We say so, because we feel personally interested in the matter. If we did not ourselves say anything on the subject till now, it was simply with the view of placing, before our readers, a short biographical sketch of our departed friend. His education, his career in the department of Government service with which he was, during his whole life, connected, his labours in the fields of literature and many other things which came to be incidentally associated therewith, as well as with his domestic life, giving at once a glimpse of his character, both in its bold, and its subdued aspects, and also of his mode of thinking, cannot, we venture to think, fail to be wholly uninteresting to our readers, and in particular, to the rising generation of our countrymen.

Baboo Mahesh Chundra was born at Baugbazar, Calcutta in *Sakabda* 1738 (corresponding to 1815 A. D.). He first saw light in the month of Kartik, on the Dwipawita Amabashya, Shyama Pujah night. There is a tradition that a child, born on an Amabashya (New Moon), must be either a thief, or an eminent man. Happily, for his relatives, the tradition was so far, falsified in this case, that the thief was lost in the Professor. He was the third of five brothers, of whom the first died when an infant, and the fourth and the fifth also died, when young. The second brother, and the eldest of four sisters, only survive him.

His father, Babu Buddan Chundra Banerjee, devoted much of his attention to the education of his children. He was how-

ever dead against public education. He looked upon *path-shalas* (and English schools were, at the time, few and far between) as they then were, and as some of them, we believe, still are, as centres of demoralization. He could not be persuaded to give his children even out-door exercises, from a fear that their morals might be contaminated by their being brought into contact with the children of the neighbourhood. Mohesh Chandra, therefore, received the rudiments of his education at home. He learnt English and Arithmetic the one from his Uncle, and the other from his cousin, and Persian from one Moushee Tofel Ali, who thought more of catching sparrows for dinner, than of imparting instruction to his pupils. This sort of education appeared to the father, for many reasons, altogether unsatisfactory, and he thought some change was absolutely necessary, and that change was brought about by means which had never entered into his calculations.

One Ganganarian Seal, who was before his conversion, an intimate friend of Mohesh Chandra, and of his brother, and who spent much of his time in their company, was once heard by their father to *speak* English, which his sons could not do, and *that* overcame his reluctance to give his sons out-door education. They were at once sent to the nearest English school, the Chitpur School of the Rev. G. Pierce, where Ganganarian was also a student, but the subject of our memoir soon left it in high dudgeon, because he could not pull well with the Head Master, one Naudo Koomar Banerjee, though they were great friends afterwards, when they were both connected with the Ghoshal family of Bhookylas, the one as *Naib*, and the other, as son-in-law.

Mohesh Chunder, after leaving the Chitpur School, joined the school of one Mr. Sharborne (who used to be taxed, it is said, by his wife, as Jogey Bamney's son) where his own uncle, Babu Kally Dass Mookerjee had received some sort

of education, and so had, we are told, Babu Dwarka Nauth Tagore. His connection with this school was also short-lived.

In the year 1831 Dr. Duff, of the General Assembly's Church of Scotland, opened a school in Calcutta, in the teeth of strong opposition from different quarters, countenanced in his bold attempt (for it was an attempt to couple secular education of a high standard with religious instruction evangelization, the principal object of his mission) only by a few Missionaries and by a few friends, and, from among Native gentlemen, by Babu Kally Nath Roy Choudhoory of *Tuki*, Babu Radhica Prosad Roy, son of Rajah Ram Mohun Roy, and by Baboo Dwarka nath Tagore. Mohesh Chunder joined that school at its opening, and finished his education therein. He was the most distinguished member of the first batch of Dr. Duff's pupils, received prizes almost every year, and was the recipient of a valuable present from the Hon'ble Miss Eden and of three silver, and one gold medal, which his family, now proudly retain as a sort of heir-loom.

Dr. Duff had successfully introduced into his School the *monitorial* system, which, while it reduced considerably the expenses of the tutorial staff in one of the largest institutions, gave his pupil-teachers an opportunity, not only of perfecting their knowledge of English, but likewise of acquiring a love of teaching. The training they thus underwent stood them in good stead, and fitted them for future employment in the Government education department which some of them, held, and some hold, with the greatest success. Baboo Mohesh Chundra Banerjee was one of these pupil-teachers, monitors, or junior masters.

In the year 1835 Baboo Mohesh Chundra went up to Hooghly to officiate for his brother as Head Master of the late D. C. Smyth's zemindary school. When relieved by his brother, he went back to his former post in the General Assembly's, now Free Kirk, Institution.

Between 1836 and 1837 (?) Baboo Mohesh Chandra was appointed 2nd. clerk in the office of the superintendent of the Mysore Princes under Lieutenant Coll. James Caulfield. He did not agree with the Head writer, who was at best a mere copyist, and was naturally jealous of Baboo Mohesh Chunder of whose abilities the Superintendent entertained a very high opinion. He subsequently, however, threw up his appointment, because he would not condescend to sit under a stair case, when there were several rooms available in the house (of which the Government paid the rent) for office purposes. Whether he was right or wrong in this respect, we do not choose to enquire;—one thing is certain it shews the boldness, and thorough independence, of his character, which during the whole period of his service in the Government Education Department, under officers, some of whom were very crotchety, and others rather cantankerous, never left him for a moment, even when his personal interest was at stake. As might be expected he rejoined Dr. Duff's school.

In the year 1838 (?) Baboo Mohesh Chandra was appointed Head Master of the Anglo-Persian Department of the Hoogly College. His connection with his Alma-Matu ceased from that time, though not with the Professors who all along took a friendly interest in his welfare. Subsequently he was transferred, with a small increase of pay, to the regular English Department, as 2nd Master of the Lower School, as a sop presumably for having been deprived, (we are not certain about dates here) of the Head Mastership of the Hoogly Branch School. In July or August 1855, he was appointed by the Director of Public Institution (Mr. William Gordon Young) 2nd Master of Hindoo School, Calcutta, and was afterwards promoted to the post of Head Master (29 December 1862).

The Hindoo School is the old Hindoo College, the College classes lopped off. The Presidency College owed its birth to this detruncation of the Hindoo College. It admits students of all castes, colors and creeds, while the Hindoo School still

retains its character as an aristocratic, and, as its name implies, an orthodox Institution. It is the first school in Bengal, if not in all India—its only rival is the Hare school. It turns out the largest number of successful candidates (all taught, be it remembered, by native masters, from top to bottom) at the Entrance examination, and therefore commands the confidence of the native community. Baboo Mohesh Chunder's appointment to the Head Mastership was not liked by many. Some people suggested the desirability of placing, at the head of so large and respectable an institution, a European, and some of his countrymen seemed to approve of the idea; but the Principal, the late Mr. Sutcliffe, who had bitter experience which he was not likely to forget, and had full opportunities of gauging the *calibre* of Baboo Mohesh Chunder's mind,—and the Director, who knew him intimately, set their faces against the European element from classes whose services could be secured on Rs. 300 per mensem, and would upon no account, ignore the strong claim to the promotion of the 2nd Master. His appointment shewed that he was the right man in the right place, and fully justified the anticipations of both the Principal and the Director.

Baboo Mohesh Chunder was a rigid disciplinarian. The lax system which had introduced itself during the incumbency of some of his predecessors, he stamped out almost immediately after his promotion. Punctuality, regularity, strict attention to duties chalked out, he insisted upon, alike from Masters, Pandits, students, and the menial servants. His Argus-eyed supervision naturally created some enemies, among those who had large tether given them for indulging in their own sweet will to the detriment of their legitimate work, and who had consequently a positive distaste for discipline, however mild. Several students also did not like the persistency with which he tabooed the chewing of beetle-nuts (*pan's*) and the smoking of the hobble-bobble (*hookha*) during school hours. This he did partly with a regard to neatness and decency, and partly from

a regard to the feelings of Hindoo parents (though he was misunderstood by some of them in this respect) who certainly did not relish the idea that their young hopefuls would acquire at school, among other things, the habit of smoking. Order and cleanliness pervaded everywhere; and while every master did his duty, and every boy went through his task, so quietly was all this done, that the dropping of a pin, he used to say, would have attracted every body's attention. He had some thing like a horror of the Stentorian voice of the teacher (not unfrequently responded to by some students in the same key) proclaiming aloud, to the uninitiated, that the progress of the pupil is always in direct proportion to the strain the teacher brings to bear upon his lungs. We have ourselves seen and heard, of many illustrations of this sort of vociferous pedagogism which would be funny in deed, if they were not painful. Altogether the Hindoo school was in the most flourishing condition, as the results of the examinations will no doubt show, during the time Baboo Mohesh Chunder was Head Master.

It will thus appear that Baboo Mohesh Chunder's promotion to the Head mastership was a complete success. Very naturally, therefore, when there was an opening in the Presidency College, he was promoted to the post of an Assistant Professor (January 1862).

The duties of a Professor, as well as of an Assistant Professor in this, as in every other college, under the Bengal Government, are nearly all alike. They have to teach certain subjects, at certain hours, and in different classes. There is,—there can be nothing in the nature of the duties of a Professor, as such, by which he can *distinguish* himself, unless he has an *specialty* in some attractive subject, or, unless, like Dr. Duff, and the East Indian gentleman, Mr. H. L. V. Derozio, he can completely identify himself with those he lectures, and throw his whole soul into his work. But every teacher (or Professor) is not so advantageously circumstanced

as regards the choice of his subject, nor is he so happily gifted by nature, as captain D. L. Richardson was, as to be able to bring sympathy, love, and, above all, the *suavetie in modo* into full play in the task of teaching. To "Dunderhead" the "ingenious youth," because farsooth they cannot understand what the instructors cannot explain, or to act up to the advice which, luckily for the dunderhead, is not new possible within the walls of the Government Colleges—

"I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,

It mends their morals never mind the pain",

may, for aught we know, be truly professional, but we have no hesitation in saying that any teacher or Professor, who resorts to such practices, ought to be ashamed of the position he holds in the school or college. Baboo Mohesh Chander never used any harsh language towards his pupils. He knew not how to discharge his duties *perfunctorily*. He had no sympathy with the half-heartedness (and, for the matter of that, sometimes *no-heartedness*) with which some literally ran through their day's business, skipping over "the difficulties" of course, but which no boy is so obtuse as not to perceive, and not to hate with a hearty hatred. Of consequence, Baboo Mahesh Chunder was loved and, not so much loved, as respected, both within, and without the class-room. Even after his retirement, whenever and wherever he happened to come into contact with his late pupils, he observed, with pleasure, the great joy and deep respect evinced by them by seeing their old master.

Babu Mahesh Chander retired from the Government Education Service in the year 1874(?) He then was, as he was almost up to a few months of his death, both physically and mentally quite able to work, at least for half a dozen years longer. But this was the time when the reduction mania was at full swing, and the 55 years' rule was held *in terrorem* when the recusant officer could not be reached otherwise. The Government order, it is true, had left large discretionary powers in the hands of the authorities of every department,

but who could withstand the pernicious influence of a demi-official. Mr. Sutcliffe, however, was above such meanness. He was not one of those that—

“Keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.”

His rare honesty, and thorough out-spokenness (which by the way, left no irritation behind) made him, as such virtues would make any other man, highly popular. He at once sent for Babu Mahesh Chander, and, with his usual frankness asked him whether he or “Peary” (the late Babu Peary Churn Sirkar who was also an Assistant Professor) would like to retire on pension. Any other person, when asked abruptly such a question, would have looked blank, whined and sobbed, and would have brought forward numberless difficulties and family complications, real as well as imaginary, to shew cause why he should be excused for not retiring immediately, and begged for at least a year or two’s further lease of service. Babu Mahesh Chander himself was not exactly above difficulties. He had a large family for whom he had been able to make scarcely any provision. For all that, his reply was what was to be expected from a man of his turn of mind. It furnishes an index to his general character. He at once told Mr. Sutcliffe that “P.” had not come up to the age of 55, *he* had, and therefore *he* ought to retire, and that he would not attend College from the following morning. Mr. Sutcliffe’s eyes were moistened—he shook him most cordially by the hand and they parted, never to meet each other again—except perhaps once or twice.

As we have said above, Babu Mohesh Chunder enjoyed, for several years after his retirement, very good health. He opened a sort of school in his own house, where he observed, both, as regarded himself and his children pupils, nearly the same rules and strictness which he had enforced in the Hindu School. He had, we believe, gone so far with respect to this school as to have corresponded with the Director of Public

Instruction for its affiliation with the University. What the result of this correspondence was we know not.

His constitution now began imperceptibly to decline on account of this hard work, and for the anxiety, which he could ill conceal, he felt for his large family. His bowels subsequently came to be out of order, and he lost his appetite. His abdomen became fuller and heavier. He could not account for it, though he naturally felt somewhat apprehensive on that account. Within a few weeks before his death, he humorously asked the family physician "Is this a *bloory* (a paunch) or Dropsy." This led to enquiries, and examinations, and medication, and the disease, in the meantime, took rapid strides. Consultations followed consultations among doctors (he had the best medical advice available in town) but nobody held out any hopes, except of prolongation of life for a few days—perhaps for a few weeks at most. His relations were therefore against *tapping* which was proposed as a *derni ressort*, Dr. Coates balanced, audibly enough to be heard by the patient, the *pros* and *cons* of tapping. The odds, he said, were in favor of tapping (when the patient cried out "Bravo Doctor"!) and he tapped him, evidently with some sort of reluctance. The third day after this, Dr. Chandra was sent for, at the advice of the medical man who was attending upon him, and poor Mohesh Chunder was tapped again, but it did him no good. Some able *Cabirajes* afterwards saw him, and homeopathy was not neglected either, but all to no purpose. The stupor, which was suspected, now became unmistakeable and, on the 24th January, at about 5 o'clock P. M. at the age of 66 he expired:—and the wailings within the house, and tears and sobs without, announced to all, that Baboo Mohesh Chunder, who had, for many years, exercised so much influence, and such healthy influence too, at Baugbuzar, was now but a *name*.

Baboo Mohesh Chunder first married the only daughter of Sattya Prosad Ghoshal Esquire, 2nd son of Rajah Kalishaukar

Ghoshal Bahadoor, of Benares and Bhookylus. He next married the only daughter of Rajah Sattya Shurun Ghoshal Bahadoor. Both of them died young, and without issue. He married for the third time, the daughter of Baboo Poornanand Roy Choudhoory, of Kheypoot, in Mendleghut, and has left behind him five sons and five daughters, all more or less young.

Baboo Mohesh Chunder never shirked public duty. He was an active and zealous member of the District Charitable society in which capacity he did a large amount of good to those who really needed help. He sat as a Juror, we believe, or several years, and so great was his respect for the court (though doubtless it might look like a fear of the fine) that on the occasion of the *upanayan* of one of his sons, he was absent at the court when hundreds of his guests were coming to the house; and on another, he fainted at court, and the case might have taken a very serious turn, but for the kind attention shewn him by the Chief Justice. He had a case of arbitration on hand, but he did not live to give the award.

Baboo Mahesh Chander was in one shape or another, long connected with the Press. The "Spirit of the Native Press" which was opened by his brother in the columns of the *Bengal Hurkura* Newspaper, during the time of Mr. Smith, was shortly after left entirely to him, and he contributed largely to the *Oriental observer*, long defunct, of which his sons, in consequence of their age, are not in a position to give correct information with regard to his writings, nor has he, we believe, left any record of them. This much, however, we know that he wrote much for the *Friday Review* and the *Bengal Christian Herald*, both of which were under the editorial management of the editor of this Magazine. He wrote several letters in the papers on a variety of subjects, sent a *resume* of his views on education to some gentlemen up-country, and also sent various papers to England for publication. He regularly contributed to this Magazine from the date of its appearance.

Indeed there are few numbers, if any, that does not contain an article from his pen. He ceased writing for it almost when he ceased to breathe. He delivered a lecture at the Bethune Society when Dr. Duff was President on Young Bengal (?) wherein he lashed, it is said, unmercifully, the eccentricities of the rising generation of his countrymen. We give a few extracts below which will shew the style of his writing, and his views of men and things.

"Were we to define greatness, we should call it a gigantic hoax,—a hobgoblin story to terrify naughty babies with. Men, at least educated men, have nothing to do with it;—no more than with the story of Tom Thumb the Great. The Eugene Arams of the day have sifted the matter well—indeed what matter do they take in hand which they do not sift thoroughly?—and have found greatness nowhere, perhaps not even in their own respective looking-glasses. If not there, nowhere else; and no mistake. It is not a little amusing, therefore, to hear of antiquated wisacres with awful solemnity classifying the nonentity, and calling this, "aristocracy of birth," that, "aristocracy of letters," and the other "aristocracy of wealth." Aristocracy of birth indeed! Is the lordling actually born with a golden spoon in his mouth? Put the patrician midwife on oath, and ask her if she saw any thing behind the infant's toothless gums except his motionless tongue, destined, ere long, to deluge the world with all manner of nonsense. He was imprisoned in the womb as many months as was the famished Oriah left by the road side to be devoured by jackals; he was as much a prey to bugs and mosquitoes, to croups and convulsions, as any Pariah infant in the realm, or in any other realm under the sun. His castor oil was not honey, nor were his mewlings and pukings Mea Tansan's music. Then, in the name of the nine wonders of the world, where is the difference? Does silk constitute nobility? Then the Lepidoptera are the best representatives of the class. Does cotton thread indicate high caste? Then the Lancashire operatives are the highest Kuling imaginable. If laziness is to be the standard of rank, then the last speaker of the three paid sleepers, in the legend, ranked higher than the sovereign himself who hire^d him for sleeping. Thus it appears that the aristocracy of birth is a transparent sham; and it does not require any extraordinary powers of penetration to perceive that the so-called aristocracy of letters is no less. "The fool hath said in his heart that there is no God;" but no fool, however far gone in hopeless foolishness, can say that 6,000 is not more than 5,000; or that the world of 6,000 years is not wiser than the world of 5,000 years. The reputed sages of bygone centuries

were mere "chubby boys" in wisdom. The seven wise men of Greece, the nine wise men of India, were garrulous dunces; and "wisdom of antiquity" is a "mischievous and absurd fallacy," that "springs from the grossest perversion of the meaning of words." "Experience is certainly the mother of wisdom, and the old have, of course, greater experience than the young; but the question is, who are the old? and who are the young? Of individuals living at the same period, the old has, of course, the greatest experience; but among generations of men the reverse of this is true. Those who came first (our ancestors) are the young people, and have the least experience. We have added to their experience of many centuries, and, therefore as far as experience goes, are wiser, and more capable of forming an opinion than they were. The real feeling should be, *not* can we be so presumptuous as to put our opinion in opposition to those of our ancestors? but, can such young, ignorant, inexperienced persons as our ancestors necessarily were, be expected to have understood a subject as well as those who have seen so much more, lived so much longer, and enjoyed the experience of so many centuries? Certainly not, as is evident from the antics the whole host of them played, largely contributing thereby to the indescribable mirth of their more philosophical descendants. Some maniacs laughed from birth to death, others wept during their entire sojourn in this mis-named "vale of tears." Some robbed nests and litters and stuffed themselves with the booty; others, in spleen, not like the maids, "turned bottles, call for cork," but straightway walk to the nearest tree and hang themselves to spite mother earth. Now it is "action," "action," "action," from the beginning to the end of the chapter; now it is "category," "category," "category" from Dan to Beersheba." These inmates of "bed-lam let loose" are to be quoted as authorities in matters of grave importance—these are to be our guides and instructors. Save us from our guides, and save us from those who would fain override us, forsooth, because they profess to have in their miserly custody a quantity of

"——Dust dug from the bowels of the earth,

Which being cast into fire came out

A shining thing

Called by fools patrician treasure." *Friday Review*

November 30, 1866.

"Whoever it was who wrote or said, 'Neither a lender nor a borrower be,' must have been sadly ignorant of the world and its ways. A friend, near by, tells me that the advice was Shakespeare's, that it was adopted by Benjamin Franklin, that both Shakespeare and Franklin had a thorough knowledge of the world, and that their advice upon any subject relating

to our commerce with one another, has seldom been found to be unprofitable or misleading. I confess I have never troubled myself much for either Shakespeare or Franklin, but, however extensive their united knowledge of the world may have been, however infallible their remarks upon life generally may be, however good their advice upon other matters, in this one respect I think they were both wrong. I say so unhesitatingly, but, no doubt, with fear and trembling, for no one would lightly differ from such high authorities as Shakespeare and Franklin. But I feel that if their advice were generally followed, the world would come to a stand still—at all events I can confidently say, the world in Bengal would be sure to come to a stand still. I have now been a money-lender for upwards of five and fifty years,—a period much longer than a Civil Servant would require to entitle him to his retiring pension,—and in the course of my profession, which I have followed as closely and as perseveringly as a young medical man anxious to be the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, or Surgeon Superintendent to the Queen, follows his—I have not had a day in which some body or other had not some pressing demand for money, to save either his family from starvation or his credit from being for ever ruined. If following the advice of Shakespeare and Franklin—I thank my stars I did not know of the advice before I sat down to write my experiences, not that I would have minded it one jot if I had—I had refrained from lending these good people what they wanted, and if they had abstained from coming to me, what would have been the result? Why, their families would have starved, their credit gone, and my humble self deprived of a good return for my money. These results, would have done no good to any one, but on the contrary have entailed a loss to the community. In further support of my position I could cite the cases of national credit, paper currency and other modes of raising money, but considering that I understand nothing about them and that their names are a bugbear to me, I desist from doing so, especially as, I guess, they would tire the patience of the reader. To come to the subject immediately at hand, I wonder if my experiences would at all interest the public. If they do not, it will not be for their want of variety, for I have plied my profession at school, in the agricultural field, in the village, in town, amongst school boys, labourers, farmers, clerks, travellers, sailors, babus and men of the law, and seen every phase of life that is to be seen in Bengal. The only class of people, I have religiously kept aloof from, are the members of Her Majesty's Covenanted Civil Service. Candour compels me to say that

I have had numerous applications from these gentlemen (especially the younger portion of them), but to all and sundry my invariable answer has been, "Sir, I am a poor man and have no means of obliging you." Some have called me an old liar for my answer, others have wished me to rot in very hot places, but not one single rupee piece has any of them ever drawn from me. I had plenty of money at my command at the time I was getting rid of the importunities of my Civil Servant applicants, and I, of course, passed off a falsehood upon them. If the reader blames me for uttering this falsehood he little knows the composition of a Bengali money-lender, for, though I say it who should not, one of the most potent arms of offence and defence, open to one of my profession, is falsehood, and if you are poetically inclined you may go further and say that his whole soul is steeped in lying and perjury." *Bengal Magazine*, May 1873.

"Cruelty is not incompatible with kindness nor is pleasure with grief. Most people know, for alas! how few escape the poisoned darts of the fell archer, who, true to his infernal resolve, is ever busy in perverting the benevolent ends of kind Providence by rudely tearing away from the bosom of the happy family the venerable sire, whose vast erudition and matured understanding always proved a rock of strength to the juvenile members, otherwise hopelessly lost in the meshes of worldly entanglements, the woeful inheritance of weak humanity. Or it may be the little baby, who, yet ignorant of the dread destiny, bewildered and astounded by the ill-understood virulence of the mortal fit, in vain resorts to its wonted defence, the cry, that has hitherto never failed to bring succour within reach. Oh! what succour can avail when grim Death holds the victim within his giant grasp, chuckling over the rich repast, and enjoying the tremendous crash of hopes piled over hopes on this fragile foundation by the fond couple whom Immortality itself could not guarantee the realization of the smallest fraction. Or worse still, it may be the mother of the child! That fairy form, to whose benign smile of approbation ever tickled the touched needle of his soul. Nothing pleasure he held but what was shared by her; nothing pain, on which she poured the balm of her heart-felt sympathy. She was the buoy which kept his sole craft of comfort afloat. Snapped is the hawser, and wrecked his argosy, buried, buried, fifty fathoms deep below the icy brine, leaving him an insolvent, with assets of ease absolute *nil*! Vacant, by the fire-side, is her seat; vacant around the festive board; dreary and lonesome is the homestead. She is dead and with her is dead the whole world,

yea as dead as Death itself! I say most people know, how dearly at moments like these, the bereaved soul would purchase an hour's respite from the din and bustle of business, from the empty forms and formularies of convention, from the vanities of human life so recently, ah! so emphatically, pointed out by the finger of Fate; and, burying himself within the inner-most recess of a hermit's cell, uninterrupted, enjoy the luxury of grief! Anxiously recall to mind every feature, every gesture, every dimple that betokened the flash of her pearly teeth! Snatch the angel from the past and revel in the honey of her company! Condolence is impertinent mockery to him, and ceremony is worm-wood to his lacerated heart which bleeds anew at every set phrase cooked up for the occasion, and abominates tears screwed out by effort. What is the world to him or he to the world? Why should he plod in the jog-trot groove of the social orbit, and continue to grin when others grin for mere grinning's sake? The centripetal force that confined him so long to the restrained course has ceased to operate and now he "can fly" or he "can run" though Heaven knows! his task is far, far from being "smoothly done!" *Bengal Magazine, July 1873.*

PILGRIMAGE TO SEETAKUNDU.

(Continued from page 396).

Mere assertion however was the smallest part of Kassinath's argument; he was going to quote jingling Sanskrit verses, in support of his logic, when I modestly interrupted him by saying that I had no further objection. In short, the Panda's description of the place, the miracles said to have been wrought there and in its vicinity in days of yore, and the splendid legends in connection with the power and goodness of Mother Seeta—the presiding deity of the spring, roused in me a curiosity,

which had never lain dormant since I came within the precincts of this land of oriental wonders. Besides the passing notice of this spring, almost the only spring that deserves the name, in Mr. Blanford's excellent treatise on physical Geography, kept it up in no small measure.

Accordingly about 2 o'clock we set off for Seetakundu, like students on a Botanical excursion, with small courier bags strung round the shoulder and containing among other things pocket books to take occasional notes in. During the morning, a few patches of woolly clouds swam across the sky; about noon they disappeared completely. We all walked on at a leisurely pace, stopping at intervals to examine whatever interested us in the way while Kassinath trotted on before. He, a professional walker, would have easily beaten us hollow in the race, for nature knowing beforehand the part which Kassinath was to act in this world of action, gave him two long Patagonian legs. Any one that observed carefully the unobstructed growth and ample proportions of these subordinate members, might have been convinced that he could easily outrun hound, horse and dromedary if he but seriously engaged himself in the task, but here the question was who could secure more pilgrims for Seetakund, and not who could reach there earlier.

Such being the object of our guide, he was by no means anxious to perform feats of pedestrianism, at the expense of his legitimate interest. He therefore slackened and shortened his strides lest the slightest activity of his legs would leave us behind a hopeless prey at the tenacious clutch of a brother Panda. He therefore prudently retraced his steps, but being unskilled to regulate his motion, fell back into the rear. In fact our motions, if we may be allowed to use a mathematical figure and compare small things with great, resembled pretty nearly the motions of the mean and true suns of the astronomer, inasmuch as we, like the mean sun moving in the equator, travelled on at a uniform rate, while Kassinath, a

veritable type of the true sun moving with a variable velocity in the ecliptic, was sometimes before us, sometimes behind. All the while he seemed unusually merry, a gentle smile was now and then seen playing upon his lips, which proceeded perhaps from the hope of his triumphant entry into the portals of Seetakundu. Busy like a bee of a May morning that has fortunately discovered a solitary flower stored with honey, he moved to and fro with creditable celerity. In several of these stoppages he held a noisy parley, whispered for many minutes, nodded in assent, and sometimes laughed outright. When he stood he shifted the position of his bag, transferred his sheet from one shoulder to the other, and then at times pointed to us from which it might be inferred, that he was speaking of us or of the difficulty of securing pilgrims in these days of doubt and disbelief. Travelling some two miles in this way we reached an elevated ground, and from this point our journey grew really interesting. On coming up to us he said, "Sirs, mark you yon stone, that every day sinks more and more to the patal" (the infer al region). "Yes," said we, "we do, but what of that?" "That," said he, "is the surest landmark to guide benighted travellers to the holy shrine of Mother Seeta. From there Seetakundu is just three miles."

As we proceeded, Kassinath kept up a lively conversation, and gave us every now and then, short descriptions of prominent objects that lay on either side of the road. He named the persons to whom the different houses belonged, and poured forth rich encomiums on the local gods and goddesses, who had their shrines perched upon the rocks or at the foot of them. He expatiated largely on the miracles they wrought in the palmy days of India, when they were not altogether so powerless as now. His tongue was not less busy in declaiming against those, who in their life-time had evinced great contempt for Seeta-mother, and to be punished for their impiety were cut off, in the midst of their career. Although

our guide was a little verbose he was by no means tedious, as he gave a good deal of local information in a tongue the accents of which were partially known to many, and therefore were not altogether repulsive.

Here the soil on either side of the road is rich, and plants grow with an exuberance unknown to many parts of India. We passed through large castor-oil plantations, green orchards of wood-apples, and leaving these behind found ourselves in the middle of a refreshing mangoe tope which covered many an acre of green sward affording a rich pasture for buffaloes, some of which were enjoying the shade, some browsing the grass, some immersing themselves into the water of a neighbouring tank, and a few others, to our great confusion, kept their eyes rivetted on us, fearing of meditating mischief.

Leading the mangoe tope the road ascends rapidly, as it skirts a low range of hills. Here the valuable guide took a little water, as it trickled through the crevices of the rock, in a small brass basin, and enquired if we smoked. On our answering in the negative, he smiled grimly and his parched features assumed a momentary glow of ruddiness, but whether it proceeded from a sense of our own neglecting so great a source of pleasure, was to us as it would be to many, a problem deep and inscrutable as the mysterious question of life and death.

This done he began the preparation of ganja, to which all Beharces especially those of the religious order, are peculiarly addicted. He got out a few leaves, cut them to pieces, and then collecting them upon the middle of the palm of his left hand, and putting a few drops of water, commenced kneading. By this process the hemp was converted into a dough, which he placed upon the tip of an earthen pipe, and placing bits of glowing charcoal upon it, began to smoke vehemently. We then passed through ranges of low huts, which were inhabited by the Pandas of Seetakundo who flocked to us in batches—a fact that proved that Seetakundo was not far off. They came

crowding to us, and some of them officiously offered to relieve us of our umbrellas, but Kassinath who rapidly curtailed his volubility of talk to words short and dry, told them that we needed none, and if we required any he was really for it. A few other Pandas swelled our rank, and thus escorted by a holy retinue dressed and shaved uniformly, we descended a slope close to a garden, through the boughs of which appeared a line of whitewashed walls and the steeple of a Hindoo temple. Intense curiosity quickened our pace, the garden was rapidly passed, and all of a sudden the gate, the walls, and the steeple environed by them, rose upon the plain before us.

We entered. On crossing the threshold it is proper to pay reverence to the deity to whose memory the spring is sacred, and from whom it derives its name. The guide who was always near us told in a low whisper that deepest reverence was necessary; and many a pious Hindu who had come from Eastern Bengal heard his words in holy silence, fell flat on the green sward, and kissed the dust of the consecrated ground, in token of deep veneration. We then went straight to the Seetakundu and saw it surrounded on all sides by steep walls, with apertures for visitors to enter in. Through these we passed, and saw what was really of the deepest interest.

(To be continued)

SPECIMENS FROM VIDYAPATI.

VERY sweet and mellifluous indeed are the lyrics of Vidyapati and Chāṇḍīdas. To translate them and yet retain their inimitable simplicity and their exquisite sweetness are impossibilities. The specimens are efforts in this direction,—but O how different from the original.—

“Vidyapati was born in Tirhut in the 14th century A. D., and adorned the Court of King Siva Sinha by whom his

talents were recognized and richly rewarded. * * *
 The language of Vidyapati is that of Behar, whereas that of
 his contemporary, Chandidas, is pure Bengali. * * *
 Sweet Vidyapati ! sweet Chandidas ! the earliest stars in the
 firmament of Bengali literature ! Long, long will your strains
 be remembered and sung in Bengal !"—*R. C. Dutt's Literature of Bengal.*

[No. I.]

1. Like drops on the hot, sandy sea,
 Are friends round whom our hearts entwine,
 I clung to them, forgetting Thee,
 What dreadful fate will now be mine !
2. My end, O Lord, is dark despair.
 —The saviour of the world art Thou,—
 To Thee I lift my heart in prayer
 Friend of the friendless,—save me now !
3. Half of my life I've passed in sleep,
 Spent years in age and infancy,
 Of Pleasure's madd'ning draught drunk deep,
 What time had I to worship Thee !
4. No source hast Thou, nor end ; but they,
 The holy ones, who sought for Thee,
 In Thee they liv'd and pass'd away,
 Like ripples of the mighty sea.
5. Says Vidyapati,—when shall stand
 Grim Death before, me stern and grave,
 Stretch forth to me Thy helping hand ;
 Great Cause !—'tis Thine the world to save !

[No. II.]

1. O vain the attempt to describe the sweet pleasures,
 The exquisite bliss which from Love doth proceed,
 For they change every moment, and lo ! at his bidding,
 New pleasures and sweeter each other succeed.

2. From my birth, I may say, I have look'd on Love's features,
But my eyes are insatiate,—would see them more clear,
Tho' oft have I heard his low tones of endearment,
Their accents seem new, O so new to the ear!
3. With him have I pass'd long nights of deep rapture,
But no trace of those transports.—tho' long have I griev'd;
For cycles I've kept him enshrined in my bosom,
Still my heart's bitter anguish remains unrelieved.
4. O Love has been worshipp'd by poets unnumber'd,
But none has the spirit of Love e'er divin'd;
Says sage Vidyapati,—to give balm for the heart-ache,
In hundreds of thousands not one shall we find.
O. C. D.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Bhranti-Binod. By Kali Prasanna Ghosh. Dacca: Dhaka Girish Press. 1881.

This is a collection of articles reprinted from the Bengali Magazine *Bandhab*, on a variety of subjects. All the essays are exceedingly well-written, and show in the author a keen sense of the ludicrous.

Pravasiika, or step by step in Sanskrit. By the late Ram Kamal Vidyalan-kara. Calcutta: Sanswati Press. 1882.

This is a useful Primer of Sanskrit so far as it goes. It is on the principle of Dr. Smith's *Principia Latina*. We have only the First Part before us, and it is a matter of regret that the learned author did not live to finish his work.

Viridha Kavita. Part I. By Jaladhi Chandra Mukhopadhyaya. Calcutta. Stanhope Press. B. E. 1283.

The author of the poems before us is unquestionably a poet of considerable power. There is a freshness both in the subjects and in the thoughts which is quite refreshing. The author draws inspiration from every department of the physical creation, from human nature, from literature, from science

and from art. The versification, which is generally harmonious, is of infinite variety, and admirably suited to the particular topic which it celebrates. Some of the subjects are as follows :—The kite; the Bee's address to the Rose; Give me a kiss; What do men become after death? the Owl; the Fire-fly; the Cobra de capella; Who is the Poet? Bengali society; Life-dream. We have been so much pleased with these poems that we should like to see the author come out soon with the Second Part.

Hridaya Pratidhwani. By Pulin Bihari Datta. Calcutta : New Bengali Press. B. E. 1289.

This is another collection of poems of considerable merit. The writer shows no mean knowledge of human nature and displays much skill in the analysis of the passions. The book is well got up and is dedicated to his grandmother who is "in heaven."

Tirtha-Darpona. By Hari Mohan Chatterjen, Calcutta : Suryodaya Press. B. E. 1288.

The writer describes in indifferent verses the present condition of some of the famous pilgrimages in India, namely Gaya, Benares, Prayag or Allahabad, Jayapur, Mathura, Brindaban, Delhi and Agra. The two last-named cities are hardly places of Pilgrimage.

Nirjharini. By Debendra Nath Sen. Calcutta : Stanhope Press. B. E. 1287.

Urmila-Kurga. By Debendra Nath Sen. Calcutta : Stanhope Press. B. E. 1287.

The lyrical pieces, of which the above two little books are for the most part composed, are of considerable merit. The verses are full of melody and the ideas just and poetical. The imitations of Thomas Moore and of Keats are not unsuccessful. We should like to have more of this author's compositions.

Prasotsarga. By Pyari Bhushan Bhaduri. Serampore : Tamohar Press. B. E. 1288.

As a first attempt at verse-making this piece of 14 pages is not bad.

